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**BOOKS & PAPERS BY DOUGLAS FAWCETT
BEARING ON IMAGINISM**

WORLD AS IMAGINATION (Macmillan & Co.), 1916.

"Imaginism and the World-process," *Mind*, Vol. XXXI.
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Naples), April 1923.

"The Idea of Creation" (Letter to the *Hibbert Journal*),
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"Imaginism," *Contemporary British Philosophy*, Vol.
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All philosophical works, papers and articles printed
before 1916 are cancelled. They were experiments that
failed.

THE ZERMATT DIALOGUES



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THEir FACE ON REFLECTED IN THE RIFFEL-SEE

THE (ZERMATT) DIALOGUES

CONSTITUTING THE OUTLINES OF A
PHILOSOPHY OF MYSTICISM,

MAINLY ON PROBLEMS OF COSMIC IMPORT

BY

DOUGLAS FAWCETT

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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1931


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TO
NUTTOO

IN HER HOME BEYOND THE GRAVE
THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED WITH
THE DEEPEST LOVE AND GRATITUDE OF
THE WRITER

THE GREATEST SAYING IN ALL
LITERATURE

“You never enjoy the world aright, till the Sea
itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed
with the heavens and crowned with the stars ; and
perceive yourself to be sole heir of the whole world
and more than so, because men are in it who are
everyone sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing
and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold,
and kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world.”

THOMAS BRAHERNE

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FOREWORD

BY BASIL ANDERTON

Fellow and Tutor of St. Peter's College, Oxford; Fellow of the British Academy.

"THE destination of most men", observes Jowett, "is what Plato would call the 'Den' for the whole of life and with that they are content". Their outlook, in the main, is practical; they are slaves—shall we say?—of the established order in all its aspects; their outstanding function is to sustain the conservative, workaday routine of the State. Necessity alone forces on them creative change. Millions cannot even think clearly.¹ Take note further of Plato's saying that an old man runs more easily than he learns (*Republic*, Book vii.), and the conservatism of thought, often dominating university and market-place, is sufficiently understood.² There are too many old men in high positions. Those, however, who are in earnest with truth, not mere "wand-bearers" in the Mysteries,³ have to be creative, and as such must get beyond tradition and habit. To such, and such alone, this account of the Zermatt Dialogues is addressed.

The Zermatt Dialogues concern Imaginism. Now (a) what is Imaginism? (b) What is its history?

(a) Imaginism is the view that God, the World-Ground or World-Principle, that from which directly or indirectly all phenomena proceed, resembles most closely not, as Hegel believed, that aspect of the human mind, orientated towards abstractions, which we call *reason*, but that veritable outlaw of

¹ There were in 1929 over nine and a half million "mentally sub-normal", defective and insane persons in England and Wales. Such is the kingdom of Democracy.

² At Oxford "free inquiry is stifled and education is enslaved to an essentially unprogressive and practically rigid examination system".—Dr. F. C. S. Schiller in the Preface of his remarkable work, *Logic in Use*.

³ Plato's *Phaedo*.

the philosophers, CONCRETE IMAGINING. We discover, in Professor Mackenzie's words, that "the distinction between what is real and what is imaginary is not one that can be finally maintained . . . all existing things are, in an intelligible sense, imaginary".¹ We have to take seriously the *aperçus* of *The Tempest* and the poems of William Blake. And in doing so we can provide the kind of world-explanation which R. L. Stevenson, representing those who are bored with the prose of science, would have desired. " . . . There will always be hours when we refuse to be put off by the feint of explanation, nicknamed science; and demand instead some palpitating image of our estate, that shall represent the troubled and uncertain element in which we dwell, and satisfy reason by means of art. Science writes of the world as if with the cold finger of a starfish; it is all true; but what is it when compared with the reality of which it discourses? When hearts beat high in April, and death strikes, and hills totter in the earthquake, and there is a glamour over all the objects of sight, and a thrill in all noises for the ear, and Romance herself has made her dwelling among men?"² To-day, happily, it is recognised that abstract physics, once a sworn enemy of the poet, deals at best only with "structure", and that for this reason the finger of the starfish has to be deadly cold. With the ensouling of "structure" by Imaginism, Romance invades physics with all her merry rout. She restores even that "glory of the heavens", which Lord Balfour, taking the working concepts of science too seriously, thought lost to us.³ The world of the nature-lover is once again ours. All that the poet and traveller ascribe to their surroundings, all that and much more, is found, not merely in our perceptions, but in the book of things. But, of course, the knowledge to be re-interpreted and transformed is much wider than the realm of physics; it is on the Universe, indeed, not on a mere fragment of it, that Romance is to set her throne.

(b) The history of Imaginism might be held to be incomplete without a glance at poetry; at such anticipations, for instance, as appear in the works of Shakespeare, Shelley and Blake. In the

¹ *Elements of Constructive Philosophy*, p. 440.

² In *Pan's Pipes*.

³ *Introduction to Science, Religion and Reality*, p. 8.

Zermatt Dialogues we shall be confronting reasoned philosophy and, at the worst, only speculative suggestions based on this—not the genial, but unsystematic and unverified, intuitions of poets, however great. Nevertheless the gospel of Blake might well give the philosophical inquirer pause. “For Blake”, wrote Professor Morrison of the University of St. Andrews, “the world originates in a divine activity identical with what we know ourselves as the activity of imagination”; his task being “to open the immortal eyes of man inward into the worlds of thought, into eternity, ever expanding in the bosom of God the human imagination”. One of Blake’s most cryptic, yet precious, utterances becomes sun-clear, if the account of the evolution of Nature offered in *Divine Imagining* is accepted.¹ It is urged that men, accustomed to the methods of thinking favoured by modern science and philosophy, will not consent to take their metaphysics from poets. To absorb their teaching uncritically would, of course, be absurd. But we shall do well to respect fancies and suggestions when siring hypotheses on which later systematic inquiry may be based.

Philosophical Imaginism is very young. There is no example of it in the history of Indian or Greek thought. The much-discussed Advaita Vedantist idealism of India, welcomed by some enthusiasts as if it were a revelation, belongs to the past. Its Absolute, which in this respect resembles the God of Hegel and Bradley, is above change. And its theory of *Mâyâ*, which allows only “practical reality” to the world of space and time, flouts experience. For imaginists the space-time world is as real as the most ardent modern realist declares it to be; the “cloud-capp’d towers and gorgeous palaces” belong to a flux as actual as the world-principle, as *Divine Imagining* Itself. Imaginists do not believe in a spiritual Absolute which, transcending time and “unreal appearances”, is “perfect, complete and finished”, as every respectable traditional Absolute is held to be. Reality, according to their hypothesis, includes, nay compels, becoming and change. But what of ancient Greek philosophy? Greek thought in its higher flights held that reality is divine; hence, like the Vedantists, the great Greeks were idealists; believed that the world-principle or ground is akin fundamentally

¹ *Divine Imagining*, p. 205.

to what we call experience. But this idealism is not well stated. The Greeks (who had discovered geometry!) exaggerated very naturally the importance of reason; they thought that reason is the highest, widest and deepest reality in the Universe. Consistently with this view Plato and Aristotle supposed that the divine world-principle or ground is supremely rational; an error which took final shape far later in the Reason-based idealism of Hegel. Idealism of this sort enjoyed its brilliant summer, which was followed by a stormy autumn and fatal winter. To-day we must urge that Reason and reasoning are names for certain achievements and processes in *finite* minds; that they arose there as outgrowths of imaginative experimenting; that reason, when not merely tautological, is fallible with probabilities only in view; and that to attribute supreme rationality to the Divine is certainly not to flatter It. Reason lacks width or inclusiveness for the idealist; that is to say, for the man who regards the world-ground as fundamentally akin to what we call "experience". It is seen to be secondary and dependent: merely one of the generated features of the time-process, not, as Hegel supposed, the sole basis and "sovereign" of that process.

Imaginism is a flower of modern philosophy. Hume in *the Treatise* had called imagination "a kind of magical faculty in the soul". But he left this magic unexplored. Imaginism has its source in a speculation of Kant's; in a suggestion which he never developed fully. Kant observed that imagination may lie at the very roots of finite sentient beings such as we. "We have to inquire whether imagination combined with consciousness may not be the same thing as memory, wit, power of discrimination, and perhaps even identical with understanding and Reason. Though logic is not capable of deciding whether a *fundamental power* actually exists, the idea of such a power is the problem involved in a systematic representation of such a multiplicity of powers."¹ Kant's "fundamental power" includes in its manifestations the empirical imagination of the psychologists.² In Fichte's idealism

¹ Cited in Professor Norman Kemp Smith's *Commentary to Kant's Critique of Pure Reason*, p. 474. See also *Divine Imagining*, pp. 34-5, and *Contemporary British Philosophy*, vol. ii. pp. 85-8.

² Once disposed of cavalierly, despite Hume's reference to it as a magical power, as a "case of the association of ideas". But, as we shall see later, it is now Associationism that is moribund.

this fundamental or productive imagination acquires a definitely *cosmic* standing, and the activity producing the objects and events of Nature becomes imaginal.¹ For Frohschammer, also, "Phantasie", though only a power among powers—subsisting along with God and the Ideas—works in the actual making and shaping of Nature. In *World as Imagination* (1916) and *Divine Imagining* (1921) Douglas Fawcett discusses Imagination as the *all-explanatory* world-principle. There are innumerable centres of freedom within Divine Imagining, but these centres reveal in their very freedom the character of the Imagining, that is their ground. Professor J. S. Mackenzie holds likewise that "imagination is the best name for that central activity by which the creative work may be supposed to be initiated and carried through",² and he finds in Imaginism promise of a reconciliation of the standpoints of poetry, religion and philosophy. Professor Keightley of Benares is unable to discover any "fighting alternative" to Imaginism. Professor Ségond of Lyons regards pure imagining as presupposed by finite experience. Bergson's *Élan Vital*, again, is a phrase which draws its force from an imaginism not fully conscious of itself, imagining in its additive aspect being implied. There is current also much speculation about "Life-Force", which is discussed always as *purposive*.³ "Force" is a mathematical fiction of the classical mechanics of service in the statement of the mechanistic theory of Nature. What it means in this new context is not obvious. The activity which is present in "life" is best discussed on the basis of the hypotheses that concern this book.

The standpoint of *World as Imagination* was reached slowly and at the cost of much disillusionment and sacrifice. Douglas

¹ In Fichte's development "we are within measurable distance of an imaginal hypothesis which gets rid of the intellectualist lumber of 'pure' categories. Categories and sensible variety arise in intimate union and do not require to be stitched together. *Things are creations of Imagination*. But Fichte, at the outset, still clung to the belief that at the heart of the 'Absolute Ego' reality is 'Reason', and, when later he abandoned this view, he inclined strongly to put his trust in Will. . . . But, for all that, we have here the début of imagination on the grand scale as vital to the understanding of the world, including its sensible variety and its relations alike."—*World as Imagination*, p. 153.

² *Hibbert Journal*, Jan. 1923, "The Idea of Creation".

³ *E.g.* by C. E. H. Joad, Bernard Shaw, and others.

Fawcett was first interested seriously in philosophy at the age of seventeen when, after losing his father, he happened to read Louis Figuier's *Day after Death*. "This book defends belief in the plurality of lives. . . . The problem of life became interesting, and I began a long course of self-education in science and philosophy. In philosophy Plotinus, Leibnitz, Hume, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Herbart, Lotze, Mill, Bain, Martineau, James, Bradley, Schiller, and Western and Eastern mysticism all made effective appeal. Coming as a young man into touch with the theosophists and their 'Indian wisdom', I was asked to revise the philosophy and science of Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*; a syncretistic and fanciful work, but full of suggestion; a popular version or advance-guard, as it seemed, of an Eastern cult whose intellectuals were yet unborn. But there dwelt here merely a religion *manquée*".¹ Leaving the theosophists disillusioned, he wrote a monadology, an account of "windowed" monads, *Riddle of the Universe* (Arnold, 1893), resembling very closely Professor Ward's last expression of his views in *Contemporary British Philosophy*. This work included a scheme of creative evolution. This experiment, in his opinion, failed, as did another serious experiment, *Individual and Reality*, in 1909. Though these adventures were not quite unsatisfactory, it was thought best in 1916 to take a new broom, sweep the writer's past into oblivion and open the case for the New Imaginism unembarrassed by the litter of the past. Some of us do our experimental thinking in public and some in private, but, whatever may be the cost to pride, it is well to suppress a record of trial and error that has served its purpose. All works, articles and papers on philosophy published before 1916 were therefore discarded and cancelled.

Fertile initiatives of thought may have very modest beginnings. Dr. Gilbert of Colchester, finding that several things, besides amber, attract, when rubbed, light bodies called them "electrics". From this to the "electric" theory of the world at large is a far cry. From Kant's suggestion about the "fundamental power" in us human individuals to belief in all-explanatory Divine Imagining the advance is at least equally startling.

¹ Biographical. Cf. "Imaginism," *Contemporary British Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 84 (Allen and Unwin).

Still this advance would be followed easily by the student but for two difficulties—(1) the already mentioned tradition about Cosmic Reason, which has come down to us from the Greeks, and their followers in rationalistic German philosophy, and (2) the naïve popular metaphysics which has been based uncritically on the mechanistic theory of Nature. The tradition about Reason concerns only intellectuals who have been influenced by the post-Kantian rationalistic idealism. But the mechanistic theory of Nature has vitiated the metaphysics of the man in the street. This theory, which proved so useful to science from the seventeenth to the twentieth century, was justified solely by the interests of practice. It was not a revelation about the character of ultimate reality. Unfortunately, many men of science and very many plain men interpreted the theory amiss. They held that the classical mechanics led inevitably to materialism in metaphysics; that Buchner, Moleschott, and their like are the only legitimate descendants of Galileo. The reaction is setting in apace. Nevertheless, let those who are ruled by this mechanistic mythology have a care. They have taken too seriously the fictions of conceptual thought. They are parted from Imāginism by an abyss. Let them turn from abstract instrumental concepts and look once more on the real world. The "Dialogue about Preliminaries" (Chap. II.) will prove helpful.

The Dialogues carry Imāginism beyond the point reached tentatively in *World as Imagination* and *Divine Imagining*; they involve, however, no fundamental conflict with those works. The most useful advance concerns the treatment of consciring. It will be found that West offers us often "suggestions" rather than severe thought, but, after all, such thought is not always possible, and the business of a mystic is to help his hearers to conscire as he does rather than to conform to sterile logical procedure. Experiment, with its leaven of possible error, is resorted to freely.

Touching terminology, "consciring" and "imaginals" are the only novel terms of which it was necessary to make use. The expression "finite centre of consciring" is used in these dialogues by West and others where Bradley would have written "finite centre of feeling". Bradley needed a term of very wide denotation and wished to avoid the word "individual" which is certainly

undesirable. Not every "finite centre" illustrates "individuality" as currently understood. But his expression is itself open to criticism. For the term "feeling" tends to direct attention to blurred or undiscriminated contents, or even to mere pleasure and pain. Thus, writing of the earliest stage of our psychical careers, Bradley urged, "In the beginning there is nothing beyond what is *presented*, what is *felt*, or rather is *felt* simply. . . . There are, in short, no relations and no *feelings*, only *feeling*. It is all one blur, with differences that work and are *felt*, but are not discriminated."¹ He dispenses with the Kantian hypothesis of a Subject. To rewrite this passage usefully, we require the terms "conscired", "conscita" and also the "consciring" which grasps, and gives continuity to, the "blur". We must not allow a trick of terms to simplify unduly the riddle of conscious grasp. To conscire a succession of colours is not a sensible constituent of the colour field. Similarly, Bradley's expression "*self-feeling*" is misleading: the *consciring* of a certain conscitum is implied. And how is this conscitum "presented" at all? This riddle of consciring and conscita invites ample discussion and is dealt with in the dialogues (*e.g.* Chaps. X. and XI.).

An important feature of these dialogues is the use of the word "God". Etymologically this word has been connected by Schopenhauer with Wodan, Godan and Odin, and originally denoted, as was inevitable, a finite, a limited and even man-like being. In the book *Divine Imagining*, which gave rise to these dialogues, the word is used to denote a finite God who may be evolved out of a particular world-system such as ours. In the dialogues, however, God and Divine Imagining are treated as interchangeable terms. When there is discussion about the nature of God, the second term is apposite. But for many purposes the first is superior. And it possesses the advantage of making instant appeal to the plain man. A caution, however, is desirable. The term has been abused by men who, believing, *e.g.* in the Hegelian Absolute, were esteemed popularly as defenders of belief in a personal God. God or Divine Imagining is no merely personal being—no finite sentient such as is evolved gradually within the time-process. And it is best to discuss the problem involved without reference to the dogmas of a particular creed. The sub-

¹ "Association and Thought," *Mind*, vol. xii. No. 47, p. 374.

lime must be parted in thought from what is often ridiculous. Thus the Miltonic God, who sits on a throne, directs a chariot charge and invents Hell, is of no more philosophical interest than Odin, Yahveh or Zeus.

The present dialogues are mostly of cosmic scope; that is to say, concerned with the world-system at large, a system in which earth and earth's denizens seem almost negligible items. On the physical level investigated by astro-physics, the number of stars is probably such that "the same number of grains of sand spread over England would make a layer of hundreds of yards in depth" (J. H. Jeans)—the sun being represented by one grain and the earth by a millionth part of one. And this estimate concerns merely one level, for, as even Bradley allowed, to the satisfaction of workers in psychical research, the physical world is probably a "very small part of the reality". Any total world-system again, such as ours (which in respect of a beginning and an end of its creative evolution, and also in respect of its spatiality and contents, is finite), may be only one of indefinitely many such systems completely insulated, in their origins at any rate, from one another. So what beside the larger and cosmic problem is that of the standing and destiny of mankind, with its petty wars, revolutions, religious quarrels, movements of thought and other trifles; happenings which come and go during some very brief stage of the passage of "mass" into "radiation"?

The problem of the human soul could not be dealt with adequately in the present dialogues. It will not be neglected. For the *Chalet des Soldanelles* stands firm on its slope facing the Matterhorn, and the members of its genial circle are alive and well. West's *Diary*, too, has been promised us. And the poem of Douglas Leslie is to be completed.

As the professional philosopher of the circle I have been asked to annotate the dialogues. At the close of each of these will be found the notes (numbered) belonging to it. In this way I have met the difficulty that notes are apt to distract attention from the text. Those who care only for the original discussions can ignore my comments. Let me add that West's verbal memory, which recalls that of Lord Macaulay, was always found accurate when quotations had to be verified.

A last word. Many will open this book who are unfamiliar with metaphysics, psychology, logic, the history of philosophy, etc., knowledge about which is presupposed. Metaphysics is not a subject which can be made easy ; the remarks of Professor Stark, as recorded in Chap. II., show this very clearly. Now no one passes judgment on logic or Relativity-theory on the basis of a day's study; let the approach to metaphysics (=inquiry into the ultimate nature of reality) be equally cautious. Novel concepts, not required in the superficial life of the market-place—not *terminology*—are the obstacle. An admirable introduction to metaphysics is Professor Mackenzie's *Elements of Constructive Philosophy*. In respect of Logic, Dr. F. C. S. Schiller's *Formal Logic* and *Logic in Use* are of great value.

BASIL ANDERTON

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ARTHUR WEST—a mystic	W.
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JOSEPH STARK—professor of physics	S.
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ROGER DELANE—explorer and fascist M.P.	D.

CHAPTER I

THE MUSTERING OF THE DISPUTANTS

"A good scramble that!" chuckled Joseph Stark, Professor of Physics in the University of Middleham, as we sat resting above a smooth, narrow and twisty chimney midway up the Matterhorn couloir of the Riffelhorn. I looked at the clean-shaven, half-bald, horn-spectacled little man, one of the mighty in the world of science, and nodded, not, I fear, without a smile. For, though this keen comrade, with his air of a holiday-taking rector, had tested well the qualities of guide and rope, his positive contribution to the climb had been slight. The fly had been lifted by the wheel! Some twenty feet above us, astride of a jutting rock, the hobnails of his boots glinting in the sunlight, his mouth full of good cheer, an ice-axe slung on his left wrist, and with the rope that snaked down to the Professor prudently belayed, Hans Kaufmann, our guide, a big red-bearded Swiss, was gazing up a steep gully. A peasant from the Bernese Oberland, unfamiliar with the crags of Zermatt, he was wondering, perchance, what feats of hauling might be necessary later. However, the hour for "accompanying"—as polite Alpine literature has it—us upward was not yet. We were tired and hot after the long trudge from the snout of the Gorner glacier to the Riffelhorn cliff. And anon the right-hand chimney-route up the famous couloir had proved a not wholly pleasurable surprise. My fingers were sore with gripping rough surfaces; the Professor's soft felt hat had vanished; his breeches were torn and his puttees on the way to his ankles. The top of the steeply shelving slab, by the side of which curled the chimney, was tolerably flat. What better place for lunch, what better excuse for taking a long rest without letting Kaufmann suspect that we needed it badly?

I shall never forget that lunch above the chimney. An epicure would have found in it disaster. Rationing was severe and what was rationed was assuredly Spartan fare. The Professor's rucksack, battered during the climb, had become untied, and at the critical hour of our repast was found to be empty. Far down the precipice crows were quarrelling over the spoil, with the result that my meagre supplies had to suffice for both of us. However, all's well that ends well, and this Barmecide's feast ended extremely well. I was able to persuade my companion to work with me in a cause which I had long had at heart—the arranging of what I am recording in this book as "The Zermatt Dialogues". Let me say at once that not all these symposia were to take place in or above Zermatt. They were to be features of many wanderings in high places, but those held near the village beneath the Matterhorn served to suggest naturally a name for the whole series.

Philosophers and men of science are not always sworn allies. An admirer of German thought, fellow and tutor of St. Peter's College, Oxford, I had been long dominated in philosophy by the Hegelian tradition as modified by Bosanquet and Bradley. Criticism, the accumulation of unanswered and unanswerable questions, had severed me from this cult, but I retained, withal, a conviction that, however faulty this special tradition might be, idealism in some form or other must eventually hold the field. A somewhat unpromising attitude it would seem, in face of a physicist who believed in an independent space-time-world of "events" and not, to my knowledge, in anything more ultimate still. But the Professor, like many advanced physicists to-day, was himself not unversed in philosophy, doubting only when what he held to be reliable evidence failed. Of course, he was no vulgar materialist. Matter for him was a name for certain series of "events" that disappear slowly into other series of "events" called radiation. And the total world-stream of "events", he would say, need not be regarded as, in the main, of neutral character. It may possibly be psychical; of the nature of mind throughout. Furthermore, he allowed that the coming and going of "events" raise a great problem, in the solution of which idealism may well have the last word. A keen mathematician, he was prudent, like Poincaré, telling his pupils how

easily mathematical symbolism can become a "nuisance and even a danger" and lead them astray. Mathematical propositions, urges the formalist school, are "meaningless formulae" from which other propositions are consistently derived according to rule. He would not quite say this, but saw in high mathematics flights of abstract logical imagination, often indeed of beauty, and often applicable as an afterthought to the work of science, but often also ending in a realm of shades, in gibberish. *Festina lente!* Utilising, in the interest of measurement, any conceptual schemes that work, he drew a sharp distinction between the useful and the true. Though a relativist, he regarded Einstein's views about variable Space and Gravity as useful only, not as revelations of reality. His mind, again, was full of the facts, of the perceptual richness, on which physics rests; whereas mine had lost strength in the close, stuffy atmosphere of scholarship and books. Yet we had much in common. For him I was a disgruntled metaphysician seeking inspiration in a return to science and empirical fact, Antaeus to be refreshed after alighting on earth; for me he was a metaphysician in the making, forced out of mere physics and mathematics by difficulties which, within the limits of the special sciences, cannot be met.

Hence we were able to transact intellectual business. On the present occasion we had been talking for about an hour before Kaufmann intimated that we ought to be getting on. I was dwelling then on a topic which has always roused controversy—How is thought to treat the claims of the finite sentient; more particularly the hopes of the human "individual", bearer of the cross of progress up history's Calvary? Had science, which includes psychology, and nowadays even a trifle of supernormal psychical research, no word of encouragement to offer? Does it corroborate Bertrand Russell's view that the day of death is the day of annihilation?(1) A sorry conclusion this if, according to the *Talmud*—and untold multitudes of victims will agree—"the day of death is happier than the day of birth". The Professor laughed and bade me consult the philosophers. In physics, he observed, not even electrons and protons are held to be immortal: all pass into "radiation" which itself may not endure for aye. As to the human sentient, there is a case for continu-

ance, though hardly one for immortality; but, the evidence being disputable, he preferred to suspend judgment. Could we not be content to wait and watch? I retorted that a favourable decision is urgent in the interest even of practice. The stability of society, the higher ideals of progress, are threatened. How will day-flies behave when they realise what ridiculous existents they are? From the *Republic* of Plato (Book VI.) we learn that a soul, full of high thoughts and privileged to contemplate all time and all existence, does not regard death as formidable. Nor, of course, need it regret the "day of birth", since earth's pains may serve for the betterment of its enduring life. But for men who perish with their physical bodies death is formidable indeed: the tomb of lofty striving, the crematory in which the victories of effort, the values of ages of construction, are destroyed. For this reason civilised communities, which reject belief in continuance, must take heed lest they ride to the abyss.(2) The individual needs a Platonic outlook and, lacking it, withers.

The Professor looked grave and did not reply at once. I had long stressed the practical importance of solving certain metaphysical problems, if human life was to remain tolerable in the days to come. The farther we climb from the ape the more we need to believe that life is not going to prove fundamentally a cheat. No one, save Bertrand Russell, wishes to build the soul's habitation on a "foundation of unyielding despair". This attitude might gratify an intellectual Prometheus, playing the hero before a wondering crowd, but most men require more than a worship of pain. Nay, very many workers, who claim to be intelligent, might revolt and show their contempt for a mad world by quitting it.

I had spoken warmly but not in vain. "You are right, Anderson," he said at length. "Some of these great metaphysical issues concern us all—even the most practical. Most important is the problem concerning the standing and prospects of the finite sentient or 'individual'. Social efficiency is at stake. The highest values are not sought, and are certainly unattainable, by day-flies. Bradley wrote solemnly on 'My Station and its Duties', but both the station and its duties must be shown to be worth while. Why carry on, as Schopenhauer urged, at all? We ought to know first what we are and what we are drifting to. A pride

in 'unyielding despair' is utterly absurd." On which followed our decision to form a circle in which there should be discussion of fundamental questions. There were able men staying in the Visp Valley and on the Riffelalp, and we meant to profit by their presence to bring about the Zermatt Dialogues. And thus the first paragraph of a new chapter of philosophical history was written.

Responding to another call from Kaufmann the Professor struggled to his feet, and then suddenly, as so often, the unforeseen burst into our lives. Reaching for a flask he slipped, stamped wildly, and, yapping some profanity, fell sideways. A free body—a startled aggregate of "pointer-readings"—was taking the straightest course geometrically possible in the "gravitational field" of rock and glacier when, always on the alert, Hans Kaufmann intervened. The Professor was stopped at a point some six feet down the slab, somewhat compressed in the region of his ribs, but otherwise unhurt, and displaying linguistic resources with which I had not credited him. "That man one great cow," the guide grunted to me as his charge scrambled, not without our aid, on to the top of the slab. But the cow made light of the mishap, which it accepted, when hauled into safety, as part of the day's work. "Those who want to avoid all alpine incidents would do well to avoid the Alps." Avoidance of careless climbers, I might have added, has also its value. But his geniality disarmed me.

"Attractive force, driven from a geometrised Einsteinian world, takes its revenge, eh! Professor?" And we took up our positions smiling. While Kaufmann was toiling up the gully I watched my erratic charge carefully. The leader, once anchored, can deal effectively with the difficulties of the second man but, in the act of climbing, he must be protected from ugly surprises at all costs. It was something to the good that we amateurs were without axes, having relied on our guide to make the occasional step-cutting required on the glacier.

Kaufmann having reached a point of vantage, the Professor began to climb, well held on the rope. When he had struggled up to the guide, it was my turn to move and rejoin them. In this way slowly but surely we gained the broad, grassy platform under the final cliff, took a good rest, roused ourselves for

a struggle up one more stiff rock passage and scrambled on to the glass-strewn, tourist-desecrated crest of the Riffelhorn without further mishap. And, gazing at the vast encircling wall of peak, pass and glacier, we renewed our interrupted discussion. The decision about the dialogues was confirmed. We were to descend at once to the chalet on the Riffelalp, where I was staying, and take counsel with Arthur West, its owner. Coming down by the "sky-line" route, with myself leading and the watchful Kaufmann bringing up the rear, we were soon off the rocks and on to the path that winds valleyward to the Riffelalp Hotel. Turning to the right some two hundred yards short of the hotel, we mounted again over coarse grass and in a few minutes were entering the rough alpine garden of the Chalet des Soldanelles. My host not being in, we went up to the second storey and, passing on to the balcony, threw ourselves on to two long chairs. Kaufmann, who had left us, had come to port happily, being welcomed by the Zermatt lass in the kitchen.

"Who *is* West?" asked the Professor, lighting a cigar.

"A charming host, a first-class climber and the prince of mystics. My father knew him well when they were together at Oxford, but lost sight of him for many years. Later on heard quite by chance that West had built a chalet at Zermatt. Advised me, if ever I came here, to look him up. Well, you know the rest."

"Did anything at the Varsity?"

"Took a first in Greats, good at games, was a cricket blue, I believe. Then he fades out of public notice and becomes a wanderer. Rich? Very well-to-do anyhow and, being exceptionally able, was expected to make his mark."

"Nothing in the way of books, no career at all?"

"None that I know of and *Who's Who* is no wiser. He calls himself a traveller and student. He is now fifty, though he doesn't look it. For ten years he has come here from early July to the end of September, the widow and daughter of a Zermatt guide running the ménage. Then he is off on his wanderings once more, rambling about Europe, Asia, South America, and all sorts of places."

"Merely for amusement or in the interests of knowledge?"

"Don't ask me. I have known West only a week and he says

very little about his doings. Tried to penetrate his past but without much success; I gather however that he has taken part in some big political rows in Europe."

"Better and better," laughed the Professor; "your mystic is also a man of action. I shall be expecting soon to meet a Zanoni or Count St. Germain. But, to be serious, how does he shape as a disputant? Will he be of help in our debates?"

"Rather. If he intuits like a mystic, he talks, at any rate, as reasonably as John Stuart Mill. Not always easy to follow, though; he is too fond of 'pemmican' (3) for most people and has to be questioned freely. Has a very good verbal memory, reads much and has wide interests. By the way, the library here is worth a raid on your part."

"Good. But now that we know something of the man, how are we to arrange with him about the talking?"

"We must first ask him whether he will join a palaver and whether we can hold the said palaver here. Next, we shall have to decide who is to be invited to take part in the first dialogues. The topics? Tackle West on the subject of his own philosophy; in this way we shall be brought into touch with all the great problems. Why discuss the works of dead or dumb writers? Get the live, fighting champion into the lists."

"Agreed. Unfortunately I don't know what this champion's philosophy is and you told me that he has never written a book."

"He is an imaginist and would battle for a book which you will find in the library. He accepts, in fact, the general world-view sketched in *Divine Imagining*."

"An imaginist—you surprise me. I have glanced at the book you name, but did not take it quite seriously. You see in physics I refer to an external world, the reality of which I take for granted. And here is a man who seems to tell me that I am living in a sort of dream. In attacking Imaginism I shall feel like a tank-commander charging a ghost or an elephant trying to trample on an idea."

It was my turn to laugh heartily. "West won't question the reality of your world, Professor, but possibly he may help you towards a fuller understanding of it. Listen. You allow, like your colleague Eddington, that the science of physics only acquaints us with 'structure'. Good. You suspect also, like

Eddington, that the 'stuff' related in the structures of the physical world may be psychical throughout; fundamentally akin in character to the contents of your own private mental life. Am I saying too much?" (4)

"I suspect, let me repeat, I don't assert."

"But suppose that your suspicion becomes certitude. You have then a psychical space-time-world on your hands. Is this a mere stream of events whose coming and going involve nothing beyond themselves? Is your so-called four-dimensional continuum of events self-sufficient? Or is it merely the show of some spiritual world-principle, one of whose manifestations takes this special form? You physicists, I suggest, are apt to overlook the greatest of marvels—the marvel that events occur at all. Yet, if you ponder long on this marvel, you might find yourselves carried very far."

"I see your point. We cannot, you urge, believe in a space-time-world of events that is psychical throughout and then call a halt. We must push inquiry further, must suppose some psychical or spiritual world-ground to match. Well, many metaphysicians have done so. Thus for Hegel Nature is the self-externalisation of God; of the *Idea* or Cosmic Reason. I can't, however, see my way to accepting this view; can you accept it yourself?"

"I can't. I don't believe in Cosmic Reason, but Hegel's view is useful, since it enables me to state West's clearly. The world-principle which Hegel erroneously called *Reason*, Schopenhauer the Cosmic *Will*, and Herbert Spencer the Unknowable—this is the ultimate reality in which West describes Divine *Imagining*. And your so real external world, your space-hung, time-strung appearances, are just illustrations of what Cosmic *Imagining* can bring to pass! Of course, if West is right, a re-orientation of thought of the highest interest lies ahead of us. Nothing in contemporary speculation would have a tithe of its importance."

"No doubt, but the hypothesis is too good, perhaps, to be true," observed my companion cynically.

"Or, perhaps, as West would say, and in Browning's words, it is 'too good not to be true!'"

"Anderton, are you deserting to the enemy's camp already?"

"No, no; so far the difficulties seem to me too serious. I shall

be with you in the battle. But I have to remember this. As an idealist I am bound to consider all forms of the God-hypothesis. Well, I predict that West's form of the hypothesis is going to interest us vastly. Most certainly we shall not refute it without a hard fight."

"I am open to conviction or like to think so. But, at my age, who wants to have to rewrite his lectures?"

"No need to rewrite them, but you might have to add some paragraphs. For instance, if you take to West's metaphysics, you may be able to better even physics. Your treatment of Space-Time might become more adequate. Time has been called the hardest problem in philosophy. I don't want to purchase your good-will with a bribe. But Imaginism certainly offers a plausible solution of this problem. And, as regards the space-aspect of Space-Time, an actual history of this has been suggested. An attempt has been made to show why and how the spatial came to exist."

"Getting behind the 'back of beyond', eh? However, if the main hypothesis holds, I shall be very glad to profit by it. And now where is this library you spoke of? In the room below this? Right." And he passed into the chalet on his way to the sanctuary of books.

I rose and paced the balcony, enjoying the outlook. The sunlit splendour of the morning had vanished; puffs of föhn were blowing over the mountain barrier from Italy. The atmosphere was becoming thick, close, hazy; the mountains were robing themselves in mist; and clouds, with long streamers lengthening northwards, hid the crest of the Matterhorn. Evidently the Lyskamm party, which was to leave the next day, would be disappointed; to climb that giant with the glass falling and the föhn blowing was out of the question. Happily we might be able to fill in the time to some purpose.

The balcony, which ran along three sides of the brown-black green-shuttered chalet, overlooked in front the rough alpine garden by which we had entered. We were above the zone of the pines and other hardy trees. At the back of the building was rising, uneven ground carrying rough grass, large boulders and a few stunted shrubs, foremost in a forlorn hope of vegetation that had tried vainly to storm the slope, at this point over

seven thousand feet above sea-level. Pacing to the end of the balcony on the Zermatt side I could see the tops of the Mischabelhorn, the steep-walled trench of the St. Nicholas valley threaded by the Visp and in the far distance some mountains of the Bernese Oberland. As I retraced my steps I glanced at Weisshorn, Zinal Rothhorn and the Gabelhorns, the dark top of the "Ober" rising behind that of the "Unter", the latter quite clear of snow and with its base breaking into precipice just above the bed of the Visp. Throwing myself again on the long chair above the garden I could just see the crest of the Breithorn over the Riffelalp to my left, while to the right, in a setting of glaciers and partly veiled by cloud, rose the vast pyramid of the Matterhorn. A dull roar reached me from the river rioting over its boulder-strewn bed thousands of feet below, and this alone, blending with the chirping of grasshoppers, broke the silence.

And then before this magnificent picture I fell to thinking. Save for the roar of the river, the chirping and the streaming mists, all seemed dead, fixed, static. And yet I knew that even rock and glacier, though immobilised in my perceptions, are in themselves, as physics and chemistry insist, very marvels of unrest; that for Plato's spectator of all time and all existence these mountains would show as changeful as a sunset cloud. Nay, if time-succession is real, earth's entire history might suggest to this spectator an hypothesis akin to West's. Divine Imagining may have sired Nature, mere "perspectives" of which, darkly and very incompletely, I perceive; Blake the poet, for whom "Nature is imagination", may have written truth. And then the fragrance of a great saying of a seventeenth-century writer, Thomas Traherne, came back to me. "You never enjoy the world aright, till the Sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars; and perceive yourself to be sole heir of the whole world and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and Kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world." Was I to become "sole heir of the world", as West's haunting hypothesis suggested so obviously? Was I, the sceptical critic erstwhile believer in the Absolute,

disciple of Hegel and Bradley, to "rejoice" in Divine Imagining, to "delight in God" and thereby be "crowned with the stars"? Well, from hypothesis to verification and from verification to the joy of a God-intoxicated soul seemed to me at that moment a long step. But I could not gaze on the landscape and wish honestly that West's hypothesis might be found wanting. His suggestion was gnawing already at my scepticism and, shaken off again and again, stole back into thought with an obstinacy which I began to respect.

Voices down the slope in the direction of the Riffelalp Hotel, and West, in company of a friend, entered the garden. The Professor and I met him in the porch and, after the introductions, all four of us mounted to the balcony. West was one of those rare men of fifty who retain the energy and vigour of the thirties. His dark hair was barely touched with grey. His clean-shaven face with its bold features, his directness and breeziness of bearing might have characterised a good-looking naval officer; he was the kindest and most mirthful of hosts, but this geniality of manner masked, I had suspected, a will of steel. A tall, sunburnt, blue-eyed, broad-shouldered athlete, able to lead up any practicable rock-face or gully, he inspired his climbing parties with confidence. Hatless as usual, he was wearing a rough, brown Norfolk suit, with breeches protected by leather at the knees. His puttees were wound on heavy boots. His companion, in like attire, was Roger Delane, the famous explorer and, later, Conservative M.P. He had risked death as a patriot in the Secret Service. Rumour had credited him with ruthless methods. He had been a big-game hunter, and his enemies whispered that he had shot coloured men also in three continents. His bad press in the Labour journals was due to his Fascism and hatred of democracy. A big tall man in the forties, with thick black hair and moustache, he was the stalwart who had no respect for fools merely because they are numerous. And, if a great aim was to be realised, he would not allow talkers and defectives to block the way. Here was a man of the type that despises the unfit, tramples on stupid opposition and thereby serves progress. Probably rather hard, but can sentimentalists do all the work of the world?

Delane, at first cautious and uncommunicative, left shortly

for the Riffelalp Hotel, and, as we resettled ourselves in the long chairs, West remarked:

"Do you think that Delane will do for our dialogues?"

"Ah!" interjected the Professor naturally rather surprised, "then Anderton has spoken to you about the dialogues already?"

"Certainly not," said I, even more surprised. How had West come to know about the project?

"Well anyhow we must hold them," continued West, "and of course at need in the chalet. There will be no Lyskamm party; the glass is falling rapidly. We might agree to have a preliminary talk to-morrow afternoon."

"But how did you divine our plot? We hit upon it only this morning half-way up the Matterhorn couloir."

"Coming events cast their shadows before—evidently you must have passed a hint on to me somehow. But what about Delane?"

"Well," said the Professor, "we propose to discuss the great problems while examining your own philosophy. Anderton says that you incline to accept the world-view sketched in *Divine Imagining*"—West nodded assent—"I am certainly then for Delane, a typical man of action, well-read but not a bookman, who, in criticising your attitude, will take the point of view of practice and practical common sense. We need the comments of one who lives, not in the study, but in the open."

I agreed.

"Then so far I am confronting a sceptical ex-Hegelian, a physicist and a man of action. Do you want any recruits from Zermatt? Canon Blimp, the advanced Protestant divine, is staying at the Mont Cervin."

"Don't have him," interjected the Professor, "he has nothing to say—he believes only in unbelief."

"Then the Canon retires. You won't help his unbelief," said West maliciously. "What about a Bishop of the Liberal Catholic Church—whatever that may be—who is staying in the same hotel? Author of *My Lives in Atlantis* and *A Trip round the Planetary Chain*. He believes in anything and everything except in the creed of the Pope."

"Pack him off to the worst planet in the chain and keep him there," rejoined the Professor promptly.

"Then I must suggest a name probably well known to you, that of a guest arriving at the Mont-Rose Hotel to-night. Douglas Leslie is my nominee."

"The pagan poet!" we exclaimed.

"He furnishes an indispensable point of view, that of the artist and pessimist."

"But," I put in somewhat hotly, "he is a defeatist and a decadent; he accepts outright the ideal of Schopenhauer and von Hartmann—that of an instructed mankind which shall one day cease effort, console itself with such pleasures as involve no toil and then deliberately renounce conscious life. And no one has brought more discontent and despair into men's hearts than he. Everything that is amiss in life has been raked together by him and flung in contempt at the optimist."

"But the point of view, my dear fellow, is priceless. The evils of which Leslie complains exist, and no optimism that shirks contemplation of them can hope to stand. Need we resent Leslie's oft-cited saying, 'There is nothing so well concealed as the goodness of God'? I shall want to reply to the worst possible indictment of God and God's world; my power to reply will be one of the best tests of the worth of my thinking."

"You are aware that this man wants to end human evolution, not to mend it."

"Undoubtedly; but is your own attitude much more encouraging? Let me add too that the pessimists have high honour in the history of philosophy. How much less interesting would be modern metaphysics if Schopenhauer, with his lively style and biting criticisms, had never lived. Can't you, who, after all, are very sceptical and have no message wherewith to cheer mankind, make out a better case against Leslie?"

The Professor, mindful of our conversation during lunch-time in the couloir, glanced at me and smiled. Had I not spoken of a possible revolt of man? Was I, the meliorist, not building a trifle too sentimentally on hope? Even the consolations of learning and travel wear pretty thin—unless one can enjoy them after the manner of Traherne.

"The Professor and I are sceptics, but we hope and work for the best; we wish well to creation in travail and trust that its pains are not suffered in vain. But Leslie is sheerly pessimist; he

is for the spirit of Negation, the everlasting Nay. And his poems seek to rouse man to revolt; to produce the despair that shall make defeatists and suicides of us all. You will recall, for example, his last poem, 'The Cheat'."

"Very vaguely. But anyhow its effect on the growth of population has been slight! Instinct still rules."

"It makes nevertheless for mischief—for decadence. Let me read it," and with that I drew a cutting from my note-case.

THE CHEAT

*Blithe Zephyr, roving in the hills,
Kissed a still tarn amid the snow
Till, quivering to his warm caress,
A blue-eyed undine stirred below.
How fair their love! yet undine weep:
Woe worth the hour that cost thee sleep!*

I

Clouds drift betwixt Her and the moon;
The velvet shadows of the night
Close in, to sentinel the twain
Imparadised in love's delight.
Fond is his wooing, tender she,
Blind to the doom that is to be.

II

Weeping he leaves the chamber lone
Where candles burn beside the dead.
She who has loved her mate too well,
Rent by infernal pangs, is fled.
A waif is left; its way to earth
Torn through the shape that gave it birth.

III

The babe that was—the long night through
He groans upon the rusty wire;
The star-shells show him as he writhes
A fearful thing of blood and mire.
He shrieks: no answer from his God
Enough to make a grass-blade nod.

IV

An old man strokes his fevered brow
"My head—it plagues me worse and worse—
Had I a wife?" "Long, long ago,
A son too" says the gentle nurse.
"Weep not: the same protecting love,
That shields on earth, still reigns above."

"Well," said West, "this tragedy of mother, son and father is no worse than thousands of others. Leslie is asking us to reflect on what it suggests. Others condemn not the hardness but the foulness of life. Thus the famous Bishop Andrews of Winchester comments on our 'vile bodies'. 'And not only base and vile but filthy and unclean. . . . And the mould is no better than the womb wherein we were conceived vile, base, filthy and unclean. There is our quality'. It is a Christian theologian who speaks."

"Filling men's minds with contempt for life and thus generating decadence and despair."

"Yet the poet and the theologian are helpful: they force men to perceive fully the surroundings in which they live. And they mine popular creeds, preparing the way unwittingly for a philosophy which can really *explain*. Through mental conflict and pain we rise to more adequate levels of thought."

"But we have still to find the wonderful philosophy which can *explain*. In the view of the disillusioned it is Leslie's fatal pessimism which holds the field."

West smiled. "Have patience. And now a counterblast. I was much stirred by Leslie's *Proem* to his contemplated philosophical poem. You don't know it? The loss is yours. He is shown here as a poet trying to realise the ideal championed by Santayana in *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion*. He is seeking the 'larger harmony' by the way of art. Allow me to read you the passage from Santayana's book: '. . . where poetry rises from its elementary and detached expressions in rhythm, euphuism, characterisation, and story-telling, and comes to the consciousness of its highest function, that of portraying the ideals of experience and destiny, then the poet becomes aware that he is essentially a prophet, and devotes himself, like Homer or Dante, either to the loving expression of the religion that

exists, or, like Lucretius or Wordsworth, to the heralding of one which he believes to be possible. Such poets are aware of their highest mission; others, whatever the energy of their genius, have not conceived their ultimate function as poets. They have been willing to leave the world ugly as a whole, after stuffing it with sufficient profusion of beauties'."

"But you don't suggest that Leslie has accomplished this aim? He is the pagan poet who hates the 'religion that exists' in the West and has certainly not heralded a 'possible' one as an alternative."

"Even Shakespeare failed to realise the highest ideal of the poet, having no great cosmic outlook, having sung of no 'larger harmony' as attained by art. So Leslie has failed in good company. Yet he began to work with the 'larger harmony' in view. Look on him as a man seeking for light but unable to find it. What followed? He had to abandon the writing of the work in despair." West left the balcony for the library and returned with a volume of poems. The Professor, who preferred equations to poetry, waited in silence like a man seated in the electric chair. I, on the contrary, was quite curious to hear what the pagan poet might have to say. Doubtless something depressing or wantonly blasphemous, but revelatory, at any rate, of a temperament and having a corresponding psychological interest.

"I am about to read the *Proem* to the 'Epic of Life', the philosophical poem which was contemplated, but could not be written. The *Proem* tells of a grand spiritual enthusiasm, destined unfortunately to die as the result of the poet's failure to solve his riddle. The rebirth of that enthusiasm and the writing of the complete poem are quite possible. But the riddle must first be solved; and I suggest that the poet's best prospect of success lies in friendly co-operation with Basil Anderton, Professor Stark, Delane and myself; a company of inquirers who will suffice for all present purposes."

"Ah! all this is new to me. Leslie then wanted once, like Parmenides, to teach philosophy in the form of poetry; he was discontented with the 'way of opinion' but failed to reach the 'way of truth'. He lost heart because he could not solve his problem, sank into sheer pessimism and took consistent action accordingly. What he sought, the reality at the heart of the world,

that of course the Professor and I are seeking as well. We think better of the world than does Leslie, but our meliorism is no more, you would say, than a working hypothesis or even prejudice. Well then I withdraw my opposition; Leslie's point of view may be indispensable."

"Very well put, Anderton. And when you have heard the *Proem* toleration may pass, perhaps, into friendliness."

"I'm all attention," but I saw the Professor in his electric chair shut his eyes, make a grimace and prepare to receive the current.

PROEM TO "THE EPIC OF LIFE"

God of my valiant fathers, thou whose voice
 Far-ranging from Valhalla stirred the skald
 To sing of high achievement, meet to lure
 Through stormy seas the Viking or in haunts
 Of mountain and of forest sway the hosts
 Avenging who laid low imperial Rome,
 Bragi, the Poet, Asgard's radiant son,
 Guide me as thou did'st guide of yore my kin
 Through struggles into might. Hail! wave-born bard,
 Hail! blithe Iduna's joy; let others fare
 To Aganippe, Zion's hill, or Muse
 Who dwells above Olympus; me the cup
 Odrörir and thy golden harp invite. •
 I care not that some flout thee as a dream
 Of peoples half forgotten—give me dreams
 If these have power to quicken; of the creeds,
 On which mankind has thriven, most, I trow,
 Were built of dreams; nay, of those Lords of Faith
 Whose tribute is the praise of millions prone,
 Devoted service, toil of flesh and soul
 Unrespected, the greatest of the great
 Are they who never lived, or mortal-born
 Grew more in sacred story. Mindful thus
 What promise lies in dreaming, I am fain
 To sink into the hoary past and look
 To Asgard for a source of solemn song.

* * * * *

And yet not wisely, Bragi, for thy glance
 Dwelt on a vanished order and thy fire

Fierce for the broil of warriors, might not glow
 In breast of sage and mystic; outlooks change,
 And gods are but for epochs; hold thy peace
 Lest hearkening to thy voice I feel too well
 The witchery of turmoil, swift to range
 And lose myself in action to the bane
 Of musings that enjoin the wider view.
 How fair to fill the years with carnival
 Quit of thought's burden in forgetfulness,
 How fair and yet how ill! Nay, minstrel, nay,
 Thy spell is all too potent; hold thy peace.

* * * * *

Possess me, then, my Oversoul: I pass
 From dreamland into day, for, an there be
 Above the clouds of mind a sunlike power,
 Shining of wont but dully through the brain,
 Not quick to be entreated, yet benign,
 Nay lavish to endeavour nobly planned,
 As this no guide so welcome. If at times
 I doubt thee, in my very argument
 Reveal thy brooding presence; here I moot
 No riddles as to what thou art, or light
 Distinct, or aspect of th' Imagining
 That flames in worlds; enough to ask thee now
 To shower inspirations on my song
 That, gazing on the pageant of this world,
 Beholder of its mingled weal and woe,
 With eyes that pierce all veils, I may perchance
 Divine its central secret; spare no truths,
 Cast in of thine abundance; if the tide
 Flows darkly on my musings, mine the pain
 But mine too the rejoicing, if its waves
 Cast up the pearls of truth. If, then, I call
 On what hath power to answer, answer now
 Nor deem due season lacking, for to this
 We of the age of ripening mind are come—
 Once more old faiths are passing and once more
 The world looms up before us, cold and grey,
 More painful for the progress that is sought,
 More gloomy for the knowledge that is prized.
 Nay,—so the ravens croak—'twere best to seek
 Nought but a paradise of Earth's poor joys;
 Since man's ambitions, rushing to their doom,

Cheat effort; and the myriads of souls,
 Flowers of the flesh that wither on their stalks,
 Bloom but to disappear for evermore.
 Why should I look beyond the pleasant hour
 If all that I have done or e'er shall do
 Must in the swirling Fire-mist find its shroud?
 Why should I ape the god, spending my strength
 In toil that must be vain?—Thus hope is bled;
 Thus ambushed is a fear that slows the making
 Of angels out of beasts—Yet truth is truth,
 And for the free it rests with one consent
 Either to brave an outlook of despair
 Though rotting as they gaze; or, sighting yet
 On eminences of exalted thought
 A hope that makes it wisdom to accept
 The burdens of this long dark night of Time,
 To shout for joy and with endeavour high
 Weather the storms of Being undismayed.

During the reading of the last part of the *Proem* the victim in the electric chair had been listening open-eyed, and now rose to his feet. "I should like to read that philosophical poem when completed. As to the secret, a portion of it ought to be within the reach of man, if he is sufficiently adventurous. Is not man already in the heart of the world? And do not even fishes know something of the water in which they swim? So here's luck to the poet."

"We may go far," said I confidently. "I like the spirit of that *Proem*. Meanwhile who is to bell the cat—in other words how is Leslie to be captured and brought here?"

"Leave that to me," West answered. "I met him in peculiar circumstances and we became quite good friends. He will come once or twice anyhow, and will continue to come if our talks interest him. He climbs too and loves rocks, so, even if bored by the dialogues, he can be held at need effectively on the rope."

"Do we want any more disputants?" I asked.

"Hardly as yet. We shall see later. We can always import a suitable expert when we want him. The season brings the right holiday-makers with it. By the way did you notice that I shall quite possibly find an ally in Leslie?"

"You are sanguine. How so?"

"Just recall how he refers in the *Proem* to 'th' Imagining that flames in worlds'."

"A move in your direction, surely. But he holds that this Imagining is unconscious, and, like Hardy's 'Spirit Sinister' in *The Dynasts*, sires evil."

"And it does, but only when 'running amok' in finite sentients or centres of consciring human, animal and other. Of that anon."

And so our talk ended. While walking with the Professor through the garden I noticed that he was taking with him to his hotel the book on philosophy for which West was to fight. The order for mobilisation had been signed.

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

(1) "I believe that when I die I shall rot and nothing of my ego will survive."
—From *What I believe*.

(2) Cp. Professor McDougall, *Body and Mind*, Preface xiii.

(3) A *condensed hard* form of nutriment used by Antarctic and Arctic explorers.

(4) "All through the physical world runs that unknown content which must surely be of the stuff of consciousness."—*Space, Time and Gravitation*, p. 200, Professor A. S. Eddington.



THE CHALET DES SOLDANELLES

The Chalet on the right of the picture is marked by a black X

CHAPTER II

A DIALOGUE ABOUT PRELIMINARIES

AT two o'clock the next afternoon, the sky being overcast and the great mountains shrouded with mist, Delane and the Professor squelched up the garden and mounted to the balcony on which West and I were lying on long chairs. I, who am squat and bowlegged, have a nose which no artist would tolerate, and wear a thin beard the better to conceal a bad mouth and chin, rose to meet them, looking enviously perhaps at the big explorer who might have delighted an Amazon. A good man on rocks, too, it was said. I wondered how long he would take joy in the companionship of the Professor, if tied to him as next man in a climbing party. Would they fraternise as amicably as at present? For Delane was a hard man, likely to expect much from anyone with whom he shared risks.

"Have you drawn the pagan poet?" asked the Professor; "he is greatly in demand you know, and mayn't care for our dull company."

"He comes up to see us to-morrow," rejoined West. "I had a talk with him in Zermatt this morning. Meanwhile I have you three critics to face and I want first to come to an understanding about the conditions under which I accept the attack. I want also to get rid of certain obstacles in the way of progress once and for all."

We nodded.

W. Delane will have heard of the way in which you will be questioning me and the library is at his service. But perhaps, Delane, you will prefer just to tilt at me by the light of common sense; you are not, you told me, a regular student of philosophy.

D. Books on sport, politics, history and geography interest me most. I know something about philosophy, psychology and

psychical research, but I can't follow the language of some of these philosophers. And I suggest that, as far as is possible, we stick to the King's English and remain intelligible, if not to others, at least to one another.

W. Thus you would object to verbiage such as William James denounced.

(He took up a musty volume from a collection on a small stand.)

Listen to this excerpt from Wallace's *Logic of Hegel*:

"The limit of the quantum, that as extensive had the Determinateness of Being-determinate, as the self-external Amount, passes, therefore, into simple determinateness. In this simple determination of the Limit it is intensive magnitude, and the Limit or Determinateness, which is identical with the quantum, is now also explicitly put as simple—Degree."

How do you find that?

D. "The limit." (And we all laughed.) Yet he was right. There is much in this *Logic* that, as Schopenhauer urged, is merely word-jugglery. In the attempt to derive thought-determinations or categories of Reason from one another in linear succession Hegel tries to articulate *pure* thought. He soars too high and his aeroplane falls; the air in this region is too rare to support it. Hegel's task was an impossible one. There is no pure thought in the sense of pure "Reason" divorced from the last abstractions drawn from perception, and, in championing it in the *Logic*, he was forced back on a play of empty words.

A. Hegel points a moral. Still we must not shirk the pains of obstinate thinking. "The common saying is true that the beautiful is difficult," as Adeimantus observes in Plato's *Republic*, to which add Spinoza's "*omnia praeclara difficilia*". Heroes are found more easily for air-stunts than for painful thinking. A readiness to suffer is a great asset for the philosopher.

S. Thirty years at least of study are required for philosophy and the student must be gifted. He then writes a book which falls into the hands of an amateur who reads it in casual fashion during a train journey. Is it surprising that the amateur fails to grasp what is meant? Would he plunge into Einstein's tensor equations after learning only commercial arithmetic? Let us

recall, too, that the different fields of knowledge are not for all. Studies like history, chemistry, physiology, biology, botany, geology and so forth are easy for intelligent men, though the boredom of detail and the time and patience required for research require sacrifices. But studies like metaphysics, high mathematics and logic are exacting and cannot be made easy. Stupid people are wise to avoid them: nothing is safe for democracy in these spheres of adventure.

A. That is so. And, as regards language, all philosophers are not obscure. Some of the most lucid writing on record has been penned by them, notably by Plato, Berkeley, Schopenhauer, F. C. S. Schiller, Mackenzie, Bradley, McTaggart and James. But their lucidity is only for the competent.

W. Without a doubt; all the same Delane notes a very common fault. Let us pass on and hope to be mutually intelligible. And now about "method", which means my way of presenting my convictions to you. In the first place don't expect from me talk about cosmic logic; there is no cosmic "self-verifying" movement of Reason such as Hegel discussed. You don't ask for it? Good. Don't expect, again, any enthusiasm even for logic regarded as an instrument of *human* thinking. Logic yields so very little of value to philosophy. Thus the champion of logic against mysticism, Bertrand Russell, finds that propositions which are part of logic or provable by logic are all tautologies.(1) It is clear then that, though calling logic the "essence of philosophy", this writer on his own showing gets extraordinarily little out of it. Nay, when logical method fails, he bids us fall back on "direct philosophical vision", on imaginative *aperçus*, precisely as an avowed mystic might do.(2) Speaking generally, let me urge that a severely logical deduction of true conclusions implies the truth of the premisses and that the hunt for "absolutely true" premisses drives us either into the infinite regress (*i.e.* into an unending search for proof-conferring premisses) or into so-called intellectual intuition which provides a start from "self-evident principles". Of course, intellectual intuition, treated as a *deus ex machina*, rouses suspicion. Necessity may be the mother of the "self-evident" which we find so convenient.

A. Abstract proving is often abused. There are those who

want to prove logically the truth of $2 + 2 = 4$ and of the Law of Contradiction "A cannot be B and not-B".

W. The technical interest of a mathematician in number justifies his attitude. But the plain man's $2 + 2 = 4$ is neither an *a priori* synthetic judgment, as Kant held, nor in need of deductive logical proof, nor, again, is it a generalisation *per enumerationem simplicem* as John Stuart Mill believed. The problem is solved thus. Any one concrete case of $2 + 2 = 4$ illustrates all possible cases. The units are perceivable *either* as two and two or as four, according as the purposes of the percipient require. *The perception is of alternatives.* The abstract number-system of the mathematician is a later invention, an imaginal construct or command-concept satisfying special technical or aesthetic interests, and I am not considering that at all. As to the "Law" of Contradiction, say *Maxim.* Contradiction concerns primarily statements. In making statements about commonplace matters, such as the yellow of a dress, I wish to impart knowledge of a fact, and I should defeat my purpose if I conveyed the view that the dress is yellow and not-yellow in every part at the same time and under the same conditions. I want to draw attention to the yellow and I talk accordingly. But I go too far if I assert roundly that A *cannot* be B and not-B. Everything is its "other", in so far as the "other" enters into it and so helps to constitute its being. It is literally qualified by this other. All sense-content implies "other" reality which in perception always penetrates it. I trust Delane will excuse this digression.

Delane laughed. "All this is beyond me. Tell us about your own method of inquiry—that's what I want to get at."

W. To us mystics reasoning and its logic are mere make-shifts, needful for the guidance of finite sentients or what you call "individuals". Recall that even Bradley comments on the dependent and secondary standing of rational thought.(3) Schelling, who merely acquiesced in "determination by means of concepts", held that there will come a time when the theoretic sciences themselves will perish, being replaced by immediate intuition. "All sciences have been invented only because of the absence of such knowledge." Superhuman individuals may conspire directly the entire solar system with all its relations, qualities and quantities complete, and thus more fully than I

am aware of a patch of green. This fulness of content is the secret aim of rational thought (the Sanskrit root of this word 'tark' means to 'look upon'), but the aim cannot be realised, scientific and philosophical thought dropping too much and becoming too abstract. We grasp at much and, grasping it, find very little there—the main reason perhaps why Faust found intellectual knowledge, Schelling's "determination by means of concepts", a cheat. Thus an advanced physics, which seems to grasp at so much, holds little. The plain man is robbed of the perceived world, while a learned Faust, who masters the mathematical symbolism, finds his jargon too remote from fact to possess charm. Science has written with the "cold finger of the starfish". The symbolism is just a substitute intended to behave in our thinking *as if* it were the structure of the physical world.(4) It may be a product of rare genius: a chain of rigorously deduced links hanging from a few simple assumptions imagined marvellously *ad hoc*. Its practical worth may be shown to be beyond criticism. But for all that it suggests a skeleton, whose antics are unexplained, footing it fantastically in the *danse macabre*. During the construction of this aid to reasoning, concrete reality has almost passed out of sight. The upshot is discouraging. We have sought to cage an eagle. The eagle has flown out of the cage, leaving behind it only some marks made by its claws.

D. And your method? for you too have to reason in a welter of makeshifts.

W. Is obviously the tentative use of hypothesis, suggestion and even guesswork.

D. Will it bring us to truth?

W. Often, but not always. Its merit, in respect of truth, is that it refers us to the reality of primary importance—to what is pointed at when the verification-process implied can be made decisive. Reasoning is essentially an adventure in which there is experimenting with the attendant risk. In rational thought we experiment with concepts which are nothing mysterious but simply *substitute-facts*. Such facts are imaginal products to be rejected, accepted and revised just as the verification-process dictates. There is no road to success save by testing them. And, since the conceptual experiments are so various, the battles

between the experimenting sages never cease. Observe the writings of the philosophers who disagree with one another in books and in the columns of *Mind*; you will note all sorts of creeds: conflicts even as regards fundamentals, conflicts which controversy merely prolongs. Such a chaos would shock the reading public, if it had time to take philosophers seriously. For it is clear that the ablest of intellectuals, and even those who swear stoutly by logic, cannot succeed in thinking harmoniously. Great minds clash irreconcilably as they must. Each conducts a different imaginal experiment and, while they wage war, the critic observes the struggle and tries to detect truth.

D. And we of this circle have to complicate the conflict?

W. We are to multiply hypotheses, suggestions, guesses which we must try to verify in the relevant quarters. Some hypotheses will remain just our private *fancies*; imaginal constructs, not only untrue, but of no utility. Some again will prove true and some only useful.

D. And truth?

W. A truth is born when the construct of fancy resembles the object of primary interest (sun, earth, State or what not) sufficiently well to serve as its substitute for use in thought. Thus my "idea" of the world-system is true if it resembles the actual world-system sufficiently well to stand for it in the makeshift called reasoning. And obviously "sufficiently well" means well enough to serve my purpose. For the "idea" itself is anaemic; miserably inadequate to the total concrete reality.

D. You stress verification in the hope that the makeshift called reasoning may work tolerably well?

W. Precisely: otherwise our beliefs remain in the sphere of private human fancy. Some of the most influential beliefs of mankind are sheer private fancy. Thus popular religions are largely compact of fancy, allowing their votaries to enjoy sheltered homes in an apparently inhospitable world. As dogma this fancy is protected against the risk of becoming untrue.

D. But the charm of science is that it converts human fancies into truths?

W. Yes: or rather certain carefully selected fancies. Thus a geologist's fancy as to the marine origin of chalk has been verified, *i.e.* "made true". Harvey's fancy about blood-circulation

was "made true" finally by Malpighi, who saw blood flowing through capillaries from tiny arteries to tiny veins. An astronomer's fancy as to the origin of the moon, as a fragment torn from the earth, remains hypothesis, that is to say, fancy still. Einstein's variable space seems to be a fancy useful for his special purpose, but not true; spatiality is not an entity having geometrical properties. In all this experimenting official logic is of very secondary concern. The "man with an eye" who imagines or creates well is the essential. "A refusal to be bound by logic always characterises fruitful imaginative work, which modern physics most emphatically is," writes Andrade.(5) Even contradictory assumptions—witness the light-hypotheses—have proved of service; they have been useful, if not true. Even a self-contradictory concept, that of infinite number (number which is no number), has its value in pure mathematics. In this case there is no control of the concept by an "other" to be pointed out in the extra-conceptual world. This *command-concept*, established by our human decree, is in conflict with itself and must not be inspected closely. It is sired by imagination, but though "conceived"—pardon the jest—it remains embryonic, can never be born.

S. Then you dispense with rigorously logical method; use logic in short only as you may want it.

W. Logic for me is the science—so far as there can be a science—of inference, and I may use it occasionally to control the inferences which I make. If you desire some official guidance of our course, you can invoke the direct and inverse deductive methods discussed by Mill. Verify hypothesis with deductions which you draw and which experiment and observation confirm. Verify also with truths which are already in being. But don't expect too much from logic. There is no magic in its precepts. Philosophical argument, one might say with Bertrand Russell, is mainly an attempt "to cause the reader"—in our case the hearers—"to perceive what has been perceived by the author" or speaker. This result attained, you can test and retest the "perception" at leisure. Once more a "man with an eye" is the essential. Consider the hypothesis of God or Divine Imagining. You will verify it in the main by collecting inductions already made by all sorts of inquirers and noting how they agree

with, and illustrate, it. You will deduce directly from it very little at first. And note that in the opening phase the hypothesis may have had nothing to do with induction or deduction. It might have been just a flash of conceiving; an *aperçu* which has come suddenly to a poet, peasant or child, with no dependence on a reasoning process at all. Thus intuition, imaginatively clothed, may be the first stage of hypothesis. But at the outset intuition is believed, whereas mature hypothesis is treated as an adventure which involves risks. Well, I have said enough about method.

S. So much then for method in our metaphysics. What now are you going to do about mathematics? Are you allotting a prominent place to it in these discussions?

W. We shall be dealing primarily with philosophy, not with the special sciences; hence mathematics interests us only in so far as it has contacts with philosophy. What is the work of Mathematics? Let me cite the view of one of the most competent authorities, lest you take offence at a layman's words. According to Dr. Whitehead, mathematics consists "in the organisation of a series of aids to the imagination in the process of reasoning".(6) But this reasoning may concern, of course, more than practice. Mathematics treats of number, quantity, geometry, "in modern times also including investigation into yet more abstract concepts of order and into analogous types of purely logical relations".(7) Important, accordingly, as is this science, it yields no clue to the solution of the world-riddle; indeed the mathematician in the rôle of philosopher-hierophant would be absurd. Even in the domain of physics—that part of research to which mathematics is most confidently applied—we must not rely too blindly on mathematical symbols: the formula, after all, is not the physical fact, even when it refers to structure. Abuse of formulae may become, as Poincaré had to insist, a "nuisance and even a danger". In the past fashionable mathematical doctrines could be imposed arbitrarily on Nature;(8) to-day hypotheses are tested so severely that the risk is slight, perhaps negligible.

S. You will be dealing with Relativity-hypothesis?

W. It bears on philosophy and will be considered in its place. And now, before passing on, let me add this. Mathematicians

may incline, on aesthetic and technical grounds, to overrate the worth of "logical proof". Outside their realm, outside that severe logic in which, as we are told, "tautologies" rule, our reasonings concern the probable; are just adventures of creative imagination in the service of life. If we desire to rise to a higher level than this we must take leave of reasoning and strive to reach the heights on which—as some say—stand the greater mystics. Fallible inference must be replaced, as far as is possible, by immediate consoling. Man must become superman indeed.

S. But, as we four have to remain ordinary men in a practical world, we need hardly trouble about the greater mystics, if such there are. Incidentally what in your opinion constitutes a true mystic?

D. Have we not learnt from Professor Leuba that some of the Christian mystics, of great repute in history, were erotomaniacs? And are not the published revelations of these and other mystics very largely verbiage? These dreamers seem to suffer often from diseases of personality, forms of lunacy attractive only to devotees and fools.(9)

A. Even Myers suspected that, in most of the cases of alleged ecstasy, the "revelations" were of purely subjective value.(10)

W. A mere saint of some popular dogmatic creed or a weakling, unable to think, does not become a god on demand. You are accustomed to hear astro-physicists talking of star-systems that last thousands of millions of years. A great mystic may be developing while many of such systems arise and pass. There are no short cuts to complete illumination and the long way thither is paved with difficulties. Dismiss as without importance most of those who are named mystics in history. When asked for their contributions to human knowledge they have little or nothing to say.

D. And, after all, for us at any rate that must be the decisive test. We expect a banquet and we receive too often a few crumbs or nothing.

W. The tree must be judged by its fruits. Be critical, I say, of revelations ascribed to mystics and saints of popular faiths. And infer the mystic's rank solely from what he has to say, for, however "ineffable", however lost in the "cloud of unknowing" certain of his experiences may be, he ought at least to be able

to solve some of the outstanding riddles in philosophy. How is it, for example, that no mystic has been able to solve the riddles of causation, space and time? Too often, I fear, the illuminate has been a pretender, hiding, when questioned, in a cloud of words or ink. The Professor asks how I define the word "mystic", confining my attention of course to the men, humble or exalted, who deserve such a name. According to Nettleship, mysticism grows out of the belief that "every 'fact' is an element in 'the fact' ". Blake saw "a world in a grain of sand" and Wordsworth sings:

Our destiny, our being's heart and home
Is with infinitude and only there.

What then is "the fact"—the "divine infinite"? I submit, and have later to make good the hypothesis, that it is God regarded as Divine Imagining. There is a hierarchy of mystics, rank in this indicating how far the soul in question has risen towards "our being's heart and home". Only quite humble mystics bear names honoured in the temple of Fame. But all share, though with very different degrees of competence, one conviction. You will recall that Socrates, when dying, asks Crito to sacrifice a cock to Asclepius—is he not recovering from the disease of earth-life? The mystic also is ready to sacrifice to God—is he not passing from the defective isolated life, whether suffered on earth or elsewhere, towards a divine completion of his being?

D. But the minor mystics, such as the superior saints of the herd-creeds, may have no adequate idea of God; they may dislike the isolated life and yet be drifting unintelligently towards something wrongly conceived at the outset. Much of their testimony reads like devotional drivel touched with disease.

W. Unquestionably, and that is why it is better for the mystic to start, not from a herd-creed which demands faith, but from philosophy which exacts truth. The intellectual may have conceived intelligently much of what he is about to conceive in a higher way and passes prepared on to new levels; the mere devotee or stupid saint will be blinded by excess of light. Life is an adventure, and excellent things, as Spinoza said, are difficult, even on the mystic's voyage. Shipwreck is all too likely.

D. Good. Then we here shall not be studying philosophy to no profit. Unfortunately, it is much harder to become a Plato than a saint. And now another question. The mystic is not necessarily interested, it would seem, in obtaining occult powers or solving special riddles of psychical research?

W. I repeat that first and foremost he seeks "our being's heart and home". Minor matters, such as psychical research or Mahatmas, may not even interest him. But of course the great mystic will have very wide interests indeed; all knowledge will be his province. Don't by the way charge him, as the absurd neo-theosophical creed puts it, with "killing out desire". A finite sentient, lacking desire and consequently incapable of effort, cannot exist efficiently in a world of change. The mystic has to intensify desire but he directs it wisely. He wants not only knowledge but all the other treasures of heaven as well—heirship of reality at large. And even if he wants these treasures for others as well as for himself he is still seeking to gratify desire.

A. He wants, as Traherne said, to "delight in God as misers do in gold" and incidentally to be "crowned with the stars". His ambition knows no bounds; he desires, in short, on the grand scale.

D. Have you known one of the great mystics?

W. If I have, would the fact be of any value for this discussion? And now I pass to another preliminary: the removal of an obstacle in the way of our progress. I want to be rid of the conceptual mechanistic world which, growing out of the classical mechanics, issued finally in the metaphysics of the materialists and allied schools. Unless we exorcise this phantom at once we shall be haunted by it throughout our debates. Happily, I can appeal here to the clear vision of Anderton and the Professor.

A. Of course as an idealist, though a sceptical one, I am with you. The so-called *material world* is a Frankenstein's monster which has been allowed to scare its veritable creator, Man. Unless the monster is slain we shall fare badly throughout these dialogues. No serious world-hypothesis, to be tested by patient deduction and verification, can possibly afford to give shelter to the monster.

S. The belief in moving matter—with or without other

"blind" factors—as the "stuff" of which the world is made has been abandoned by the best scientific thought; long ago, of course, by competent philosophy, latterly even by most physicists, including myself. But physics believes in an independent space-time-world, whatever its ultimate nature may be: in objects that exist, persist, and act on one another, whether we happen to be aware of their reality or not. I am merely entering my protest against acosmism. At midnight, when we and the maids are asleep, this chalet, although unperceived by us, continues to occupy space. And one must suggest that the earth and the starry heavens contrive somehow to do so as well!

D. I have been in a ship wintering in the far north seventy miles or so away from the Pole. Physically, ship, crew and the few beasts in the region were mere specks in a titanic world of ice. If the few conscious percipients, men and beasts, had vanished would the vast world of ice have vanished too, leaving, like Prospero's pageant, "not a rack behind"?

W. Evidently we all agree with the plain man. Unlike Kant, we all believe in a space-time-world that is not merely a perceptual show, a pageant within our souls. The world of space-hung, time-strung events appears not merely within us but to us. So far, Delane, so good. But we are only at the commencement of the inquiry. What is the character of this world, which does not ask our leave to exist, and of which our bodies and, as some say, our souls also are parts? Well, Anderton contends that this world is psychical or mindlike in character throughout, and the Professor, I understand, allows that he may be right. Neither as yet will take any further speculative risk. Delane meanwhile wears a puzzled look. He suspects, I think, that we are Bolshevik idealists about to rob him of possessions in space-time, confiscating first his ship, his pack-ice and icebergs.

D. One moment. The word "idealist" has been used and I should like to learn what is meant by it. I thought that idealism differed from realism in not accepting a space-time-world of natural objects independent of our perceptions.

W. Quite a mistake; there is nothing to prevent an idealist from being a realist as well. Even for Hegel "Nature" is not dependent on being perceived by finite individuals, but is "established", as he puts it, on the Divine Idea, that is to say,

on God or Cosmic Reason. You ask me what I mean by idealism. The word is used with various meanings. But what *I* mean is the view that reality—the universe—consists of spiritual activity and the contents created by, and present to, this activity. Or, as an imaginalist will say, *consciring* and *conscita*, the two great aspects of God or Divine Imagining, exhaust reality. In affirming this I am not denying the world of natural objects. I am not demolishing, for instance, the minor stellar system which contains our sun and some 3000 million other stars! (11) I am merely disputing your right to describe this stellar system as a “material” one.

(Delane was silent, but he seemed baffled rather than enlightened.)

A. There is ~~only~~ one way, West, of dealing with this difficulty. Give us the story of this human invention—the *material world*—at some length. For this belief penetrates into numerous intellectual camps and vitiates the consistency even of leaders of thought. Bertrand Russell, for whom matter is ordinarily a “logical construct”, referring us only to certain series of events, can nevertheless in Promethean vein forget logic, defy “omnipotent matter” and build the soul’s habitation on despair. (12) Very many popular creeds are marred by belief in this substantial matter. A most amusing instance is the following. The modern faith called Theosophy was based originally on substantial “matter” which the Letters of its guiding Masters defend vigorously. A self-sufficient spiritual world-ground was rejected. “We believe in matter alone”, so an alleged Mahatma informs us; matter is the “omnipresent omnipotent Proteus, with its unceasing motion which is its life”. “Matter we know to be eternal.” (13) These were in fact the statements which inspired the “transcendental materialism”, as A. P. Sinnett called it, which took shape in *Esoteric Buddhism*. To-day such samples of occult lore are read with a smile. The concept “matter” refers us not to an omnipresent, omnipotent, substantial entity, but to a class of *events* in space-time; events which are not even impenetrable by one another. And these events, so far from being eternal, are always coming and going, beginning and ceasing to appear. Nor are these events changing always in the way called “material”. It is now widely held that the “mass” of the

stars—to make use of the current scientific symbolism—refers us to certain events which are changing slowly into other events symbolised as “radiation”, even as I speak. The sun is said to lose 120 billion tons of its “mass” annually in this way.

S. The East has nothing to teach the West in the fields of ordinary science or metaphysics, but it may possess some knowledge of value to psychical research, which is a special branch of science. Clearly the Mahatma is writing nonsense. Is this revelation accepted by the faithful to-day?

A. Criticism forced the theosophists to modify this crude materialism; new light was sought in many quarters, Vedantist and other, and slowly a more spiritual but syncretistic body of belief was formed. But enough; let us return to serious thinking. Let us hear what West has to say as to the origin in men’s minds of the concepts of “matter” and the “material world”.

S. Away from abstraction, and back to the world of Peter Bell!

W. Peter Bell was aware of a yellow primrose as a fact of Nature. We are not here discussing the origin of Nature, but that of a concept which is used in thinking about it. “Matter” is an abstract concept and the “material world” is the world as thought about by means of this concept. Thus to trace the origin of “matter” is to show how the concept “matter” arises in human thinking. If human thinking ceased, “matter” would perish with it.

D. Ah! Now I begin to see light. Like Peter Bell, you accept Nature, but you decline to equate a way of thinking about Nature with Nature itself.

W. Precisely. The word “matter” does not name any corresponding eternal stuff or substantial entity which reveals itself to us through the perceived world; there is nothing made of matter which a dumb man could point out to a savage. The savage discriminates portions of Nature—rivers, trees, stones, etc.—all having very varied qualities and relations. These are the primary fat, sensible objects, while “matter” is a gaunt concept or mental *substitute-fact* which *stands for* the sensible objects when they are thought about in a certain way. Hence a savage, not given to conceptual thinking such as interests us, could go through life without ever having been acquainted with “matter”.

But the genesis of the concept is inevitable. Strong practical interests compelling, the savage notes that natural objects resemble one another. Thus they agree, despite many differences, in being tangible, and, if Fechner is right in equating matter with "the tangible", the concept of matter is a mental substitute-fact for natural objects when thought of in the respect of being touched. We had best, however, put the truth differently. The initial or nascent form of the concept "matter" accents *resisting-extension*; anything is "material" which, being spatial or extended, resists in a part or as a whole being moved or, when in motion, being stopped or retarded. And resistance is measured at first roughly in terms of actual or ideal muscular effort. Some writers have held that merely to be spatial is to be "material", but the contents of my dream-visions are spatial, and I should certainly not call those "cloud-capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces" forms of matter. We are not justified in asserting that only objects of external perception are spatial. Resistance then is fundamental. This is why it was long before air came to be thought about as a form of matter. (14) This is why small *solids*—impenetrable by one another, showing limitless resistance to moving rivals—are so important in early cosmogonies and survive even in the "hard massy" atoms of Newton. This is why the distant mountains just glimpsed look to me so "immaterial"—they don't suggest stubborn obstacle to movement. This is why the plain man calls a table material and a ghost immaterial, though to the ghost it is clear the table is immaterial as well! The ghost's movement is not resisted. This, too, is why Dr. Johnson kicked a reply to Berkeley, why Bain and Mill call resistance the basic characteristic of matter, and why Herbert Spencer describes matter as an assemblage of co-existent positions that resist. Out of this attitude toward resistance is born, then, the concept of Matter.

But of course objects that resist are richly clad with the wealth of qualities which perception conveys to us. There are no *merely* resisting-extended (spatial) objects; these are just fictions of the abstract imagination. The concept, which treats these fictions *as if* they existed in fact, is *one of the imaginal devices which subserve practical reasoning*. The actual sensible reality must never be confounded with the device used in

thinking about it. "Matter", then, which names the resisting-extended, taken either as moving or as at rest, is a mere dodge of fancy, useful in practical thinking about the perceived world. We created it. Let it not scare its creators.

S. The tiny resisting solids of Democritus, ancestors of the more elusive protons and electrons of to-day, have always interested me. Resistance to deformation, resistance to rivals menacing their positions in space, resistance conceived in terms of ideal muscular effort, this marks the Democritan realities behind appearance. But the belief is terribly naïve. What can be done with tiny solids, spherical or other, which only fill volumes in the void, resist impacts—or pounding—and move? There is nothing in these primitive "resisting-extensions" with which to make the actual world; no reserves of content whatever on which to draw for construction. The atoms are as empty of promise and potentiality as the "void" in which they move. And note a further colossal difficulty. Democritus took resistance to penetration for granted. But *why* is one atom impenetrable by another? Why does it deny to the other the position or series of positions which it occupies? A similar difficulty attends certain modern statements about "ether"-waves "detaching" electrons from atoms or about the violent doings of the electron itself. How, for example, does an electron, which many discuss as if it were a marble, drive another electron out of an atomic system? What lies behind the space-conflict implied? Why and how are the electrons in conflict? Concepts and phraseology, which moot "electric charges", avail us nothing; such symbolism only creates problems to be solved. Events of an unknown qualitative character are going on and the symbolism, while useful, does not reveal what they are. Be careful in this regard about the word "electricity", which some dull people have exalted almost to the throne of a god. Would you be impressed were someone to champion an "amber"-or "amberine"-theory of the world? I presume not. But, West, please continue.

W. We have reached then what underlies the popular concept of "matter". But we must probe further in considering the organised conceptual knowledge called science. When we are interested in the quantity of "matter", we call the basic

defining quality of resistance "mass". And in fact matter has been defined as "phenomena associated with mass". There ensues, however, a creative transformation, very puzzling to the plain man, of the concept of "mass".(15) In this process sensations and ideas of resisted effort, such as dominate the plain man and Dr. Johnson, persist only as faint accompaniments of thinking. Appeal is made to the precise measurements of instruments and the "mass" of a body becomes, as Eddington puts it, a mere reading on a scale; the actual nature of what is dealt with being unknown to, and ignored by, physics. It suffices in this domain of symbolism to say that "mass" is inversely proportional to the acceleration due to a "force". Thus Man has created a splendid working tool, a co-efficient used in calculations (Poincaré) when certain metrical relations of surface phenomena are discussed. On the other hand, "mass", which men believed once that they knew perceptually, has been conceptualised. Even so it gains ground. Thus this conceptual attribute is ascribed nowadays not only to bodies ordinarily so called, such as stars, stones, sticks and atoms, but also to "radiation", the periodic processes covered by this name being credited with "mass" and exerting pressure. Nay, there is a tendency to maintain either that all "energy" has "mass" or that "mass" is identical with "energy".(16) But if "mass" is a mere reading on a scale, such statements are, metaphysically speaking, elaborations of no value. For the mere reading called "mass" has been coupled with an instrumental concept called "energy", sometimes indeed defined as "capacity for work", but yielding nothing explanatory such as Plato's "spectator of all time and all existence" would have desired. It is not in this way that the heart of reality is to be reached.

Indeed we are noting the artificiality of the atmosphere in which physics breathes. "Energy" is only another imaginal device furthering practical inference. James called it a "magnificent economic schematic device for keeping account of the functional variations of the surface phenomena".(17) It is useless to metaphysics, as the rival definitions, "capacity for work", "name for the quantitative aspect of a structure of happenings" (Whitehead), reveal. Apart from its services as symbol in the measurements of physical science, it is a bald, uninformative

concept. Nevertheless it has misled many, and more especially those believers in "energetics" who find in "energy" the very heart of the world. We must be careful not to follow in their train. The complexity of time-strung, space-hung phenomena does not emerge from "capacity for work" or the "quantitative aspect of a structure"!

The veritable Proteus, symbolised as "energy", can be indicated, as we shall see, by metaphysics.

A word more on "mass". All determinations of "mass", in respect of bodies ordinarily so called, imply relations; a lone body could not be credited with "proper mass" without rendering the symbol "mass" absurd. To say that bodies, as related to other bodies, differ in "mass" is convenient, because it helps us in thinking about their behaviour as externally perceived, as known *from the outside*. Thus the lead-pellet fired from my air-pistol has an initial velocity less than that of an aluminium-pellet similarly fired. It is convenient to say that the "mass" of the lead-pellet is greater than the "mass" of the other. In so doing we use the symbol "mass", but we leave the natural events unexplained. The riddles of the "force" exerted by air, of "impact", and of "expulsion" of the pellets at different speeds, are left unread. In using the concept "mass" we do not require to read such riddles; success in this field of science lies in a practical achievement; there are provided readings on a scale in the interests of makers and buyers of air-pistols. This practical success will not satisfy the metaphysician who wants to know about the ultimate nature of what takes place. If we were aware of the natural happenings *from within*, we should be studying, I suggest, an unfamiliar level of psychics, where the useful symbolism of science would no longer apply.

D. I follow you. The justification of these thought-devices, "mass" and "energy", is that they favour the numerical calculations indispensable to practice.

W. Quite so. We are to note then, in the first place, that the classical mechanics was forced to invent devices of this kind and, in the second place, that only an abuse of these devices made Materialism, which of course is a kind of metaphysics, possible. The development of classical mechanics subserved practice, qualities being quite rightly sacrificed to quantities

in the interests of measurement and prediction. Only measurable qualities had to be selected and accented.(18) On this selection, so wise and so useful for science, is based the error called Materialism. Materialism mistakes instrumental conception for metaphysics. We look and we pass on.

"Force", the unknown cause of "mass" accelerations, is a mathematical fiction. (Absolute) "space" and (absolute) "time", discussed once as independent, have been "merged" to-day in space-time, of which hereafter. Such space and time, long ago abolished by philosophy, had been preserved in naïve physics. "Mass" resolved into "energy", whatever that may be, eludes us as above. "Ether", close-grained or other, is simply the older "matter", the resisting-spatial re-imagined for new uses; uses which have enforced, as is notorious, contradictory descriptions of its nature and properties. But the substantial ether (or ethers), *divested of decent quality-clothing*, is just as mythical as the matter-stuff with which Buchner and others construct the physical world. *Other levels of natural events* can be allowed for, but that is a totally different supposition. Such events constitute, not imperceptible abstractions like "ether", but qualitative sensible variety such as regales Peter Bell, variety which conscious beings living on the levels in question could perceive as well as talk about.(19) "Pure motion", again, is equally a figment; nothing is known by us but moving bodies. The continuous motion even of these bodies seems fictitious as well, as was indicated in *Divine Imagining. Imaginatio semper facit saltum*. All change is in discrete "steps": there is a succession of rests and restarts. Continuous motion, in Bertrand Russell's words, may be only a convenient "symbolic device for dealing with the time-relations of various discontinuous changes".(20) But how do these changes themselves come to pass? Ah! That is a problem which cannot be solved until the foundations of our metaphysics are laid.

A subsidiary abuse, connected with the misconception of motion, is that of the blessed term "vibration". All is vibration —this is a statement made sometimes by men obsessed seriously by the mechanistic view of the world. But qualitative periodic processes characterise the so-called "vibrating" parts of Nature. Such vibration is a phase of Motion, and the name Motion refers

us, not to the abstraction of the mechanist, but to steps of change in a complex *psychical* world. A complete understanding of Motion will be won later. The simplicity sought for it, as mechanistically conceived, is too naïve.

A. Of the making of science-symbolism there is no end, and much jargon is a weariness of the flesh. But the slaves of practice destroy old symbols only to create new. New ones are being created to-day, some more useful than their predecessors, all of provisional worth only.

S. It comes to this, Delane. The old classical mechanics, in which believers in a substantial matter, blind force, etc., put their trust, is moribund. It was once of value for practice, but never at any time for metaphysics—namely, for inquiry into the ultimate nature of reality. “Mechanical mythology”, as Mach calls it, is now obsolete even for physics. Hence physicists want to construct, *i.e.*, imagine, a new symbolism. But in these dialogues we shall want much more than working symbolism—we shall want to discuss the actual reality which is symbolised. No new symbolism, however ingeniously “mathematical”, can satisfy us.

Much is in the melting-pot. Some physicists discuss electrons and protons as mortal; “matter-mass” as disappearing into “radiation”, itself a symbol for periodic processes about which very little is known. “Quantum phenomena, it has been said, may defy explanation in terms only of events occurring in space and time. Let me urge further that such symbols as electrons and protons originate as imaginal constructs, as devices where-with human imagining chases elusive fact. Already Professor Eddington is calling the electron a “dummy” (which is sometimes not even “a useful aid to comprehension”), and suggesting that later on *Psi*—the “reality” which some theorists place in the background—may prove to be a “dummy” as well. “Dummies” in physics, like religions, take their turn; and Dr. Schiller and the pragmatists smile victorious. Meanwhile the belief that “uniformities of causation” obtain everywhere is menaced.

“Dummies” must take their turn till, in the distant future, physics and metaphysics converge towards the discovery of the intrinsically psychical or mind-like character of Nature. The physical, as McDougall well puts it, is perhaps “a degradation

"of process of the appetitive type".(21) And in this book on my lap I read that natural events are interpenetrative, to the shattering, of course, of all the older mechanico-physical schemes. "Space-time is constructed by means of co-punctuality, which is the same thing as spatio-temporal interpenetration".(22) Granted the intrinsically psychical constitution of Nature, Bertrand Russell's view accords well with that upheld in *Divine Imagining*. Physics and metaphysics are beginning to converge.

D. That convergence would be very interesting, though most physicists seem still obsessed by "dummies". As regards their new symbolism, will not the death of King Log—the classical mechanics—be followed by the enthronement of King Stork—"Energy"? Now King Stork rules space-time in the dark; no one seems to know anything about him save that he rules. Suppose that some insight was obtained into the agent whose substitute-fact (as West calls it) in my mind is this concept. Might not a revolution ensue in which conceptual physics would be transformed, root and branch?

W. The convergence of physics and metaphysics is beginning now. And we shall depose King Stork later. All that the symbol "energy" holds of value to philosophy is embraced in the concept of consciring—and much more.

A. If that be so, we shall be able to appropriate all the valuable work of physics without being burdened by its mythology.

W. Precisely. Or, as I might say, we shall perceive the lovely Isis or Divine Imagining walking almost unveiled in the glory of her gardens. The physicists and others are looking through spectacles which rob her of charm. They see a skeleton wandering in a waste where everything is faded, dusty and dead.

D. Show us Isis and we shall become god-intoxicated men. (He looked strangely moved and his eyes gleamed.)

W. I will, if you can get rid of your spectacles. One glass, maybe, is cracked; you have got rid, perhaps, of mechanical mythology; you are freed from the mechanical world. Even now Isis can be seen, though darkly.

D. Yes: I have done with the spectacles and am ready to follow you to the gardens.

W. In place of the physical world of science compact of indefinitely many very petty "events", devoid of anything which

an artist would value, and having only pragmatic arguments in its favour, we shall find the home of the Imaginals which are the flowers of Isis: active Kinds which Plato desried and described, albeit not too happily, as changeless "Ideas". And Isis reserves many more wonderful secrets for her visitors. But now about the other preliminaries.

S. What about religion?

W. It must take its turn. But as regards general philosophy, I suggest that none of the herd-creeds—Buddhist, Hindu, Christian, Mahomedan, Zoroastrian and the rest—shall be thrust into these discussions. Be prepared to ignore much of the past. A modern geographer writing a text-book is not concerned with the views of Hecataeus of Miletus. And philosophy, the supreme example of the cult of knowledge for its own sake, is interested primarily not in dead prophets but in truth. Its aim is the organisation of knowledge against a background of experimental metaphysics, concerned with the general character of reality. Interests, religious or other, that thwart or tend to thwart this aim must be ignored.

(Free-thinkers all, we agreed.)

D. I care nothing for the herd-creeds; my interest is in the plain man. Or rather in the intelligent plain man above the stratum of the very numerous defectives and "mentally sub-normal". Millions, we now know, in every great civilised country are incapable of any thought worth the name. But even the bright, plain man is usually stuffed with nonsense before genuine thought can reach him. What chance, too, seems to preside over this stuffing!

S. From the story of the third century I gather that the Western peoples might well have become Mithraists or Manicheans instead of Christians. In which case the stuffed heads would have been equally content—or discontented.

A. There is only one cure for the stuffing malady and fools can't profit by it. Be specially sceptical as regards the creed which was taught to you as a child.

W. What I have to defend is experimental thought. You can verify its results or ignore them at your liking. But Delane's bright, plain man would be quite at home at our discussions. He could not follow us through every difficulty, but, so far as

Imaginism is concerned, he could grasp all the essentials required to guide his living. He believes, for instance, that God created the world and all or much that therein is; that the soul is immortal in some sense of the term, and may have existed, perhaps, before the physical body. Nothing of this is in conflict with my philosophy. In respect of fundamental beliefs Peter Bell and I might be allies. I hold further that, in respect of minor philosophical issues, common sense often furnishes Peter with correct, if rough-hewn, convictions. Thus the peasant who believes in a world of colours and sounds, that exist whether we perceive them or not, is probably right, while the student of science, misled by the classical mechanics, is wrong. Thus the lout, who believes in the reality of time, is wiser in this respect than Hegel or Bradley. But when men come to expand their knowledge about fundamentals, about God, the space-time world, etc., they think inevitably with very different degrees of success. We of this circle shall get farther in our voyage of discovery than Peter Bell, though what we shall find will be very little beside what remains to be found. It is probable, for instance, that our ideas about God will always remain vague. There is a compensation, withal, in the fact that we shall be taking in this way fewer risks. "A vague thought", observes Bertrand Russell, "has much more chance of being true than a precise one." (24)

D. Then all may share in the feast of the Imaginists. Just so any man may know something about the great star Betelgeuse, but the astronomer knows more, though he, too, remarkably little.

A. Common sense unspoilt by the creeds is to come into its rights; Reed's unsophisticated folk find a champion. Well, the world-system must be able to reveal itself in some measure to its denizens, without philosophers, who are often just cloud-makers, being indispensable.

S. But how much does it reveal—there's the rub? (The agnostic, distrustful of human fancy, was reasserting himself. There followed a long silence, broken by the roar of a distant avalanche.)

W. And now all the preliminaries, to the best of my knowledge, have been settled.

S. Just one observation more. Dialogues with brief questions

and answers have great value, but not for all aspects of philosophy. We are here in quest of truth, not of victory in the lists of argument. Don't let us play at being sophists who beard a modern Socrates nor, again, let us waste time, like some talkers, in beating out grains of gold so as to cover acres. The harder problems are best dealt with tersely, as by a professor laying down the law to students from the Chair. In the course of the present discussion we have enjoyed terse statements of this kind and I suggest that we shall profit by more. I shall ask West accordingly to ignore dialogue and give us "pemmican", when necessary, leaving us to state our difficulties afterwards. Who could give us, for example, a conspectus of the evolution of Nature, if he is being interrupted by critics all the time?

(This suggestion seemed to please the circle. West nodded, and the group shortly afterwards broke up.)

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

(1) "Propositions which form part of logic, or can be proved by logic, are all tautologies—i.e. they show that certain different sets of symbols are different ways of saying the same thing, or that one set says part of what the other says."—*Analysis of Matter*, p. 171. On Wittgenstein's views.

(2) *Our Knowledge of the External World*, p. 241.

(3) *Appearance and Reality*, chapter xxvi.

(4) "The appearance of deducing actual phenomena from mathematics is delusive; what really happens is that the phenomena afford inductive verification of the general principles from which our mathematics starts."—Bertrand Russell, *Analysis of Matter*, p. 88.

(5) *Structure of the Atom*, p. 295.

(6) In *Universal Algebra*.

(7) *Science and the Modern World*, p. 30.

(8) Cf. Burt, *The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Science*, p. 54, for an important instance of the kind: "God created the world in accordance with the principle of perfect numbers, hence the mathematical harmonies in the mind of the creator furnish the cause 'why the number, the sizes and the motions of the orbits are as they are and not otherwise'. Causality . . . became interpreted in terms of mathematical simplicity and harmony."

(9) "In a certain asylum", says Esquirol, "I met a priest who, through excessive mental application to the theological mystery of the Trinity, eventually came to regard all objects round him as triple. He even imagined himself to consist of three persons, and requested the attendants to lay three covers for him at table, with three plates and three napkins."—Ribot, *Diseases of Personality* (Open Court Cpy), p. 110. The merely devotional saint can easily contract "ecstasy" of this kind.

(10) *Human Personality* (1913 edition), p. 317.

(11) *Stars and Atoms*, A. S. Eddington, p. 1.

(12) In discussing a free man's worship. But, perhaps, even a logician may indulge in rhetoric at times.

(13) Cf. *The Mahatma Letters*, by A. T. Barker, pp. 54-6. The publication of these Letters was a disaster for the neo-theosophists.

(14) Cf. *Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics*, J. B. Stallo, p. 176.

(15) On "mass" cf. Douglas Fawcett, *World as Imagination*, pp. 307-310. Matter can also be treated as embodying "mass", "momentum", and "stress", which are "analytical expressions" containing various combinations of Einstein's potentials. Pointer readings are implied. Cf. A. S. Eddington in *Science, Religion and Reality*, p. 205. Here we have exchanged perception for a world of sheer symbolism.

(16) For J. J. Thomson's and Einstein's contributions to this result cf. Eddington, *The Internal Constitution of the Stars*, p. 294. He traces the rudiments of the idea as far back as 1881.

(17) W. James, *Problems of Philosophy*, note, p. 206. Cf. also Douglas Fawcett's *World as Imagination*, pp. 43-8, 313-20, where the explanation of the world in terms of "energy" is shown to be absurd.

(18) Burt's *Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Science* should be consulted. See also *World as Imagination*, pp. 37-41. Qualities, however, that we cannot measure are not to be regarded as beyond measure.

(19) ". . . The time may have arrived at which the scaffolding constituted by notions of a substantial ether, with properties difficult to formulate precisely and consistently, may be removed. The theory of electro-magnetism and of light would then have reached the stage of abstraction in which the electro-magnetic field would be regarded solely as a field of vectors distributed and changing in accordance with definite mathematical laws, the notion of a substantial ether having served its purpose as a guide, and been superseded by a more highly abstract scheme in which all such models are discarded."—*Domain of Natural Science*, E. W. Hobson, p. 269. How remote is conceptual physics from fact! On "imperceptibles" consult also *World as Imagination*, pp. 326-7.

(20) *Analysis of Matter*, p. 380.

(21) *Analysis of Matter*, pp. 322-3.

(22) *Social Psychology*, p. 312.

(23) *Analysis of Matter*, p. 386.

(24) *Analysis of Matter*, p. 182.

CHAPTER III

IN THE BÉTEMPS HUT

ON a morning six days after the discussion just recorded two parties were descending the Lyskamm towards the Lysjoch (pass) whence they were to return along the Grenz glacier to the Bétemps hut. The climb up the formidable snow-mountain had been toilsome and had required, as always, good guiding, but all had gone extremely well. Kaufmann had led the way with the Professor and Delane in the order given, West, myself and Leslie following on our own rope in their wake. The bergschrund on the Italian side was well bridged and offered no difficulty, but the climb thence to the ridge was over too soft snow and had proved tiring. On the ridge itself our steps had to skirt wide and treacherous cornices and, in avoiding these, we had been driven at times some way down the slopes to our right giving on the Gorner glacier, slopes where the newly fallen snow was not entirely safe. The top had been reached about 10 A.M. But the magnificent outlook—on peaks, passes and perhaps sixty streaming glaciers—had been marred somewhat by clouds precipitated by the wind blowing from Italy. The weather prospects not pleasing Kaufmann and West, we had decided to descend at once. It is the fate of the mountaineer to climb up only to climb down; he is content to have surmounted obstacles in the company of genial friends. He sees his triumphs vanish just as they are won; on the other hand, does he not recreate them time and again in memory by the fireside? To-day, however, the triumph lasted hardly a minute—we had descended very rapidly because no one knew what the south wind, or foehn, might bring. And storms in high places are adventures which no sane Alpinist cares to risk.

Our party had moved first, with West in the place of honour as last man and Leslie leading, and leading, I observed, remarkably well. The pagan poet had entered our circle under a cloud of suspicion which his reputation in letters and even West's approval had failed to dispel. Man lives on hope. Perhaps we had been expecting to have our talks spoilt by a prophet of gloom. As a matter of fact his personal charm, which contrasted oddly with the black pessimism of his books, won the day immediately. He was a man of thirty—quite the youngster of the party—tall, well-built and comely, as became one who, if rumour did not lie, was a not unsuccessful squire of dames. He had a sunburnt face, with blue eyes, a light-brown moustache, and an expression of good-natured mischief which must have pleased women, and certainly bore witness to a merry and kindly heart. As a climber he was admirable, and was meditating in fact guideless attacks on the north face of the Matterhorn. I found him a frank dilettante in university-philosophy, while the Professor had heard little to suggest that he was a serious student of science. What of that? Here was a youngster of poetic charm, bright insights and perfect candour, who had seen much of the world and would surely bring plenty of grist to our intellectual mill. Already I had congratulated West on his enterprise in finding this recruit; already the recruit and myself had made the beginning of what was to become a warm friendship.

Leslie saved time by following our old tracks beside the cornices, and, when these latter gave out, turned round a knoll and, leaving the ridge, led us down the steep southern face of the mountain. The snow here was softening in the breath of the foehn; the slope was becoming "avalanchy" and the luxury of a careless, plunging descent was out of the question. Our steps had to be made cautiously so as not to start the surface-layer sliding. The second party, delayed by the Professor, who was already tired, moved also prudently but far more slowly. It seemed to me to linger too long on the dangerous slope; but at last the worst was over without mishap. We others however had reached the Lysjoch when the Kaufmann party began to cross the bergschrund and we decided to wait. West, staying where he had halted, was looking south at the growing battalions of cloud; Leslie, with the rope dangling after him, strolled back

to me and observed that we were not going to reach the hut quite without trouble. "And after?"

"Well, we can stay there at a pinch; we have provisions in plenty. The place was empty last night and no one is likely to be starting to-day for a climb up Monte Rosa or this pimple. But I see your old friend, West, is looking anxious. How the others have been crawling along!"

"Why do you call him my old friend—I met him only once before I came to the chalet."

"Only once! But under peculiar circumstances, I believe," said I at a venture, recalling an observation of West's. I was fishing in interesting water.

He looked at me sharply. "You know then the story?"

"No," I replied rather shamefacedly. "I know nothing but what I said. West told me this much and no more."

"A strange mystic West. As to the story, well, one day I will tell you of the adventure. I owe him my life. And I owe myself the solution of a riddle, namely an understanding of the mystery that hangs about West himself. That's why I came to the chalet, not merely to have my views demolished by you critics. I had to throw over a party bound for the Weisshorn and shall never hear the last of it. . . . But I came."

A new and very interesting disclosure. Shortly afterwards West joined us. "Dirty weather ahead, but here they are at last. Tired, Professor? Afraid there can be no halt, and I must even ask for an effort. Kaufmann, we might rope up together, I think; six men on the line are safer than three if the Grenz has to be passed in a hurry. All right—you lead and I'll bring up the rear. Quick—quick."

The hot spell of the morning had come to an end. Gusts of wind, ever colder and colder, driving a spray of snow before them, caught us as we started, following our old track down to the glacier. Then after we had gone a few hundred yards a wall of swirling mist came up from Italy, then dark clouds, and later the foehn shrieking continuously and thick snow. We descended as fast as possible, anxious to use the track as fully as we could before it was obliterated. It was impossible at times to see more than a few yards ahead, but Kaufmann, who hugged the track and knew the glacier well, led with confidence. I was sorry for

the Professor, as I too was feeling the strain of the pace; but it was no hour for holding back—we had simply to push forward at our best and trust the guide. Well was it that the storm had not broken upon us higher up. The six men, snow gathering on their felt hats and ski-caps, shoulders, gloves and ice-axes, drove forward without a word, stumbling, plunging and breathing heavily.

An hour passed thus and the old track had long ceased to exist. The going was becoming laborious and very slow. Kaufmann tried this way and that, often blundering, as was inevitable, when the unexpected happened. The snowstorm became thin and ceased, the wind fell and, to my delight, we could perceive a patch of blue sky, glimpses of Monte Rosa and the Lyskamm, and a long stretch of the glacier. Kaufmann got his direction at once.

“Take advantage of the break—we shall need it. No halt,” called West, and we felt that he was right. We held on stoutly for another hour until a cry from Kaufmann told us that the hut was near. Then we were glad indeed to slow down, but, even as we profited by the opportunity, the rising of the wind and the closing of the cloud-gap were heralding the return of the storm. We entered the hut, which stands on the right side of the valley well above the ice, very cold, tired and stiff, but happy, while outside whirling flakes and shrieking foehn swept down the Grenz to join the riot of elements on the Gorner glacier beyond.

We had the hut to ourselves and, after a rest and dinner which, considering the materials available, was, thanks to Kaufmann, passably good, lit our pipes, gathered round the stove and talked of the climb. Everyone was pleased with the handling of the descent and many a tale of like adventures was told. And then during a lull in the talk the Professor, alive to his opportunity, remarked:

“What an ideal place for a dialogue!”

L. On West’s God—on Divine Imagining (and the suggestion was welcomed with enthusiasm).

W. Or on Leslie’s God, also Imagining but not conscious and in other respects also, I believe, hardly divine; the Imagining that “flames in worlds”—you will remember my reading of the *Proem*—but, so far, seems to have done nothing well; whereat Leslie, the most genial of pessimists, laughed merrily.

D. No, no. We want first to consider West's hypothesis about God or Divine Imagining. Leslie can show later that this God, whether conscious or unconscious, is really the Devil.

L. Quite so. And since West regards me as an imaginalist, though one of the baser sort, I had better not confront him at the outset. I might accept more of his arguments than the company would tolerate. Let Delane enter the lists and take up the challenge for us. Let him find out precisely what this bold champion is fighting for. We others will intervene after noting the weak plates in the champion's armour.

D. Agreed; but look on me as the squire only of the challengers. I shall begin with quite simple questions such as would come from plain men of average culture. If the champion threatens me with the sword of learning I shall retire behind the challengers and leave them to do the fighting. Later I may help them, when hard pressed.

(And in this fashion came to pass the second of the Zermatt Dialogues.)

* * * * *

D. Before putting my questions I will state why I take such an interest in this inquiry. Why am I, a man of very limited philosophical culture, concerned with the reality at the heart of the world? Why did I busy myself with philosophy at all? I have read that Hegel regarded philosophy as the consummation of a "logical dialectic" which is discussed abstractly in the pure thought of his *Logic*. The thought-determinations move through art and religion to philosophy. This view is not borne out by the evidence. We come to philosophy with very various motives obvious to a psychologist. I come, for instance, not as one who exemplifies the drive of pure thought, but as a practical man, without even a religion, who is haunted by fear.

L. By fear? One does not associate fear with your doings. *The Times*, for instance, describes you as a fearless explorer. And all of us say "aye".

D. *The Times* is thinking of earth's limited risks. On earth we fellows can take our chance; even the Indian's torture-stake, now happily obsolete, would not hold us for many hours. No physical body stands extreme pain for long; we become un-

conscious. In the "sleep of death", withal, there are possibilities that might daunt the boldest. To continue: all in this circle desire to glimpse the fontal cosmic reality, but our motives differ. There is no "logical dialectic" concerned. West, as a mystic, seeks a distant view of his ultimate spiritual home. The Professor, mainly in the interests of scientific theory, wants to know whether the world-order referred to in physics is self-sufficing, and, if not, on what basic activity it depends. Anderson, having left Bradley's camp, is in quest of a substitute for the Absolute of Hegel and Hegelisers; a substitute such that finite sentients like ourselves can put trust in it. Our pessimist Leslie wishes to unmask the grim world-principle which is responsible for our sufferings; to say passionately what he thinks of it, curse it, and die. Another seeker might require only an object of worship. And I? I want to believe in a Power such that creative evolution cannot end in disaster; such that no unutterably and irremediably bad developments are possible. Let me make my meaning clear. There are men who, once convinced that the soul persists, are well content. But it is not enough to believe in souls that survive physical bodies. What final fate may be in store for them? They may be happy but, on the other hand, they or many of them may suffer evils beyond compare. My worst experience was that which suggested this view. And yet, as you might say contemptuously, it was "only a dream".

S. Only a dream and yet you seem strangely stirred. (And in truth the big strong man, hero of so many adventures in the air, on land and sea, had grown pale.)

W. Men have been driven insane by dreams; men have died, perhaps, from dreams. And in the sleep of death—but I won't appeal to *Hamlet*.

D. My dream might not stir you. A Freudian no doubt would talk of "symbolism"; other learned psychologists of "vesiculoneurosis" poisoned by the state of the blood—I was down with fever in the forests of Brazil and nearly died. Account for the dream as you will. For me, however, it was more vivid than waking life, and it has had a permanent value. It turned my thought to the appalling possibilities which might lurk in a world uncontrolled by the divine. It drove me into the quest which I am continuing here. I believe that our souls survive

their physical bodies and I want, above all, to believe in a world that is safe for them.

A. Can you recall clearly this dream which has meant so much to you?

D. I can recall enough to make a story; but fortunately for me the worst of it has faded from memory.

L. A nice thing to say after making us so eager to hear about it.

D. You won't be bored? Good. And, Leslie, more than a queer story is in question. This dream, fantastic as it may appear, points a moral. In the universe as conceived by you, Schopenhauer, von Hartmann and Thomas Hardy, my nightmare, as some will call it, might be fact. An unconscious world-principle would tolerate indifferently hells and heavens. What does the "Spirit of the Years" say in *The Dynasts*?

. . . like a knitter drowsed,
Whose fingers play in skilled unmindfulness,
The Will has woven with an absent heed
Since life first was; and ever will so weave.

Anything damnable might come to pass, and devilry even might emerge the victor and endure. In such a universe it would be a misfortune to be born, but far worse, perhaps, to be immortal. You see my point?

L. I see and I agree, but why not? If we are born we have to run risks; and even earth's possibilities are pretty bad. But if we continue to live in other worlds after death we shall run more risks and perhaps worse. You quote from *The Dynasts*; a great book. May I do the same? The question arises whether it is worth while being born at all?

Howsoever wise
The governance of these massed mortalities,
A juster wisdom his who should have ruled
They had not been.

S. Unconscious Spirit, call it what you will—Reason, Will, Will-Idea, the Life-Force, or what not—is by definition unaware of us and of everything else. Neither pleasure nor pain, neither purpose nor love, dwell in the night of the unconscious. Schopen-

hauer's "Will" and von Hartmann's "Unconscious" have been called spiritual, as akin in character to the *contents* of experience of which we mortals are aware. But such a world-principle lacks *consciring*; we become the favourites or the victims of a universe which acts and continues it knows not why. Anything may happen in a world whose source lies below purpose. You cannot rely on Schopenhauer's world-principle; indeed it is said expressly to be "blind". You wish success to the ship of human destiny. What then is to pilot it safely to port? Do you put trust in blind pilots? No; the souls of men may endure, but you are sanguine if you say that they will prosper. They may drift in the end to unspeakable disaster.

D. But at this rate I shall never get to my questions. Let me tell the tale, that of a "rare drama" which would please even the Spirit Sinister of *The Dynasts*. It indicates what might occur, aye and endure, in a world uncontrolled by the divine.

L. (*aside to S.*). Delane talks like a V.C. of the Salvation Army. The prodigal son returns with an uneasy conscience. (But the Professor, impressed by Delane's frankness, made no reply. He was thinking too that the dream—or whatever it was—which had scared Delane must have been very bad.)

THE TRAPPERS OF SOULS

I had been down with fever for a week in the Brazilian forest, and read my sentence in the eyes of my explorer-comrades. I seemed to be sinking into the camp-bed, became slowly too tired to talk or even think. Someone held a glass to my lips but I did not try to drink. . . . I awoke to find myself standing alone and stark-naked in a great room, glowing throughout with a red as of arterial blood. There were no seats, no furniture, no ornaments, no windows. The floor, the walls and the ceiling, some eighty feet above me, seemed made of some self-luminous substance, the like of which I had never seen; they were smooth, without decoration of any kind. In front of me was an archway through which I could descry part of a long hall of columns also lit, but less intensely, with the same mysterious light. I turned. Behind me was what resembled an altar, some four feet high and ten in width, and glowing more fiercely than the rest of the room.

It bore a shallow vessel out of which rose dun-red smoke shot with vividly scarlet flames. Was this a room in a temple and, if so, how had I got here? And now I gazed down in bewilderment at my naked body. It was no longer that of the gaunt, travel-worn invalid, but that of a superbly modelled and healthy young man; a body perfect, with keen organic sensations, pulsating and thrilling with life. At once there rushed on me the memory of my friends and the forest. Was I dreaming? What meant this magnificent new body and this place of sinister mystery into which I had drifted? . . . I pinched the bare body hard—lively pains followed more acute than those felt in waking life, so that the dream was formidable indeed. I could feel and feel more intensely in the realm of this dream-body. And there might be risks. . . .

A dream? But perhaps I had left my physical body and was wandering in the ethereal or “subtle body”—the perispit—of which I had read, or perhaps, again, the soul had made for itself a special new body for this adventure? Anyhow I was not in what men call an “immaterial” world: the new body was like my physical body; it breathed; it was resisted by, and resisted, the objects in this mysterious and somehow terrible place. I could not—I had tried—by taking thought glide through the walls or atmosphere, and I had to hold myself upright as on the physical level, could feel the very pressure of my soles on the hard floor. I might then be in some region of the BORDERLAND, very close to earth-conditions, and strange events might be in the making. But what region was I visiting and what was I risking? And if the venture turned out amiss, could I escape from it by awaking in the forest, ridding myself of a passing scare that had wrecked my sleep? Ah! and I started and clung to the altar in the grip of fear. I recalled with the shock of conviction those eyes, the eyes of my sorrowing friends . . . God in Heaven!!! The physical body was dead: return to the forest was impossible; my soul out of the range of kindly human sympathy and aid. I thought again of those eyes, and with that doubt vanished altogether. The fight with the fever was over; my race on earth had been run. And whatever this grim place held in store for me, there could be no escape. I took the shock well; illness had prepared me somewhat.

But what was about to happen in this place whence there was no escape? I began to think darkly. Writers of all nations have dwelt on the grim dreaming that may come during the "sleep of death". And the level into which I had wandered was surely a low one; very "material" after the phraseology which some prefer. *It might belong indeed to a level lower than that of earth, with possibilities of evil to match.* Why was I cut off from my kind, marooned in this strange prison-house of the Borderland, perchance one of those "dark places" of which Easterns speak; places which men on earth sometimes perceive, but happily not for long, in their worst nightmares? There was something damnable in the menace of the glow—something that suggested a hamadryad with tongue flickering before it strikes. And the risks? My soul was no liberated bare Leibnitzian monad, lifted above the dangers of a physical world, but clad in a highly sensitive body, a refined duplicate of the old one which was lying dead on earth. I knew nothing of this region and, utterly helpless, had to await what, perchance, sheer devilry might bring. During earth-life I had been troubled little by fear. I felt it now rushing on me out of the blood-red glare of the room.

Minute chased minute and the menace of my prison-house worsened. There was born, slowly but irresistibly, the dread of some patiently prepared, irremediably frightful disaster in which my career as an individual was to close; through my mind coursed forebodings which would daunt the bravest of the brave. For a while, nevertheless, I reflected sanely. Who were the builders of this temple and what did they want with me? They might be friendly—they might perhaps be the souls of men. But they might belong to one of those evil stocks that, as some aver, are to be found in interstellar space; monsters who trap human souls as men trap martens and stoats. Still with what purpose? . . . Of what use to them would be a human soul? The cloud of fear lifted somewhat. I made an effort, drew myself up, trying to be ready, as the saying is, to "face anything", as in those days of petty dangers on earth, and smiled—too deliberately. Then a wave of terror broke on me and I wilted again. Waiting by the altar, too timorous to move, I felt worse and worse the appalling menace of the glow, striving in vain to stifle the atrocious fancies that mobbed me. . . . And all the

time the menace grew worse. . . . I became certain that somehow I had reached, or been trapped in, one of those dire regions which lie below even the gross physical level of earth. However high might be the intelligence of its denizens, it was an intelligence to be dreaded. An ant wandering into this nest of hostile ants must fare badly. I would have shrieked as men, with a dim hope of awaking, shriek in nightmares, but for me, alas! there could be no awakening such as they seek. I blanched too at the thought of those whom my screams might attract. I was trapped and in the grip of the infernal—so I felt—for ever. Cut off from kindly earth I stood calling inwardly on the souls of dead men I had known—even on God in whom I did not believe—to come and help me. Not a whisper in reply broke the silence. . . . Then suddenly I saw in the columned hall beyond the archway a procession of tall and slowly moving forms. Broken at last by fear I slid gibbering to the blood-red floor beside the altar, and lost consciousness. For a beggarly instant I had escaped HELL.

As I became aware again of my surroundings I saw that I was not alone. I was lying on my back and looking down on me was a majestic stranger. Broad-shouldered and very tall—a giant seven or more feet in height—he wore what seemed a burnished metal helmet studded with jewels and topped by a richly chased spire carrying a cross. Glittering shoulder-straps crossed one another on his dusky and otherwise bare chest, descending to his belted waist whence a red kilt-like fringed garment dropped well below his knees. His feet were bare. Where the straps crossed glowed a large self-luminous stone, of a dazzlingly superb hue unknown to the colour-sense of man. In his right hand, which pointed to me, was a kind of mace set with another great self-luminous stone. He had strong, dark, handsome features and a great beard that brushed the jewel of the shoulder-straps. The red glow that beat upon him was broken where the self-luminous stones forced their hues also on my sight. What a spectacle for the Day after Death! I knew somehow that I was looking on a being of an intellectual level vastly superior to my own. At last, and in this glowing Inferno, I was in the presence of a Superman, god or devil. In the background stood a row of ten underlings, also very tall, bearded like the old Assyrians, and

clad like their master but without the mace. They too were handsome, but sinister. The decisive hour of my existence had come.

"Welcome, Roger Delane. A great honour awaits you." Joy inexpressible surged through me; I leapt to my feet, ashamed of having been unmanned so abjectly by terror. I was safe: the stranger seemed a being like myself; nay, he knew my tongue. He might be one of the great men who had died on earth centuries ago and was ruling now, as an exalted soul, in the unexplored regions of space. Here was a friend in need. I could have worshipped him.

"You know me—you were once one of us on earth, since you speak my tongue."

I wanted to rush forward and at least clasp his hands. But he eyed me coldly. And I found that I could not stir a step; my limbs refused service. Some power of which I knew nothing mastered them.

The Superman spoke again. I say "spoke", but this time I noticed that his lips never moved.

"I am not of those who have lived on your earth. And I do not use your tongue. What you hear are words in which your soul embodies my thought."

My newly won confidence began to ebb. Great as was manifestly this Superman, he was not of my species and might be hostile. And the ten giants who glowered behind him seemed to be waiting for an order.

"Then who are you, noble stranger, and what is this place?"

"I am Czarbas, High Priest of the Temple of Pain, and this room is the Hall of Fear. You are in the world of one of the great races that people space. Your coming was expected. Great is the honour to be accorded to Roger Delane."

"Great is the honour to be accorded to Roger Delane," echoed the ten. Fear began to invade me again but I fought it.

"Follow me," said the High Priest. His manner was not that of one honouring a visitor. It belied his words but I dared not resent it. I obeyed and, with the ten marching after me in single file, we passed through the archway into the columned hall. The light here was a duller red, in which I found it difficult at first to distinguish objects. It revealed, dimly outlined but unutterably sinister, the central part of the Temple.

We passed through the high colonnade. This encircled a space under a vast dome which, ringed with galleries, rose like a hollow mountain, its top lost in dark-red mist. The space under the dome seemed to me to be occupied by tombs, the orderly rows of which were parted by walks, along which moved, as in a mist of blood, men attired like my escort. But as I drew nearer I saw that what I had taken to be tombs were in fact couches—plain, oblong, shaped out of some unknown material glowing, as all else, with that infernal red. On these couches, with their heads on gorgeous cushions and their bodies covered with what I might call cloth of red gold, men and women appeared to be sleeping.

The High Priest stopped, pointing to the couch on my left, which bore what looked like an inscription within a pentagram.

"You are in the Hall of the Sleepers."

Dominating the dread that never left me I gazed in the dull light at the quiet face of the Sleeper. It was that of a girl, and reminded me, absurdly as I thought at first, of someone whom I had known. Her bare arms lay outside the cloth or coverlet. There was nothing visible to excite suspicion; I had the impression, nevertheless, that the couch stood for something diabolic of a piece with the menace which I had experienced in the Hall of Fear. And why should so many be sleeping in this strange place?

"But they are Sleepers who dream," added Czarbas, with a cruel smile.

"How so, noble Czarbas?" Was I brought so low as to conciliate the High Priest with fair speech the while I loathed him in my heart?

"Would you know? For of such dreams is built hell."

He smiled again, amused to see how I bore the ordeal. He was aware that I shrank from the hideous possibilities in ambush. I was, I repeat, in a sub-terrene grossly physical world where my body, organised like that of earth-life but more sensitive and enduring, placed me at his mercy. He was a tyrant, from whom there was no appeal, and surely Devil. Even now he seemed to enjoy heaping terror on terror as the earth-man wilted under the strain.

"On your earth you were called brave. And few have borne so well their stay in the Hall of Fear. Do you seek to learn more?"

I bowed gravely and stood firm in a last effort to bear myself manfully.

"All passes. The form which your soul wears now will endure through many centuries, but must die. There is no rest in any of the kingdoms of change. After your sojourn on earth you appear in this world; you will leave it at last to pass to another. Death is inevitable for all the children of Time. Even we, masters of knowledge, are born and die. But we live so long that, in the view of you earthmen, we might seem to have vanquished death.

"Our sages dispose of a life-energy which makes death for one of us very remote. But this energy is obtained slowly and during the throes of extreme pain."

"From—the—Sleepers?" I asked, all a-quiver.

"They are called Sleepers, but they lie in torment, unable to move. Each soul serves us for centuries, succumbs very slowly and yields up to us its vital quickening power. It may linger in anguish even a thousand years, but sooner or later its organism breaks up and the soul, once allied with it, passes to other worlds."

"But how is this wickedness of use to you?" I had been startled into indignant utterance.

"Beneath each sleeper are the instruments that, working on the nerve-centres, divert and drain off the power. Useless to explain how they act—your science is that of babes. And the pains? . . . Think of the most poignant of earth-pains: the Sleepers would welcome them as sent in mercy. What, worm, you murmur and shake your head, you dare to disbelieve? . . . Take heed then! I am restoring movement awhile to this head and trunk."

He laid the mace on the girl's forehead and neck. The features quivered, became dark and contorted; spasms of movement convulsed face, scalp and trunk, though not a limb stirred. And then a shriek, penetratingly, hideously bitter, pierced my very soul. Again and again rose that desperate cry, and from the galleries of the great dome echoes, mocking the victim, beat back upon me. I staggered and one of the ten caught me as I fell babbling. The High Priest touched the head and neck once more. And then in the dread silence that followed he looked at me, as I leant against the priest, darkly.

"Czarbas! Czarbas! You are great, a god perhaps, have pity, have pity. By what right do you torment this miserable soul?"

"By the right of the strong who love their race. Is it not thus that the fittest maintain themselves and rule? These Sleepers are not of our stock, but the souls of strangers . . . of strangers. Ah! you hear that and tremble. Have a care, earth-man; there is an empty couch in this row."

"You seek the life-energy, but are you not gods beyond the miseries and misadventures that rend us on earth? Create a Heaven, then, not a Hell!"

"We too, as I said, are born and die. But our lives are long; we are free from earth's ailments and we have learnt how to live well. And talk not of pity, earth-man. What have earth-men done to one another and to helpless beasts? They are hard often for mere pleasure. We also are hard; we are trappers of souls, but we act in the service of our race."

For him it was surely a service of joy.

"But the price, the price! In the name of God take heed of what may await you in the aeons to come. Your triumph may be a long one, but even to you Supermen the passage of time must bring overwhelming disaster."

"So you threaten us. And yet reading your soul I find that you yourself reject the divine. 'God' for you is a whip with which you scare enemies. But the whip falls to pieces in your grasp. For us there is no God; we reck only of the greater among the children of Time."

I was disarmed, cowed; my very thoughts had been read and ridiculed. "I warn, I do not threaten. Take me away from this place, anywhere, anywhere. But spare that girl."

Czarbas shook his head, a sadic joy twisting his lips. "Nay, nay. The girl yields the life-energy freely. And you? You know too much of the secret of the Temple. Yet you have now to learn more. You will be learning through the centuries beneath this dome. Pilgrims will come to do you reverence; processions will lay their gifts before you. And always you will lie quiet among the Sleepers. Great is the honour to be accorded to Roger Delane!"

Torn with conflicting thoughts, helpless, fear-stricken and yet furious, I freed myself from the priest and hurled a last pro-

test at the ruler of this hell. What I said I have forgotten. He heard me with suave contempt, ever smiling.

• “Step nearer to the couch and look at the face again. You knew the Sleeper in your youth; has she changed so much?”

As he spoke the couch was lit by an all-revealing glare. I looked, and before that abomination of abominations recoiled, shattered, howling. It was the face of her whom I had loved passionately in my youth; of my dearest torn from me by a fell disease. . . . Yelling as one possessed, I leapt at Czarbas, but in vain, for my strength failed, my voice deserted me, and I became a still, stiff silent object, at once seized by the priests and borne towards the vacant couch. They laid me above the instruments and pillowed my head on a yielding cushion. With the gaze of Czarbas bent on me I lay waiting for the pain which was to fill the centuries. Came the tormentors, who were masters of the pain-instruments. At the outset they worked on my head, on what answered, in my new body, to the branches and roots of the fifth nerve. Even their first probings brought me to the pass when heroes wilt. I became a choked scream. Then they pierced my spine. The pangs rose into a riot of agony and I could not stir . . . they worsened in leaps, possessing me utterly, and I could not die. . . . But enough, enough!

* * * * *

I awoke in the camp, howling for hours like a madman. But I recovered from the fever. All that remains is the memory, happily poor, of what doctors call a dream due to brain-poisoning.

There was a long silence broken by the Professor: “Life could have brought you nothing worse. I marvel that you survived and retained your sanity. Who can say how this horror came to pass; psychology is in its youth. The experience points, as you observed, a moral. A world uncontrolled by the divine, a world sired by Bertrand Russell’s ‘neutral stuff’, by Schopenhauer’s ‘Will’, by Hardy’s ‘unweeeting Will’, or Leslie’s ‘unconscious God’, might evolve its Czarbas, the maker of hells. And it would tolerate him.”

D. Nay, it might evolve Czarbas as its supreme god, a finite one, of course. And then. . . .?

A. And then the world would be bad beyond hope. But, un-

fortunately, I can't believe in the divine merely because I want to. I cannot, to my regret, see why Truth must be beautiful. She may be ugly, as the little truths often are.

W. Shall we take it on trust, pending an introduction, that she is beautiful? Delane shows that we have every inducement to make her acquaintance and see for ourselves.

L. And, if you find that she is ugly and wears the helmet of Czarbas, what will you do? Will you pay her the customary inept compliments, continue to tell her, in modern phraseology, that she has "intrinsic value" and attend all her receptions?

W. Pessimist! Must I groan under a possible poverty while I am actually rich?

L. But if you become poor?

W. Why then I may try to find a soul of good in poverty. I shall respect Truth, even if I cannot love her, even if she informs me that God, as on your showing, is the very devil.

L. So that you would retain a prejudice—you would continue to value what, I take it, would no longer possess value. You would respect Truth for her own sake, even though she represents ugliness and disharmony victorious.

W. Life is full of risks. The philosopher takes the risk that Truth may not be beautiful. But, ugly as she may be, she will at any rate satisfy his desire, which is not to marry, but to see, her. His curiosity, you may tell me, is emotional and even irrational, but the wisest of us requires prompting and cannot dispense utterly with the drive of impulse.

L. If Truth is to be my mistress, she must be beautiful. Only then can I love her. If she is ugly I must, of course, admit the fact, and I shall no longer even respect her. I shall waste no time in her mansion, making dreary inventories of its contents, but shall seek consolations wherever I can, amusing myself contemptibly in a contemptible world. *Sic itur ad Avernum.*

A. "Well, West," I asked, as the three others rose to stretch their legs, "What do you think of the dream?"

W. Like, but longer drawn out, horrors came, perhaps, to Tamerlane, Eccelin da Romano and Gilles de Retz. Plato's "Ardiaeus the Great" and the vast armies of the cruel risk much after death from the reactions of an imaginal world. As to Delane's case, I cannot discuss it profitably—you must

consult the experts of psychical research and psychology. They know such a lot.

But though these last sarcastic words made me smile, he spoke gravely. Perhaps he was reflecting on the very problematical past of Delane!

A. You are talking of dreams after death. You don't suppose that there are regions such as that of Czarbas?

W. The reactions may include environments. "Ardiaeus the Great" may make the place that receives him. By the way, I heard a story once worse than our friend's . . . no, not now, but one day you shall hear it.

A. And Czarbas? And the girl?

West looked at me, speaking slowly: "Czarbas is the spear-head of THE PAST as it may penetrate the naked soul. For our pasts are 'made reality' that does not vanish. Do you recall Blake's great saying, 'the ruins of Time build mansions in Eternity'? The girl? A mere phantasm in a cruel experience. Had our friend a past that could throw this black shadow? It is not my wish to inquire. Who are we that we should cast stones at a fellow-man?"

A. Anything seems to occur in this odd universe. One can understand the prevalence of pessimism.

W. Consider the history of mankind and you can draw thence the knowledge wherewith to create all manner of hells. But consider also that, in an imaginal universe, there must be freedom and that variety of creative manifestations is implied. Consider also that no hells, man-made or other, can endure. A god creating an eternal hell would be its worthiest denizen. Regions of misery arise but only to pass away; they are transient violations of cosmic harmony.

A. They begin, however, too easily and may flourish awhile exceedingly.

W. That is so. And anon we shall understand fully why this is possible.

A. Even in a world controlled by Divine Imagining?

W. In a world which has escaped in part from that control.

A. How is this possible at all?

W. Have patience. All explanations in their place. And now back come our three disputants. Let us get to work quickly or there will be few hours of sleep for us to-night.

CHAPTER IV

ABOUT DIVINE IMAGINING

"The world of imagination is the world of eternity."—BLAKE.

"An intuitive imagination enjoys that supreme mode of understanding reality for which mystics crave. It 'stands under' things; a reasoned system only 'stands for' them."—DOUGLAS FAWCETT, *World as Imagination*, p. 205.

"AND now to the evening's task," exclaimed Delane, looking at West who was seated on the right of the semicircle facing the stove, and who, nodding pleasantly, filled his pipe in preparation for the fray. It was an odd setting for a philosophical dialogue. We were in an island of safety in the realm of the Frost-giants, miles from the haunts of men. A company of roughly clad figures occupied the chairs about the stove, all in climbing clothes, one or two in soft slippers extracted from rucksacks, the rest in heavily nailed boots with putties in place in the interest of keeping warm. The Professor was holding a flask suspected of containing more than cold tea, the contents of which I had declined, owing to its modest proportions, to share. Leslie, with his squash hat pulled over his eyes and with hands in his pockets, was trying to enjoy a cigar. Kaufmann, whose burly form held the best part of a bottle of our burgundy, was nodding on the left. On the table at the back of us lay the ropes, axes and other implements of our craft. Outside the foehn continued to blow fiercely, and ever and anon snow drove in sheets against the windows. No one of mortal mould would break in on our meditations that night.

"I have told you, West," said Delane, "why I am forced to dabble in metaphysics. I have no religion, no theological axe to grind. But I believe in souls that survive the death of their physical bodies. Does your fundamental hypothesis make reality

safe for them? To begin with, do you believe, with the plain man, in God?"

W. Yes, if you mean, in using that term, not a finite person, but a world-principle which is aware of its activity—Yes; I am neither an atheist nor acosmist. I believe, with the plain man, in God, the world and all that shows therein; the "showing" being for me simply a question of evidence.

D. Then you could allow also that there may exist finite sentient above, as well as below, the human level, sentient of whom we have no present experience?

W. Let evidence rule. Our direct knowledge, as even science indicates, is very limited. As regards such sentient, we may have to take thought, with William James, of Superhumans, even of angels and devils; and we cannot, like some crazy Cartesians, deny conscious life to beasts and even to agents on levels far lower still. The hierarchy of sentient may prove very remarkable indeed. I am glad, by the way, that you speak of "finite sentient" rather than of "individuals", in view of the precise thinking which will be necessary later.(1)

D. In short, you claim to be the champion of the plain man, but you want to convert his vague, nebulous beliefs into adequate ones, into something like a system of value to trained thought.

W. Exactly. I do not wish to rob him of anything. He is fundamentally right in his beliefs about God and the world of perception; in his views that there was a beginning to our world-system, that space is limited, that Nature is rich with all the secondary qualities, that the soul influences and survives the physical body and so forth. On the other hand, I may succeed in adding to his wealth. He owns some rough-looking stones which my cutting and polishing may reveal to be diamonds. To-night we are looking at one of these stones. We shall cut and polish the God-belief of the plain man and reveal—DIVINE IMAGINING.

D. Which is also the ocean of bliss—the all-explanatory "Maker" of the religionist; the philosophical world-principle or ground from which, by creative evolution, all finite sentient, events and objects known in the time-order proceed.

W. Not all directly, but of this complication later.

D. You are not imposing your views on us by appeal to intellectual intuition: that thousand-voiced swindler of the centuries?

W. God may be glimpsed otherwise than through philosophical thought; the danger is that men may invent too wildly after the glimpses. To-night we shall observe caution. *Festina lente*. I am submitting merely a speculative hypothesis. I am suggesting that Divine Imagining, that is to say, God, is, in Hegelian language, the "energy" and "sovereign" of the world. You may counter with some other hypothesis or hypotheses. There are many; some, I admit, are plausible enough; others are obviously bad. Then there is an excellent resource for the lazy man. He can ignore all the hypotheses and call himself an agnostic. Unfortunately, he who states that ultimate reality is unknowable speaks as one having the authority of knowledge. How does he discover that ultimate reality is such that it cannot be known?

S. It is no discovery, but a guess. And the guess does not seem to work.

D. One of the bad classes of hypotheses is Materialism, among whose votaries, I am told, were the original inspirers of modern Theosophy. These folk talked of "omnipotent matter" as the eternal stuff which is "sovereign" of the world.(2) Materialism has rejected the God-hypothesis as not required. But, Matter proving helpless by itself, various supplementary factors, equally "blind", had to be invented to account for its behaviour. We have come to see that Matter is nothing more than an instrumental concept invented by man.

W. Why, you are talking like Anderton and the Professor!

D. I have profited, you see, by our discussion at the chalet.(3) But anyhow there is a mass of nonsense which must not be allowed to occupy our time. Materialism of all shades is bad metaphysics.

W. It won't concern us again. We shall have to explain the world without invoking, in any way whatever, the concept of Matter; we must be rid even of such innocent-looking phrases as the "opposition of spirit and matter", the "differentiation of matter" and so forth. All this belongs to mythology.

A. Obviously, if we have invented matter, it did not invent us, to say nothing of the larger world. Materialistic hypotheses

are dead. God-hypotheses are not imperilled from this quarter. What, however, of the Unknowable?

W. Well, you heard my gibe at the agnostics. I won't dwell on Spencer's world-principle. It perished in the testing process. First the Unknowable became slowly more and more knowable; and, finally, was suspected, even by its inventor, of being akin in nature to our experience. The Unknowable died by way of self-refutation in order that a better hypothesis may live.

S. Certain students of physics favour the hypothesis of "neutral stuff": namely, the view that the world-stuff is not permanently physical or psychical (mind-like) in character, but may be either according to the conditions—these latter being conceived very vaguely. This suggestion is often coupled with pluralism: the view that ultimate reality, whatever it be, is not one but many.

W. There is no evidence of the existence of such "neutral stuff". And how could we obtain any? Only through appearances to conscious beings, to centres of conscurring like mine and yours. But—(and here he spoke with emphasis)—little or nothing appears to us in perception which cannot be duplicated in fancy: consequently the world perceived always resembles my private fancy and is therefore, so far as the evidence goes, psychical or mind-like in character. You want an illustration? Well, I look from the Riffelberg on the Matterhorn, with the roar of the Visp and the sound of an occasional avalanche in my ears. Later on I simulate or duplicate this complex perception in memory, which is a form of my private fancy or imagination. The perception and the vivid recollection of it strike the mind somewhat differently, but the one is certainly *continued* for me in the other. The contents of perception do not, therefore, and in fact cannot, reveal "neutral stuff". The colours, sounds and their relations are present alike in both fields of experience; though ordinarily what is remembered is less vivid and complete. What is revealed in perception is stuff such as fancy is compact of. Follow up these perceptual contents to their very roots, and you may find that they connect with what is psychical or mind-like in the so-called independent external world itself.

As to pluralism, we need not discuss it specially in the present regard. The ultimate world-principle, let me suggest however, is not a "multiverse". It grasps all phases of reality. It is at once one and many—how we shall see. Monism and pluralism alike fail; each will be found on close inquiry to imply the other.

L. I agree. There is no evidence in favour of "neutral stuff". What we perceive we can fancy: and I suggest, as does West, that fancy furnishes the clue as to what the cosmic sources of perception are like. Nay, more, what is the concept of "neutral stuff" but a work of fancy—of our own imagining that supplements what sense gives us? *Exit* the "neutral stuff" which is supposed to introduce itself to our notice. It is not a stranger visiting me; it was born in my own house.

A. And as to the Matterhorn—I was recalling my reflections on the balcony of the Chalet des Soldanelles—West and Leslie might well say with Prospero:

the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of . . .

There is nothing to show that the very complex Matterhorn of the "great globe" is fundamentally different in character from the samples or perspectives of it which we mortals perceive. And, if we could grasp ten million years of its history in our time-span, the peak would lose its fixed shape or shapes (for there are the innumerable perspectives to be considered) and seem to be growing and dissolving like a veritable dream. Modern physics, by the way, symbolises the vanishing of the "great globe" in its suggestion that its "mass" may pass away in "radiation", leaving no rack behind.

A silence fell upon us; one of those silences in which obstinate new beliefs are being born. The Professor and Delane were thinking tensely. I, as an objective idealist, had to reject "neutral stuff" as a figment of fancy. On the other hand, I had to decide which of the many forms of idealism is true. I was searching for some alternative which might be opposed to Imaginism, and was aware that my task would not be an easy one.

S. Leslie makes "neutral stuff" a product of human fancy. All concepts are fancies prior to verification. Incidentally can we divine the route along which the concept of "neutral stuff" was reached? I think so. Surely this concept is the ghost of our old enemy, Matter, which, driven from the light of day, continues to scare credulous thinkers in the gloaming? Gibbering in space-time, it haunts many who believe that they have laid it. As to the pluralism often linked with belief in the ghost, what more natural? Following precedent, Democritan and others, this ghost, like Matter, is resolved into "bits" or, at any rate, into a manifold of separate "events". This way, however, lies what is really antiquated thinking. The only possible form of pluralism likely to interest this circle is that of Leibnitz.

W. Yes; but even Leibnitz subordinates the plural monads to the Supreme Monad. The subordinate monads are supposed to be without "windows", and to this extent to be self-contained and separate. But they are united in God and so pluralism fails. We have to note also that there is no evidence for the reality of the "windowless" monads.(4) Would you hold, for instance, that your monad has no "windows" through which it perceives, darkly but still effectively, our bodies and this hut?

L. That contention would be sheer fancy—unverified, unverifiable. All the indications favour belief in "windows" and, if so, the Leibnitzian monadist pluralism cannot stand. Well, let us try another hypothesis. Schopenhauer, like West, rejected bare pluralism, idealistic and other, as absurd. Has West considered his suggestion as to the Cosmic Will?

W. It is an "unweeting" Will, as Hardy would say, and, therefore, could not account for the appearance of purpose and centres of conspiring in the time-order. Schopenhauer, however, never gave us a clear account of what he meant by Cosmic Will. This Will is not, of course, human empirical willing writ large. The latter has been described by Bradley as "realisation of an idea" and by Imaginism as "maintenance or creative realisation of an imaginal field". There is no human "will" apart from this. Cosmic Will, if it resembles ours, would imply a Cosmic Imaginal Field and then what becomes of the purposeless, "empty striving" in virtue of which Schopenhauer's mad bull of a Will rushed into creation? There is a serious oversight somewhere in

Schopenhauer's philosophy and I think that we can detect it. When Schopenhauer attacked Hegelism he got rid, and rightly, of Hegel's Cosmic Reason; but he failed to find anything adequate to take its place. And, thinking only of the alternatives Reason and Will, he had to place the whole burden of creation on bare uninformed Will, which became, of course, *ex officio* "blind". He overlooked Imagining, of which willing and reasoning processes are merely phases. This is quite in accordance with general philosophical practice. But it does not assist the investigator.

L. Hegel, I suppose, is out of court, but I am not sufficiently versed in philosophy to say exactly why.

W. Perhaps Anderton, who once drew inspiration from Hegel, will explain.

A. The objections are stated by me thus. Hegel is one of the great prophets of Idealism, that is to say, of the view that ultimate reality is akin to our experience. But he fought for the wrong kind of Idealism. He sought to complete the cult of Reason, the importance of which had been already exaggerated by the Greeks;(5) his system embodied the belief that the real is the rational and the rational is the real. Logic becomes the "all-animating spirit of all the sciences", and its categories or types of rational thought a "spiritual hierarchy"; the heart and centre of things.(6) Logic is the system of the pure types of thought, and the Philosophy of Nature and the Philosophy of Mind take the place of applied Logic;(7) even such minor facts as the faculties or modes of a particular human mind are only "additional specifications" of the logical thought, which is also the "indwelling nature or substance of external things".(8) This Logical Idealism is remarkably thorough.

L. And so rational thought becomes the fundamental cosmic reality?

A. Yes: thought is no longer treated as "one among a crowd of other faculties", but is exalted into the "universal" or common root of all that Nature and finite mind contain—it becomes in Hegel's language the "basis of everything".(9)

L. Which accounts for the value attached to the abstract discussion of thought—divorced from the flimsiest image taken from perception—in the Logic. I must admit, though, that I

never could understand, nor even read through, much of this Logic.

A. You share a difficulty felt by James, Schopenhauer and others. The Logic attempts too much and runs, I am afraid, into verbalism. Its show of connecting the types of pure thought is due to no immanent logical dialectic, but to an imaginative *tour de force*.(10) It is human imagination that bridges the gaps between the categories of pure Being and the Absolute Idea. The types of rational thought themselves, like all "categories" or concepts, are sterile. Concepts, as we know them, are temporarily stabilised substitute-facts, not powers which can generate, or develop into, anything beyond themselves.

L. I follow you. Hegel's romance of the infinite, as Rénan calls it, was a grand venture. But the apotheosis of Reason was condemned by Time, ruthless destroyer of the unsound. It could not provide for all the facts.

A. Hegel could not pass from rational abstractions to Nature without transforming pure thought *imaginatively*. The sensible variety and space-time escape his net. And, as Hegel had to admit grudgingly and petulantly, not all that goes on in Nature suggests an "applied" reason. Pass to the story of sentient life and the difficulty worsens.(11)

L. Whence the protests of the assailants of Cosmic Logic, such as Schelling and others. And I believe that your teacher, Bradley, and even Bosanquet, among British thinkers influenced by Hegel, had to modify the master's views considerably.

A. How could it be otherwise? The difficulties were overwhelming. These men, Bradley and Bosanquet, were above all else defending Idealism and had to throw much traditional teaching to the wolves. Thus Bradley regards rational thought as dependent and secondary; Bosanquet reduces Reason to a mere "nisi to unity" and Logic to the "mental construction of reality" in finite experience.(12) Various modifications have been suggested by other writers, but these will suffice.(13) Hegel's venture, one must say, was a glorious failure. God, interpreted as Cosmic Reason, is not a hypothesis that can be verified. It reduces to a sport of fancy.

L. But in one respect Hegel and his British sympathisers seem to agree fully. They regard God or the Absolute as above

change, and treat time-succession as appearance valid only for finite sentient such as we and, I suppose, beasts and supermen.

A. Yes, they do, but they leave us with the appearance of succession as an unsolved problem! However, West is to offer us some observations on that vital point. Perhaps the philosophy which solves the riddle of time-succession will reveal itself *ipso facto* as the best. For, as Professor Mackenzie observes, this riddle is the hardest we have to deal with.

L. The Hegelian God is a whole which constitutes Truth: the truth of the system of coherent rational thought. Am I right? Good. Then enlighten me further. Is this God of Hegel's aware of itself as the Truth-whole or not?

A. Ah! there you have me. I won't venture on a statement of what Hegel believed in this respect. He writes darkly. Some of his followers held that his God is conscious; others unconscious, save of course in the finite sentient which are its rays.

L. I am markedly interested. I hold, as you know, that the world-ground is Imagining, but that it is not aware of its activity. It becomes conscious, I think, only in finite sentient like you and me. West, however, believes that his Divine Imagining is itself conscious, though it manifests also in the finite sentient of whom I spoke. Neither of us, then, can look for definite support from Hegel?

A. I am not sure that you have quite caught West's meaning, but we shall see. Meanwhile we can ignore Hegel's authority. The problem as to whether God is conscious or unconscious is basic, and it may well be that a solution will be found if we look carefully for it. And now are you satisfied as to why I had to abandon the kind of idealism favoured by Hegel?

L. Completely. In fact my interest concerns the form which West's Imaginism is to take. But we have gained much by your explanation. You have rendered possible that contrast which is to throw West's idealism into relief.

S. Hegel for me is a theorist whom reality either ignores or confutes. Let him lie with the illustrious dead while we discuss the central theme of the evening. We are now well prepared to listen to what West has to say about Divine Imagining.

D. One moment. There is a belief favoured by John Stuart Mill and often welcomed by the plain man. A finite conscious

God is confronted with a world which He did not make and which He is unable to control completely. James also urged that "the only God worthy of the name must be finite". And in *Riddles of the Sphinx*, Schiller offered us a monadology in which the dominating God-monad, who forces the other monads to co-operate in forming "some sort of whole", is finite; of limited power. Such a finite God has been discussed as limited, not only in respect of wisdom and power, but moral grandeur. Is this view compact of fancy, as Leslie would say, or is it in any way borne out by the evidence?

W. Kant pointed out that the famous "teleological argument", based on alleged indications of cosmic design, suggests the reality of a finite God; of a Demiurge and nothing more. Let us suppose that the case for belief in such a God has been made out. Formidable difficulties are in waiting. Had this defective God an origin, seeing that all the other finite conscious centres we know of arise in time? What determines that this particular individual is God, and other sentient only men, rabbits, snakes, etc.? And what is the standing of the limiting agencies? What of the hierarchy of individuals or the non-psychical constituents of the "world", if the system includes these? Whence comes the bare possibility of relatedness and fruitful co-operation over which the God presides—inexplicably? Happily we can ignore such hypotheses in the process of furnishing a better.

D. What about Bergson's hypothesis—what about the *Élan Vital*?

A. Bergsonism is a step towards Imaginism; the *Élan Vital* refers us to the additively creative aspect of the world-principle.⁽¹⁴⁾ Similarly the current talk about "Life-Force" is preparing men to tolerate an imaginist metaphysics. But really we ought to be getting on. I am for the Professor's suggestion. What says the circle?

A loud snore from Kaufmann answered him, and we saw that this mountaineer at any rate would not be exchanging sleep for treasures in the "intelligible" world. Awakened and relegated to a bunk, he dropped awhile out of our lives. The circle, or rather semicircle, resettled itself and looked at West. And West looked at Delane.

D. Why do you call God *Divine* Imagining?

W. "Divine" because this view of the world-principle or world-ground constitutes the long-sought-for ideal of religion, worthy of the free man's worship. It is such as to satisfy not merely his theoretical interests but all the higher aspects of his being. What is the religion of the advanced man? Devotion to the most perfect reality he wots of: a reality in part experienced directly, in the main, however, only thought about. The World-Imagining, in the eyes of such a man, is entitled to be called divine. This world-principle is the "tremendous lover" of the poet; and utterly lovable as well. But why *Divine Imagining*, you will ask? I might justify the use of this term at first negatively. I might begin by examining and discarding all the important alternative hypotheses, which regard the world-problem as soluble or insoluble, and reach Imaginism by way of a process of exhaustion.(15) Unable to maintain any one of the alternatives, I might be driven to a spiritual home in this view. But, even so, I should at long last have to defend this decision positively. I prefer to say that I am making an experiment in thought; one that is to be accepted or rejected on its merits, one that is to be tested in every possible way. It may be a mere fancy, but on the other hand it may be verifiable and become the most important truth that we can recognise.

A. Quite so; but there is an initial difficulty which may make the testing superfluous. Let us bring Hegel once more before the court. Let us suppose that he was right in urging that the world-principle, that from which all phenomena directly or indirectly proceed, is fundamentally akin to what we call experience; that ultimate reality is spiritual or mindlike and can be called quite intelligibly God. Why, nevertheless, did Hegel describe amiss this spiritual or mindlike reality—this God or, as some prefer to call it, the Absolute? The answer seems obvious. Declining to treat rational thought, in his own words, as "one among a crowd of other faculties" or modes of mind, he selected it for special glory, exalted it into what he calls the "basis of everything".(16) Reason, he writes in the *Philosophy of History*, is "substance as well as Infinite Power". He selected rational thought, I repeat, and had therefore to make it the basis, not only of Nature, but of all the other aspects of reality from among which it was pro-

moted to Godhood. But how can such a basis prove adequate? Is not any possible selection of a basis inherently and intolerably one-sided and vicious?

S. This is why Bradley denies that mere Reason, Will or any like principle can be basic. He wants, in the philosophical sense of the phrase, to "save the appearances". He does not select one sort of appearances as basis, as well-spring, of the rest; each has to have its place in the divine harmony. Now, West, are not you also selecting, and therefore one-sidedly?

W. The argument is an excellent one and fatal to most idealistic hypotheses. It leaves Imaginism, nevertheless, unshaken; a fact of commanding significance. What does Schiller say? The hypothesis of Divine Imagining "can really afford to be what other metaphysical principles falsely claim to be, viz. all-embracing. It can be represented as including not only all reality but all unreality". The most exacting of all tests! An imaginal world-principle holds within itself everything to which you can give a name, and indefinitely much that cannot be named at all. Thus the sensible variety, the marvels, even the aberrations and monstrosities of Nature (described so oddly by Hegel as a "particular mode of expression of logical thought") fall of themselves into the imaginist scheme. The space-time riddle being solved, Nature, as Blake deemed, is found to be concrete imagination drenched with feeling—the imagination that initially was divine.(17) Phases of imaginal activity show in all that experience reveals; not a topic dealt with in Hegel's "Nature-philosophy" and "philosophy of Mind" is foreign to them. Even unreality, as Schiller observes justly, is provided for. The inchoate and unrealised loom big beyond the fully imagined and actual: in Imaginism even "virtual" and "potential" have a standing not in the gift of other systems of thought.

S. Your God has certainly an appetite, and I trust that his digestion is equally good. I allow that the reproach of selection seems in this case to have lost its sting. Imaginism has selected but has "saved the appearances" and can claim to be all-embracing. I say "claim". But will the claim survive a complete testing?

W. Let me defend the claim adequately before you pass judgment on it.

S. Quite so. And now may I retrace your procedure, as I guess it, in shaping the hypothesis? You begin by studying human imagination which, like Hume, you find in respects "magical"; hence most interesting, though hardly "divine". Days or years later you happen to be puzzling over the problem of God or—shall we say?—the world-principle. You look first at the corpses of philosophical systems strewn over No Man's Land, shattered by the shells of criticism. What a host of hypotheses about the world-principle have come to nought! Suddenly a supposal—or perhaps intuition—possesses you. What if human imagination resembles at a distance but in essentials the activity of the world-principle? Imagination, as Professor Mackenzie states so neatly, has been the Cinderella of philosophy. Shall it be the queen? The hypothesis of Cosmic, it may be of Divine, Imagining is born.

W. Born, yes, but unless nurtured well it may grow up into Leslie's dismal creed. In my case it was born after long mental conflict. I had exhausted all tolerable alternatives. There remained, what you have indicated quite justly, the transition from imagination, as I know it in myself, to imagination on the great or cosmic scale. But in making this hypothesis serve a universal end I had the inevitable surprise. I had set my ladder of hypothesis on human imagination and, climbing to its top rung, seemed to enjoy a glimpse of Divine Imagination as well. Profiting by my good fortune, I returned to the lowest rung of the ladder and at once saw my original point of departure in a new light. The end of my adventure had literally transformed its beginning. Human imagination was revealed as a secondary aspect of a secondary world-process, and in this setting displayed itself satisfactorily to me for the first time.

A. I want to hear you speaking about divine and human imagination from the top of the ladder. Meanwhile a query. Who in your opinion took the initiative in this adventure of thought—who was first in the attempt to climb the ladder or, at any rate, its lowest rungs?

(Since these words were spoken I have dealt briefly with the history of Imaginism in the Foreword.(18) West's reply concerns essentials only.)

W. Kant, in whose view "imagination combined with consciousness" is perhaps the "fundamental power" revealed in memory, discrimination, reason, etc.(18)

S. Fundamental power?

W. Yes, fundamental. Let me suggest a line of exposition of value to modern thought. The imagination, narrowly so called, of the psychologists (which Hegel would have described as only "one among a crowd of other faculties") may be termed surface-imagination. It has three salient phases of content observable in memory, expectation and that pure imagination which goes on for its own sake. The "fundamental power" manifests in these three phases, but also in other modes of surface-mind as well. Of the three phases of imagination, narrowly so called, memory is dominantly conservative; while expectation and pure imagination (as when Shelley calls into being Queen Mab or Arethusa) are often very rich in novelty, in additive creation—so rich indeed that class-room psychology, which aims at reducing all happenings to "law", has never done justice to these phases. "I surmise from my reading of the psychologists who treat of this that they themselves were without this faculty (imagination) and spoke of it as blind men who would fain draw, though without vision," wrote "Æ." very happily.(19) Even Bradley's well-known paper, "Association and Thought", left the greater difficulties about novelty ignored. Inquirers have been misled by what I must call the chemist's fallacy; namely, by the assumption that, given relatively simple ideal contents, they can extract all the different complex contents out of their combinations. The classical associationism with its associable units, rigid laws of contiguity, similarity, etc., was cruder still. A false view of causation prevailed, as we shall see later. And the creative, the protean, plasticity of imagination was overlooked.

A. Then Hume's "magical faculty" escapes class-room psychology and its conventions. Novelty eludes the laws of association—if such laws obtain at all?

W. They don't: rigid "laws" asserted of any field of experience are figments of use only for practice. The ideal contents discussed display features of conservation and creation blended. Tendencies toward conservation are in conflict with creative in-

novation. But they exemplify no rigid uniformities; a psychical complex exactly like a former one never occurs; there are thus no cases by which the hypothesis of rigid "laws" could be illustrated and so verified. With regard to novelty, amazing events happen, *e.g.* the invention of extra-logical, self-contradictory but utilisable concepts like those of transfinite numbers, the making of laws of science,(20) of deductive chains, of alternatives in free choice, of art-products, of interpretation of words, of initiatives of all kinds.(21) No one can derive plausibly the invention of Einsteinian hypothesis, a chronometer or a motor-car, not to speak of *Hamlet* or *Lear*, from Locke's poor impressions and ideas. Such a simple-minded view ignores imaginal creation. Nay, the details of a vividly imagined regatta (most psychologists being bad visualisers overlook this riddle), or of a musical composition grasped whole and creatively by Mozart, reveal miracle—Hume's magic. "Æ." cites aptly the case of moving figures in an imagined dance. The associationist of the class-room is blind to the rich creativity implied. You cannot make new pictures by sticking together bits of old painted canvas.

S. Thus you agree with Hume that even surface-imagination or imagination narrowly so called is magical. It comes to us "with the excess of glory obscured", but nevertheless a not wholly unworthy representative of your "fundamental power". Lucifer retains something of his pristine grandeur.

A. But on this showing the fundamental power, though it manifests in surface-imagination, manifests in other modes or phases of mind as well. Why, then, do you call it so readily imagination?

W. Imagining is the sole power inclusive of all kinds of psychical variety, as I stated before. We shall find that it feeds human perception and is presupposed by conception, judgment, reasoning,(22) desire and will. Imagining is inherently "teleologic" or purposive; feelings, pleasurable and painful, colour its activity; "values" emerge during its creative history. Delimit and name psychical functions as you will, you will discover that each and all issue from it.

A. A formidable claim which we shall examine severely. In the meantime a query. If the fundamental power is so compre-

hensive, we ought surely to find traces of it in every field of the surface-mind, not merely in the field allotted by psychologists to imagination "narrowly so called"?

W. Another masterly thrust, but I parry it. Professor Ribot writes of imagination "*it is everywhere*", though not, indeed, always to be detected off-hand. Thus its artistry, as we shall see, shows in the alleged "given" content of sense itself. Thus imagining works in all psychical construction, perceptual, industrial, ethical, artistic, political, scientific and philosophical. (23) And note this always. The fundamental power resembles surface-imagination or imagination narrowly so called—as illustrated in memory, expectation and pure imagination—much more closely than it does reasoning. The fundamental power manifests in surface-imagination more directly and freshly, less disguised and overlaid by its own products, its additive *vis creatrix* less clogged, as Bergson might say, by "automatism", i.e. by mere conservation. In pure imagination—memory and expectation are controlled largely by the needs of practice—we often sample somewhat of the self-sufficiency and creative magic of its source. Yet the power that shows more directly in pure imagination is at work also as the soul of reasoning itself.

A. The stars in their courses fight for you. Continue, pray continue.

W. Kant, it has been said, "may deduce *forms* of imagination, but he leaves imagination *itself* buried in the soul of man". (24) In surface-imagination the power may confront us lightly clad; in the other modes of mind it wears often heavy garments, though of its own making.

A. Leave the details till later. What, however, of reason?

W. Conceptual thought or reason is not a self-sufficient autonomous kingdom. It presupposes given content and emerges out of imaginative experimenting. Thus the electron is an experimental concept sired by imagining; thus the "laws" of science, according to Karl Pearson, are products of creative imagining. And: "Underneath all the reasoning, inductions, deductions, calculations, demonstrations, methods and logical apparatus of every sort, there is something animating them that is not understood, that is the work of that complex operation, the constructive imagination", observes Professor Ribot. The drive, the

generating of ideal constructions, the additively creative aspect of reasoning, are thus accounted for; the distinctive feature of reason, as Professor Montague has urged, concerns proving rather than originating; and the "proof", I add, is merely such as meets the needs of finite individuals, the best inferences being merely probable. (The time-honoured riddle of the syllogism, attacked as a *petitio principii*, is insoluble on the old lines; there is involved creative novelty which implies fancy.) Reason's special work, according to Montague, is that of a "censor of fancy": this task is achieved by selection "from the wealth of new ideas of those which can successfully stand comparison with the old and be made harmonious with them". A like conclusion is reached by Bertrand Russell.(25) Thus take place *conflicts* and *harmonisations* within reasoning; a process which supervenes on imaginal initiatives. Additive creation and conservation concur as everywhere in an imaginal world-system; reasoning is a phase of the universal Imaginal Dynamic.(13) And it is a most interesting example of what occurs in that Dynamic, potent both in the history of the individual and that of the larger reality within which he lives.

In this reasoning process the glowing lava-stream—creative imagining—flows ordinarily unseen beneath a crust of slag-like concepts, premisses and verbal ash. At times, withal, the crust cracks and the glow is sighted. For example, in the field of the abstract or "logical imagination" (on which Bertrand Russell grounds pure mathematics), ordinary deductive-verbal devices may fail. Then a "new effort of logical imagination" is needed and Russell's "direct philosophic vision" is enjoyed. Such a vision in logico-mathematical investigation resembles an *aperçu* of Faraday in physics or of Mozart in art. The glow of the lava-stream shows momentarily through the crust. Russell, the critic of Mysticism, is too honest not to welcome fact. Imagination penetrates every part of our lives—"it is everywhere", as Professor Ribot declares and, as on the lines of Imaginism, we should expect it to be. It is everywhere, even on the surface of the mind. And our very organisms belong to a world-imagination that works in the depths.

In the simpler inferences of practice, in perceptual inferences, such as, for instance, mark every step of our rock-climbs, addi-

tively creative imagining stands out clearly. There is little slag and ash hiding the lava-stream. These inferences are imaginal expectations created for, and controlled by, the needs of practice.

A. Very interesting. But Kant, I heard just now, buries imagination in the *human* soul.

W. Yes; with Fichte, however, this fundamental imagination acts on the cosmic scale. It works not only in the human soul but in the world at large, in the making of Nature. "Objective reality", writes Fichte, "is solely produced through imagination". And in our day this imagination has been identified completely with the world-ground or God.(18) We are at the top of the ladder of hypothesis of which I spoke. We have a glimpse of Divine Imagining.

S. Never mind these modern writers—let us discuss the hypothesis itself. And, by the way, I have been noting our use of terms. Are we to regard imagination and imagining as equivalent terms?

W. Now that the stage of precise thinking has been reached—no. The word "imagination" refers us properly to content, to what is imagined; the word "imagining" denotes the productive activity embodied in the said content. But I cannot well anticipate. I merely warn the enemy that I am passing into the harder portion of the combat.

A. We are getting into deep water and I hardly know in which direction to swim. I am going on my back to take a rest and reflect. Friends and foes of the semicircle, is it not about time that West granted our request to talk "pemmican" when necessary? Let him give us a conspectus of his basic hypothesis and we will ply him with questions when we have grasped it sufficiently.

W. That is best. And let me say that an adequate exposition of Imaginism must start from God or the world-principle which is to be regarded as a speculative supposal of no value, till it has survived the ordeal of tests. What do you think, Delane? And you, Leslie?

D. I am lying low at present, leaving the talk to the experts. Of course I am watching the tests.

L. I am, as you know, an imaginist, and agree with West that Imagining is sovereign of the world. Our battles lie ahead.

W. Excellent. Leslie is the advocate of unconscious Imagining as source of phenomena. Shall we refer to his view in future as the hypothesis of *Cosmic* Imagining?

L. As against your view which champions a fully conscious Divine Imagining? By all means.

W. Good; we provide thus for a very important controversy which divides the imaginists themselves. And now a truce. I must confess that I want a little rest and will reserve, therefore, my "pemmican" for our next meeting.

But before we part, allow me to repeat a request already stressed. I shall seem at times to speak as one having immediate intuition of the divine. But take what I say as suggestion constructed tentatively in the service of discursive thought. And don't seek absolute proofs of the old severely logical order, whereby certitude is to be attained by syllogism. Abandon the classical lines of demonstration which Kant criticised in the course of his examination of the "Idea" of God. The passage of hypothesis towards truth is by the *via dolorosa* of slow modification and verification. Permit no Master or theologian to dictate your metaphysics, for slavery in the sphere of mind is worse than that in the sphere of body. And beware of the pollutions of fancy. There is too easy a passage from Wordsworth's intuited "Presence":—

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns

—to the man-made god of some ignoble creed. Be open to consider all opinions, but test them rigorously; for even when intuitions are genuine man is prone to clothe them with foolish, and even vicious, inventions.

No man has annexed reality in thought any more than in fact. Seldom have man's teachers drunk much of the pure wine of intuition in respect of the highest. Most have adulterated a very little wine with many lethal drugs. Some have preferred the drugs.

Judge me severely when I supplement the little of reality which I know by direct acquaintance. Look on me and my like as centres of different experiments which are of the nature of guessing, but which tend by way of conflict to increase our knowledge. Direct the mere creed-inheritor to the market-place where thought is replaced by noise.

D. Let us welcome the patient experimenter as a hero. It is harder sometimes to be brave in thought than in raiding a trench.

W. Yes, Delane. And now let me add a few words introducing the "pemmican" for which you have asked.

Anderton wished to hear me speaking from the top of the "ladder of hypothesis". I shall begin, therefore, by discussing Divine Imagining. Later I shall descend to the lower rungs of the ladder and reconsider finite human imagining, from which I started originally. I shall have found the setting in which it can be described best. The typical imagining is the divine. Below that level begin the stages of degradation. As regards the ladder itself—hypothesis—take note of this. Hypotheses are sired by imagining. It is human imagining, then, which is reaching out to the co-essential Divine Imagining: to the universe-imagining of which it is a degraded ectype. But the drop, negligible as it may seem, is fundamentally akin in character to the ocean of spiritual reality. There will lie our strength. We hold a clue, and the clue, it is believed, is of one tissue with the very nature of God.

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

- (1) Cf. Foreword as to the expression "finite sentients".
- (2) Cf. Chapter II. p. 33.
- (3) Cf. Chapter II. p. 31 *et seq.*
- (4) Cf. *Divine Imagining*, pp. 23-4.
- (5) Cf. Foreword. History of Imaginism.
- (6) Cf. Wallace, *Logic of Hegel*, p. 42.
- (7) "If . . . we consider Logic to be the system of the pure types of thought, we find that the other philosophical sciences, the Philosophy of Nature and the Philosophy of Mind, take the place, as it were, of an Applied Logic, and that Logic is the soul which animates them both. Their problem in that case is only to recognise the logical forms under the shapes they assume in Nature and Mind—shapes which are only a particular mode of expression for the forms of pure thought."—Cf. Wallace, *Logic of Hegel*, pp. 41-2.
- (8) *Ibid.* p. 39.
- (9) "When it is presented in this light thought has a different part to play from what it had when we spoke of a faculty of thought, one among a crowd of other faculties, such as perception, conception, and will, with which it stood on the same level. When it is seen to be the true universal of all that nature and mind contain, it extends so as to embrace all these faculties and becomes the basis of everything."—*Ibid.* p. 39.
- (10) Cf. Douglas Fawcett, "Imaginism and the World-process", *Mind*, vol. xxxi. N.S. No. 122, p. 164.
- (11) Cf. *Divine Imagining*, pp. 26-8.

(12) Cf. *Contemporary British Philosophy*, vol. ii., article "Imaginism", p. 92.

(13) For a criticism of the Hegelian Dialectic, cf. "Hegelian Dialectic or the Imaginal Dynamic", Douglas Fawcett, *Logos* (Naples, Jan. 1923). Also as regards the Dynamic, cf. *Divine Imagining*, pp. 177-84, and Chapter XVI. of this book.

(14) For Bergsonism, cf. *Divine Imagining*, pp. 29-30, and *World as Imagination*, pp. 157-63, 170, 453-8, 543-5, 560-5.

(15) Cf. *Divine Imagining*, "Negative Vindication", pp. 6-30.

(16) Chapter IV. p. 70.

(17) "Initially" is emphatic as the story of the Evolution of Nature makes clear.—*Divine Imagining*, pp. 185 *et. seq.* Cf. also Chapter XX. of this work.

(18) Cf. Foreword, for the history of Imaginism.

(19) *The Candle of Vision*, p. 27.

(20) "The laws of science are . . . products of the creative imagination."—Karl Pearson, *Grammar of Science* (3rd edition), pp. 34-5. And in the case of the "intuitive" thinking of scientific men, like Faraday, you have something, said Professor Silvanus Thompson, akin to the powers of the great artist.

(21) Consult *Essay on the Creative Imagination*, by Professor Ribot.

(22) Reasoning is a development of imaginative experimenting.—Professor Eugenio Rigano, in *The Psychology of Reasoning*.

(23) Touching science and philosophy, the following citations are of interest. "The actual method of science would appear to be the freest possible use of imaginative hypothesis, followed up by the most scrupulous and persevering experimentation."—F. C. S. Schiller, on the *Problem of Beliefs*. And Bosanquet allowed that philosophy is a formal embodiment of the "penetrative imagination"; it deals with the significance of things; and transforms them, but only by intensified illumination.—*Principle of Individuality and Value*, pp. 12-3. Professor W. P. Montague tells that: "Imagination is the main source of all new ideas and of all variations, not only in the life of art but in the life of science. . . . This fusion of old matters of memory into new forms of imagination is the same process, whether it occurs in the scientist or the poet. The difference lies only in the kind of elements and in the kind of interest by which the fusion is wrought. And both in poetry and in science, the value of the imaginative act is measured not so much by the novelty of its product as by the extent of the domain to which it is pertinent. For the poet or artist the new unit must possess an affective congruity with a manifold of sentiment while for the scientist it must have a cognitive congruity with a manifold of fact."

It is the "business of comparing the newly born hypothesis of imagination with the established community of older principles which constitutes the work of reason. The function of reason is, in other words, not so much to originate as to prove. Reason is the censor of fancy, selecting from the wealth of new ideas those which can successfully stand comparison with the old and be made harmonious with them."—*Ways of Knowing*, pp. 64-5.

(24) F. C. Constable, M.A., "The Meaning of Consciousness", *Quest* (Jan. 1921).

(25) Bertrand Russell refers to the "controlling force" of reason which harmonises rather than creates, and "which tests our beliefs by their mutual compatibility, and examines in doubtful cases the possible sources of error on the one side and on the other."—*Our Knowledge of the External World*, p. 21. Creative Evolution—shall we say?—develops this controlling process as a check on finite imagining, which is degraded, improvises tentatively and often to excess, creates and miscreates. The checking process would be useless on a very high level of conscious life; especially on that level on which there are no "doubtful cases" and the imaginal act gives birth literally to fact.



KAUFMANN ON THE LAST PART OF THE MATTERHORN *COULOIR*
OF THE RIFFELHORN

CHAPTER V

A DIALOGUE ON DIVINE IMAGINING (*continued*)

ON the morning after the discussion just recorded we were still in the heart of the great storm which was to win an evil repute over nearly all Central and Western Europe. We were now refreshed and full of energy and could have crossed the Gorner glacier on the way homeward. But the Professor had strained a muscle rather badly, so, provisions permitting, we decided to stay another night in the Bétemps Hut, which, deserted awhile by climbers, offered us a romantic retreat where we could revel in thought. Living was not luxurious. Our Burgundy had ceased to flow, but compensation was found in Leslie's cubes of choice tea. It was in an atmosphere of tobacco and good-will that we drew together in the afternoon round the stove, while Kaufmann, having fought boredom with the last bottle of beer, went to sleep in his bunk. And West opened the proceedings thus:

W. During last night's debate I urged that Imagining is to be regarded as including all modes of reality (and even unreality). Its work, I suggested, is to be observed in the evolution of reasoning itself. Even philosophy—divine philosophy—Bosanquet tells us, is a formal embodiment of the "penetrative imagination". It was made clear too that the aspect of initiative, the originitive step, in fertile reasoning is always the work of fancy, and that the second aspect, "proof", concerns merely the verification of fancies, their reconciliation with one another and with accepted truths.(1) Such "proof", such harmonisation, are often necessary for finite sentients whose imagining creates lavishly indeed but also miscreates, is always tentative and very fallible. Logic, viewed as a science of inference, serves to guide us in the conscious bettering of the aspect of "proof"; in the methods of reconciliation or harmonisation which practice com-

pels. For the level of fumbling degradation on which our imagining creates, a system of checks is essential. Uncontrolled human fancy would (and often does) generate beliefs which, like the "Faith" of the herd-creeds, yield aesthetic charm, but which, in our dealings with the great world, might entail error, failure and, at worst, disaster.

I have referred to the expression "penetrative imagination". But, when we invent hypotheses as to the ultimate nature of reality, is there always effective "penetration" into the heart of the Hinterland which we desire to explore? No: we cannot suppose that all forms of philosophy exemplify this "penetration"; many, *e.g.* materialism in its various phases, dynamism, agnosticism, monadism, etc., appear to embody no results of "penetration", but to be crude and unverifiable caprices of fancy. All philosophical fancies, in short, do not penetrate the Hinterland, and it may be that among the unsuccessful are mine. You will decide whether these are merely private dreams or penetrative hypotheses to be labelled truth. You will remark, however, during your deliberations an interesting fact, namely, that, in the case of Imaginism, the Hinterland penetrated is said to be of the same character as the penetrating fancy. Imagining in us is calling to the universal Imagining. And, therefore, the Hinterland of Imaginism may, perhaps, be described sufficiently well for the guidance of human life, and men may come to regard it as the ideal desired by Delane; as making the world safe for souls and, indeed, as their long-sought spiritual home.

We have considered penetration. Let us take thought of what can be penetrated when good intentions are crowned with success. What harvest have I been able to reap?

First, consider God, that is to say the world-principle or ground, Divine Imagining, after the manner of Hegel—as God in His eternal being before the creation of Nature and finite sentient, or, more accurately, in abstraction from the, perhaps, innumerable world-systems that exist always. Divine Imagining may now be discussed from two points of view: (*a*) as cosmic CONSCIRING and (*b*) as the reality, call it cosmic content or CONSCITUM, which is CONSCIRED. I am referring (*a*) to the creative spiritual activity and (*b*) to that which it posits, a creatum of infinitely many aspects too fused with (*a*) to be called pro-

perly its "object". Objects properly so styled (*ob-jecta*) belong to the levels of division, separation, otherness, which come to pass only in the evolving world-systems: there are no hard oppositions within the basic harmony of Divine Imagining. While stressing this thought, I recur to the importance, noted by the Professor, of being accurate in the use of the terms imagining and imagination. God as spiritual creativity, God as Divine Imagining, is cosmic consciring. Such consciring is the active magic of the divine: the greatest of all riddles, to solve which adequately we should ourselves have to be divine. God "the ineffable" is this cosmic consciring: Fichte's "infinite activity", regarded, however, by me as aware of what it does. This topic of cosmic consciring will require a dialogue to itself.(2) Divine Imagination, on the other hand, refers not to the positing or creative activity but to *creata*, contents, conscita which are posited; maintained in, or called into, being. The star-systems and all that in them is are fragments of such conscita. "Nature", avers Blake, "is imagination". To be? To be is to conscire, to appear to some level or levels of consciring, or both. All cosmic contents presuppose the fontal consciring either in the regard of being conserved or in that of being created additively, *i.e.* originated as novelty. Conservation and additive creation are thus basic features of an imaginal universe; and a fuller understanding of them will be found later to carry with it solution of the riddle of time. Conservation, I must insist, and as Descartes insisted before me, expresses "perseverance in being", which implies sustaining creation; though mention of the *vis creatrix* suggests popularly only origination of the novel, *i.e.* additive creation, whether *ex nihilo* or by transformation of something else.

There is nothing which we discuss as an "object" that is independent of consciring on some level or levels, where it exists conserved or by way of additive creation. The world-systems are balls that dance on the jets of consciring. Nothing akin to the agents invented by the classical mechanics is required to account for these systems. Fichte derived all objects whatever from the activity of the "Absolute Ego". I shall derive most from the acts of Divine Imagining and thus an idealistic solution of the world-riddle is to take shape. But, despite this

fundamental idealism, the plain man's realism remains intact. Even Delane's icebergs (3) are not to be melted except by water and the sun; they exist indeed in a far richer complexity than his perceptions suggest. For the space-hung globe is upheld in world-imagining, not merely in ours.

D. Yes: I understand. But how does the globe get there?

W. We shall discuss the evolution of Nature later. Meanwhile, let us be clear as to the problem involved. The story of Nature is just an adventure staged by the world-imagining. Our present cosmos was born in conflict. It originated, writes the seer Blake, from "redounding fancies petrified" into the rock of Urizen (=the reign of law, of *approximately* stable uniformities of co-existence and succession); a portion only of this tale is symbolised in astro-physics, geology and biology.(4) We human sentients are centres of imaginal experiment within this great adventure. And we are learning very slowly that there is nothing in Nature fundamentally different from what we construct on the pillow in fancy.

D. Idealism then in the form of Imaginism has the last word. The commonest facts of life are bathed in glory. Nay, on these lines we travel through a world of magic and miracle: even the flight of an "electron", the happening of those minimal "events" of which the modern pluralist makes so much, presuppose Divine Consciring or, at least, the consciring of one of the relatively insulated world-systems. But now a difficulty. Why do you speak of imagining, if consciring is the fontal power?

W. Divine Imagining and Divine Consciring are not opposed concepts. Imagining, however, carries with it a flavour of what it does, of the *conscita* which it sustains and creates. Thus, when I speak of Divine Imagining, I have ordinarily the glory of the star-set heavens and of this marvellously spinning earth also in view. I incline to think of God in a whole way, with His working and His works alike noticed in thought. In speaking of Divine Consciring I think very little, if at all, of the works; of the creata, whether in the realm of conservation or in that of additive creation, but almost entirely of the *creating*. The active side of Divine Imagining occupies the foreground of interest. There is also emphasis of what is usually referred to as "consciousness", about which I shall have much to say later.

I do not wish to multiply terms needlessly. But may I add that, when I speak of Imaginism, I am thinking very often at the *conscital point of view*; that is to say, I am interested mainly in the conscita, contents, creata, posited by consciring. The name Imaginism stresses the resemblance between contents and content processes of the world-principle and those fundamental in ourselves. When, however, I speak of consciring I am interested in the creative activity. And here a caution is necessary. For sentient on the human level, despite the fact that they are conscious, even their own activity is, in the main, veiled. What we name "consciousness", and contrast with the blank unawareness of an hour under chloroform, is never more than the spear-head of consciring: of the activity which is not always reflectively conscious—even in a perceptual regard. Accordingly we find in the history of philosophy frequent mention of the "Transcendental Subject" or ego, of "virtual" and "potential" consciousness and the like. We are prepared thus for a complete rethinking of a topic of primary importance.

The full magic of consciring is veiled: here lies the greatest of riddles, not to be solved completely by beings on our level. Yet, impenetrable as this creativity may appear, we have, in fact, some very direct acquaintance with it. For we are *aware*, at any rate, that we perceive, think and feel pleasure and pain. And we are forced also to allow for the veiled activity that works in the depths. Thus the novel aspect of every causal event has been described as a "gift of consciring", at some reflective or irreflective level of this power. The conserved aspect, however, is equally its work.

D. In spite of change, there is something eternal in reality?

W. There is the eternal imagining which creates in virtue of its character. And because it creates additively, as well as conservatively, it compels change. In this respect the eternal is also the changing: a superlogical world-principle.

S. Bradley and others reject change as a self-contradictory concept.(5)

L. But are we to be bound by Bradley's faith in a convenient logical maxim, the so-called "law" of contradiction? Eternal imagining *must* change, if it is imagining in the full sweep of the term. The imagining is imagining whatever it does; but, if

it creates additively, it introduces change. How does Anderton, once follower of Bradley, get out of that?

A. I can't, if the world-principle is what West believes it to be. But that "if" is worth even the "genial glance" of a poet!

S. It is pleasant for West to have Leslie on his side for the moment, but he will, perhaps, be asking soon to be saved from his friend. For Leslie, while he believes in eternal imagining, does not credit it with being eternally aware of itself. He believes in Cosmic-Imagining, which does not conspire save in finite sentiments. This unconscious world-principle consists basally only of the contents which have been referred to by West as "conscita"; such contents for Leslie existing or subsisting connectedly in and of themselves. It might puzzle Leslie to suggest how fruitful change occurs at all in such contents buried in blackest night; how these contents are in part continuous and hold together, in part discrete and loose; and how, above all, the *conscious* centre or finite sentient, *e.g.* himself, arises in time.

A. The usual device is to say that the conscious finite centre "emerges", but it cannot "emerge" from a realm in which it did not exist. Proteus was said to "emerge" from the sea, but to do so he had first to be under it.

S. If one studies carefully Hegel, Bradley, Bosanquet and others of their way of thinking, a bold procedure is noticed. They try to explain by positing, like Leslie, only contents; then they point to alleged "sameness" in the different contents and, finally, they emphasise the identity or unity of all contents. They rethink in this fashion the universe without appeal to the consciring on which West lays such stress. In Hegel's *Logic* the entire exposition concerns the implication of content types (categories, "thought-determinations") with one another. There is no reference to any power which may invent and exploit such contents, while creating them, perhaps, only for a particular world-system which comes and goes. In these contents we are supposed to confront God in his eternal reality, of course regarded abstractly in the "realm of shades" of the *Logic*.

I should agree that from mere contents and unity of contents there is no passage to conscious life. For, even if Leslie could account for change of contents, and the coherence of reality while suffering such change, he would only be beginning his work.

The awareness of contents, even in finite centres, presents a riddle undreamt of in his metaphysics.

L. Why should not the contents, already by supposition psychical in character (*i.e.* similar to the perceptions, images, relations or what not, of which I am now aware), pass of themselves into the conscious form of reality? And here I must remind West that he has been saying something that reminds me of German theories of the Unconscious. Did he not urge that my conscious life is only on the surface of the soul? Could I then adopt, modify and extend this statement so as to apply it to the universe? Could I say that the so-called primitive divine consciring, of which he spoke, is, in fact, only the unconscious "togetherness" of contents? These contents are "known together" later by us and other finite sentients, *and then and then only* are entitled to the name "conscita"?

A. Very ingenious, but how in the Unconscious which, if words mean anything, is without plans, pleasure and pain, could contents come together in that "divinity of measure" of potencies and powers which evolution requires? And of course the "emergence" of a finite conscious being—Proteus from a sea which he has never inhabited—will require explanation. Proteus must begin his career with his "emergence" and the apparition seems to me monstrously odd.

(Delane, who had been listening intently, laughed grimly, so I felt that I had scored a point.)

W. I am of opinion that Divine Consciring is eternally and fully aware of its acts and shall be indicating shortly why. When I referred to the "spear-head of consciring", I was considering finite sentients: a vastly different matter. The complete explanation is in its place. Meanwhile I suggest that Leslie should consider Anderton's observations well. A world-ground of unconscious psychical contents, itself also unconscious, would work no better than a "multiverse" of "neutral stuff" or Buchner's absurd "force and matter". Call the whole of which Leslie speaks—if it is a whole—Cosmic Imagining, if you will, but would not the imagining resemble that of a madman? And what too of the springs of action? Leslie might suppose that conservation is secured by the mere intrinsic vigour of his factors, but what of the additively creative changes in which he believes?

In every change in a world-system the additively creative plays its part, realising often, it would seem, even in Nature what are called "values".

L. We will return to these topics when you discuss consciring and—may I suggest?—evil. For the present I am sure that, abstruse metaphysical arguments apart—and I may not be competent to meet you and Anderton on this field of battle—there exists an excellent way of investigating the character of Cosmic Imagining. You said that the imagining of my world-principle would resemble that of a madman. Well, what say the facts available? The madman is, perhaps, at work. According to Schopenhauer, the world behaves just like the creation of "blind" Will and, regarded from the standpoint of a wise and moral man, is a mistake, a crime. Von Hartmann ascribes similarly the origin of the world to an appulse which is "blind" and of which thought has to make the best; a best that is bad, and ought not to be. They do not derive the world from imagining, but from a drive which they discuss, wrongly I think, as "Will". In my view the facts of life suggest that we are literally victims of Cosmic Imagining, which works either madly or, at any rate, as Hardy held, "unweetingly"; rich and wonderful of course, but lacking a grasp of values and ends, and scattering benefits and disasters without being aware of what it does. The "Spirit Sinister" of the *Dynasts* is the dark aspect of Cosmic Imagining. We shall cross swords, West, believe me, in due season.

West smiled.

W. You refer, I notice, to the riddle of evil. And you stress this point; however Anderton, the Professor and I solve the fundamental problem of metaphysics, we shall leave your conviction unshaken; and your conviction is this. The world is too bad to be an expression of Hegelian "Reason": it is certainly too bad to be regarded as the expression of Divine Imagining; the alleged "tremendous lover".(6)

L. A fair comment. Were I defeated in the field of high metaphysics, I have at least the facts of life at my command. I say—let the nature of Cosmic Imagining be judged according to its acts.

S. When you shall know them all! For the level on which we live now may comprise a very small part of what is in store for us.

(Leslie was silent, not unimpressed, I should say, by this timely remark.)

S. Must we condemn the whole day on account of a passing dust-storm? The rest may be sunshine and brightness.

W. The cautious man of science checks hasty generalisation. And now back to my task.

"The truth of the poetic imagination is, perhaps, the profoundest doctrine of a true philosophy," Professor Pringle Pattison has observed. And the concept of Divine Imagining is the greatest of the beliefs that can be suggested by poetic dream. Let us now shield this dream from a misinterpretation all too easy. We are not to equate Divine Imagining with the static "Self" of Indian metaphysics or the Absolute (sometimes called God) of Hegel, Bradley and so many others, idealists all, but men who have developed idealism amiss. Divine Imagining is of course a spiritual world-principle, that is to say, It is essentially akin in character to what we call "experience", but It contrasts notably in other respects with the Absolute of German and British philosophical circles. In considering this matter I have to ask whether this glorious spiritual reality, which I am substituting for the Absolute, is to be conceived as "self-complete, finished and perfect"? And, if not, what are the alternatives? Is It infinite? Can It be considered as the infinite ocean of Spirit? What is the basic justification for calling It imagining and not thinking? And what is the position of human imagining regarded as a degraded ectype of the imagining which I discuss as divine? I propose to deal with these topics now; and I ask you all to intervene promptly when you think fit. The difficulties of metaphysics are formidable, and I am indicating my convictions rather than anticipating your hesitations and objections. When I have completed this task, I shall ask you to help our discussion by drawing up a list of topics which shall leave none of the great historical problems connected with the world-principle ignored. We have to consider Divine Imagining as sovereign and fontal "energy" of the world of space-time. And having done so we shall pass to a consideration of the process whereby Divine Imagining brings about the creative evolution of a particular world-system—to wit, ours. I mean by "ours" the limited world-system whose merely physical aspect comprises the quadrillions of stars perceived and

inferred by astronomers. Our world-system has other aspects than the physical, but let this physical indication suffice for the moment. You have observed that I speak of "a particular world system"; this is because the world-systems, insulated more or less from one another, in a universe of imaginal variety, are probably innumerable, infinitely numerous indeed, though we mortals cannot aspire to verify a statement of this kind. The suggestion of a universe of inexhaustible imaginal variety is, nevertheless, most arresting and of great value. It was overlooked by Hegel when, in considering God in His eternal essence "before the creation of the world", he supposed that the essence could be revealed fully by examination of the thought-forms (logical) which are expressed in this one world-system of ours. But a philosophy has to be modest, given the variety of world-systems of which only the most daring of men care to think.

Having discussed in a very general way the meaning and proximate goal of our particular world-system, we shall have closed our survey of issues of cosmic scope. In this outlook man and man's doings seem at first trifles whose pettiness repels thought. But, nevertheless, we have also on our hands the riddle of human and other finite sentients, and more especially those difficult questions embraced in what is called the "problem of the soul". There must be no evasion of this problem or we shall separate, leaving Leslie and the pessimists, if not victors in the battle, at least unbeaten and able to encamp on much ground once occupied by their adversaries. Next year this "problem of the soul".

D. I am not sure that Anderton and the Professor accept souls—the latter are not popular in university circles.

S. If by "soul" is meant a finite centre which can survive the physical body and which possibly has pre-existed to it as well, I can only say that I am quite open to consider the evidence, or even, when rigorously verifying evidence is out of our reach, to welcome mere suggestions or guesses that may provoke thought. I admit freely that, rejecting belief in a life after physical death, men must lose slowly their joy in life and degenerate. At the same time I cannot endorse a belief on the ground that it keeps man's nose to the grindstone and consoles him as well. I accept Truth even if she wears the helmet of Czarbas!

A. We have no notion as yet of the manner in which these "souls" are to be discussed by West. The soul-riddle is one of enormous importance. But we have been informed now of West's programme and I suggest that our interest in human souls at this stage of the inquiry is futile. Little about them will be worth considering, unless the main riddles of cosmic philosophy are solved first. Guess-work and gossip about ghosts, psychical research and the like will not carry us far. Human and other sentients are mere splashes of colour on a vast canvas, and this canvas must be viewed, if possible, as a whole within the frame that only metaphysics can furnish. An end therefore, I beg, to this tempting digression. And, West, please continue to shape the frame—in other words, take up the task which you have set yourself. You have enthusiastic hearers.

W. Anderton likes system and order. And, while Delane and Leslie are more interested in souls than in anything else, they will agree, I think, that we must consider first the universe in which souls have a place. Thus we cannot discuss even the problem of the relations of "conscious experience" to "body", unless we understand clearly what is to be meant by "body". And a successful solution of this enigma implies metaphysics of the ambitious sort. I proceed, then, to shape the frame for the world-picture. Only thus can we hope to take joy in a universe which, to use Delane's expression, is "safe for souls", (7) on the supposition that souls survive the death of the physical body.

Divine Imagining hardly recalls Plato's static Form of the Good, which is said to appear last of all the notions in our knowledge (*Republic*, bk. 5), and what, I say, is "form" but the *manner* in which imaginal reality is created additively or sustained? It is very different from the blank, stirless "Self" of India, the anaemic "One" of Plotinus, the "dark ground" of Schelling, the "Will" of Schopenhauer, or the "Unconscious" of von Hartmann. Nor, again, is it a version of the Absolute of Hegel and the Hegelisers. What is this Absolute? Divine reality—the spiritual reality of the universe—regarded as "self-complete, finished and perfect"? This whole of reality has some aesthetic charm, but it leaves formidable riddles on our hands. Thus, change not being ascribable to the Absolute, what is the standing of all struggle, and especially struggle against evil—of the

moral development? Whatever abominations occur in history, all are revelations of the divine, so need we trouble much as to the parts which *we* play? This reflection works ill on the mind convinced that nothing happens, appears or disappears, save as phenomenal show for finite sentient. Evil, again, is a stain fouling indelibly at least *portions* of the divine whole. But the *whole*, say its adorers, contrives to purify itself: there is Bradley's talk of "transformation"! The crimes of Tamerlane or Gilles de Retz, the worst torments, the pettiest filthinesses of life, are caught up into the glory of God and "transformed". Ask believers in the Absolute how a "transformed" fact stands to the original one and how much "transformation" is sometimes required. And remind them that even a slight alteration implies succession in time.

The appearance of change remains for these men a problem alike insoluble and intolerable.

What now about perfection? Perfection is said to be incompatible with progress or decay: the Absolute is above progress and decay, though It may underlie histories without number whose phases are thus described. The perfect Absolute cannot be bettered and It does not change so as to become imperfect. But perhaps we ought to reserve the label "perfect" for special finite achievements satisfying finite purposes: thus there are veritably perfect poems and symphonies, occasionally perfect figures, which, in the etymological meaning of the word, have been "thoroughly made" and could not, so far as we can see, have been "made" better. Their appeal, withal, is always to special interests.

The contrast in the respects just considered is now obvious. Divine Imagining is not "complete" in the sense that it excludes changeful additive creation. Imagining not only conserves but, in virtue of Its basic character, originates the new. Bradley's abstract conceptual argument against change, based on the "law" of contradiction, does not apply. Bradley rejects change as involving the contradiction that something is or becomes something else. But why should we accept his ruling? The *maxim* of contradiction applies primarily to statements embodying purpose.(8) If to create additively involves, after a statement has been made about it, contradiction, then we have to say that

Divine Imagining is above contradiction as ordinarily understood. While this Imagining is always Imagining, *one aspect of its character is expressed in protean novelties of content or conscita*. Changeless as Imagining, It changes. Its character—not a mere logical proposition which applies to a limited sphere of truth(8)—is sovereign of reality. More will be said when I come to discuss the “events” of creative evolution.

Thus we understand why Divine Imagining, inclusive as It is, is not “complete” and “finished” like the traditional Absolute. Belfort Bax, in *The Real, The Rational and the Alogical*, is an idealist of the new school who accepts “an eternal Becoming, a principle of realisation, rather than a completed actuality”. The only plausible principle is being discussed now. The “timeless principle of eternal change in time” is Divine Imagining! Italian neo-idealists also will be able to trace to this Power the well-springs of “history”.

We can now maintain, the accomplished universe being dismissed from thought, that Divine Imagining is rather “perficient” than “perfect”, if the latter term suggests a world-principle whose treasures are complete and merely possessed. Its “thorough making” is beyond betterment, but Its nature is to make the new and then again the new. We shall understand later the obstacles which this making confronts.

The building of any particular world-system, I suggest, furnishes the spring-board whence the Perficient Power makes yet one more wondrous creative leap. What is called Cosmic “Will” is Divine Imagining sustaining and creating additively an imaginal field. A cosmic imaginal field, which may include innumerable finite world-systems such as ours—each a facet of the variety native to Infinite Imagining—constitutes the starting-point for creative evolution of a new and more glorious field. Divine Imagining is the Maker—in this consists Its character.

The Perficient Power realises immanent purpose, but there is no final perfection in which Divine Imagining drowns like a tired rentier. If we reject with Bosanquet “a *bona-fide* addition to the universe of what was not in it before”,(9) then we have to declare further that Divine Imagining is limited: that It conserves, but cannot create additively. But does not even a puny mortal create additively when he imagines *Hamlet* out of data

which certainly did not contain it? And are not our small live, full of things, good and evil, originated by us and not merely revealed? So long as idealists believe in Cosmic Reason they may wish to postulate a rounded-off whole which can only conserve. But why should we seek to limit Divine Imagining which is a world-principle Whose very nature is to create the new?

D. A moment, please. You have not mentioned destruction. In a universe of real additive creation, proceeding in part, I gather, from finite sentient, much may arise to foul reality. In Bosanquet's universe such stains are indelible. But in an imaginal universe they might surely vanish at need and leave no rack behind?

L. "At need" means "if the beautiful is to be attained". To talk of "transforming" the deeds of Gilles de Retz—the violation and torture of hundreds of children—into aspects of divine perfection would be sheer nonsense, hardly tolerable even to save a theory. Bradley, however, is forced into this procedure. He must somehow find a home for all "appearances". Let the imaginists be frank. Very much of the past is filthiness only fit to be destroyed utterly—much even of our ordinary organic life is repulsive and best annihilated beyond all possible recall.

W. I hold that the universe is self-scavenging, self-purifying, largely by way of sheer destruction. Delane has stressed a very important point. But Leslie can hardly concede that his unconscious Cosmic Imagining alters present or past reality in the direction of beauty. For, being "unweeeting" or blind like Schopenhauer's "Will", it is a hard ruler for which values cannot exist.

Leslie, the pessimist, assented with a smile.

D. But anyhow there is scope for world-scavenging in the universe of Divine Imagining?

W. Obviously; since change is real. And the scavenging has to be done, as you have suspected, not merely by destruction of present foulness, but even at need by suppression of *the past itself*.

D. Of the past—yes, for it might pollute cosmic reality. You hold then, definitely, that the past is not a mere blank which we discuss for convenience of speech "as if" it was real?

A DIALOGUE ON DIVINE IMAGINING



W. Don't ask me to anticipate my talk on space-time. Shall I just suggest that the *past* is that which, as "made" reality, has *passed* into the more strictly conservative aspect of Divine Imagining? But it is sustained actively there; it is not a mere dead precipitate. And it is sustained, perhaps, only in so far as it contributes to the coming of the harmonious "divine event" of which Tennyson wrote; the event which crowns the success of each and every great world-adventure.

There was a silence. Then the Professor, who seemed pensive, took a billet of wood and, poking open the door of the stove, threw it on the fire. And West continued:

The Perficient Power, in the "thorough making" of reality, must destroy the abominable. There are many indispensable evils which mediate good; there are others which are merely bad and have to vanish even from the past. Given the reality of change, both classes of evil are dominated by the Perficient Power.

I pass to consider the question of the infinite. Is Divine Imagining infinite?

Consider first a world-system with its sentient and observable contents which, in some manner not yet fully explained, is upheld in Divine Imagining.

The physical part of our world-system supplies an illustration and it is finite throughout. This system, in the light of the best modern thought, is held to be limited in space and time. The sentient connected with it are many, but, theoretically speaking, could be counted; the observable contents—stars, planets, sounds, etc.—will be countable likewise. Its volume perhaps calculable, this system began, as I shall suggest, in time and, as an isolated stage of creative evolution, will end. Nor is its space infinitely divisible, for space is co-existence and there is no co-existence save of finite quantities of contents related in this manner; time-succession, again, takes place in finite "jerks", in discrete "steps of change" or imaginal leaps.(10) All the indications indeed (as was noted in *Divine Imagining*) suggest that our world-system is limited under all aspects. There may exist indefinitely many world-systems besides ours, all similarly limited. These declare the glory of God, manifesting the variety native to Divine Imagining. Of course the suggestion is not

verifiable directly by sentient on our humble level. Consider it seriously withal; it may fit in with much that is to follow.

S. There may exist, you say, an infinite plurality of these world-systems each limited within itself?

W. Yes: why not? *The nature of the world-principle is expressed thus.* Only don't try to indicate the "aggregate" of such systems by an infinite number. Leave the Cantorians in their conceptual world. An infinite plurality is not a number. Remember too that there are no "infinite collections" within any particular world-system, and, if there were, numbers could not be asserted of them. Numbers which apply to the sentient and to the actual fields of content of any system are such as are definable by mathematical induction and thus finite.

S. But anyhow you think that, if all the distinguishable aspects of all the world-systems taken together were in question, their plurality would be infinite: deducting a quadrillion of quadrillions would not help you at all in trying to count them.

W. I incline to think, but I don't know. This kind of infinity may belong to the totality of world-systems upheld in Divine Imagining. Leave it at that. But we must go further. Let me start from Hegel. Why does Hegel call his Cosmic Reason, the ground of all reality, infinite? Because It is not limited by Its antithesis, by something else which It is not and which sets bounds to It. It is "always in Its own sphere". Divine Imagining, considered apart from the creation of the world-systems, is obviously infinite in this sense of the term—It exhausts reality, confronts no "other" which can set bounds to It. Let me suggest, however, that to be infinite in this sense falls short of the truth. The Hegelian Reason is "self-complete", also "perfect and finished". Divine Imagining is "perficient" rather and It certainly is not finished. It uses the accomplished as a starting-point for creation to be accomplished. It differs from the Perfect in creating real additive novelty. And would It not be limited were this impossible?

The Perficient Power must be infinite also in respect of creative potency. And, as I need hardly point out, in the context of Imaginism "potency" acquires a substantial meaning. Let me now cite a telling passage from Whittaker in which he gives the view of that greatest of old-world thinkers, Plotinus. "Infinity,

in the sense in which it really exists, with Proclus as with Plotinus, means infinite power or potency. . . . That which ever becomes has an infinite power of becoming. For if the power is finite, it must cease in infinite time; and the power ceasing, the process must cease. The real infinity of that which truly is is neither of multitude nor of magnitude, but of potency alone.”(11) Thus the Perficient Divine Imagining enjoys an infinite power of conservative and additive creation; there are no external bounds to limit the fecundity of Its imagining.

S. But some bounds must be set to creative imagining or there might arise world-systems as disastrous as Leslie holds them to be.

L. An infinite power of becoming must be realised in heavens and infernos; worlds that reek with the misery of their denizens.

W. Ah! were Leslie’s unconscious Cosmic Imagining the Master, we should have to lament loudly—and quite in vain. For the creative imagining might evolve anything, foul or fair. Divine Imagining, on the other hand, is aware of Its activity; aware with an intensity which our dull human souls can hardly symbolise. And It determines the basic mutual limitations of sentient and world-contents in the process of building, slowly but surely, a fabric of harmony. It has Its aspect of Bliss, of which the pervading feature is described in the book *Divine Imagining*, for lack of a better phrase, as “beauty, love and delight interfused”.(12) “Energy”, observes Blake—and the world-energy is divine consciring—“is Eternal Delight”: a cryptic utterance which can now perhaps be understood. Leslie will allow that such a Power does not act blindly. It renders impossible that hopeless martyrdom of conscious life believed in by Schopenhauer and himself. It is Itself present in the sentient whose weal and woe are dependent on the fate of the worlds. Divine Imagining, at once transcendent and immanent, is not external to the world-adventure. It is the light that lighteth every sentient in the adventure as well. God has risked, and has to rescue, Himself.

L. But first show that Divine Imagining is aware of Its activity so as to be able to impose on Its fecundity the limitations of which you speak. That is not an easy task; and we shall have to see later how the facts of life support your belief.

W. I am answering at present the question as to whether the apparently infinite possibilities of becoming, of creative evolution, are limited in the interest of "divine events", *i.e.* of world-consummations in which the sentient concerned, and with them God who lights them all, will rejoice. I say that they are limited by the purposiveness of the divine life itself. The totally bad world-system is impossible: its basic condition is the Divine Imagining which maintains it in being. But it must be remembered that a world-system, once in full working, is not merely the system of God; it is the system of the indefinitely many sentients implicated with it as well! This, we shall see, is a consideration of enormous importance. But I am saying more than is necessary to answer the Professor's and Leslie's questions.

L. If I accept the answer, I have to credit you with the power to show later that Divine Imagining is aware of Its acts and has this aspect of Bliss.

W. Quite so. But meanwhile look again at the world, cast aside the spectacles of Schopenhauer, and ask yourself whether you can descry indications of an "increasing purpose". There are abominations of all sorts—agreed. But what can you expect from a process in which finite sentients play important parts—in which, to use the phrase of the book *Divine Imagining*, imagining itself in these sentients "runs amok"?

And now I have said enough about the infinite. I pass to another issue.

I have discussed with your aid the manner in which my main hypothesis—that the world-principle resembles "at a distance" conservative and creative human imagining—was reached. I should now like to dwell a little longer on this term "imagining". I shall have to repeat a few statements already made, but we shall profit by placing ourselves at a novel point of view. Suppose, then, that other idealists (*i.e.* men who hold that the fontal cosmic reality is fundamentally akin to their own "experience") come to me and say, "We are at one with you in believing in a spiritual world-principle, but refuse to call It Imagining, divine or other. Shall we not rather call It thought or thinking, of which imagining is only a form?" What would Anderton have to say to them?

S. But must we kill the pretender twice? Have we not heard enough of thought in connexion with Hegel?

W. We have heard enough of Hegel's *logical* thought—yes. What I want to show is that thought, logical or other, is not a suitable term for denoting the activity of the world-principle.

A. Bosanquet holds that imagining is a form of thinking; you hold that thinking belongs to a degraded level of imagining, being evolved only in the interest of finite sentient. You will refer us back no doubt to your remarks, certainly of weight, touching the standing of "reason".(13)

W. And I shall have to ask these idealists what their term "thought" means.

A. There is one school which, identifying thinking with judging, defines the latter as "reference of an ideal content to reality". It has had much influence, but clearly thinking of this sort cannot constitute the world-principle. This view dealt primarily with the growth of judgment in men; in finite sentient.(14) It may be correct or erroneous in that regard. It would be quite irrelevant to the larger discussion.

W. After all, we need not examine yet special theories about judgment in man, if thought in general, as argued by Bradley and Schopenhauer alike, is "secondary and dependent". Thought is fed obviously by content which it does not make, which just comes to it: the aspect of truth in Spencer's saying that it implies "re-coördinating states of consciousness already coördinated in certain simpler ways". Further: thought cannot go far in the absence of speech.(15) It wears certainly the look of a secondary invention generated in the time-process.

Thought, moreover, whether primary or secondary, is not sufficiently inclusive. Hence those philosophers, who tried to make it cover all the wealth and variety of the world-principle, were bound to fail. Bradley of course saw this very clearly. McTaggart too dreamed of a new synthesis which should reconcile the oppositions of thought, will and feeling. It must overcome "the rift in discursive knowledge and the immediate for it must no longer be the alien. It must be as direct as art, as certain and universal as philosophy".(16) The synthesis required is offered in Divine Imagining.

Repeating a former statement, I point out that Imagining,

accepted as the world-principle, *has room for all phases of reality and even for the unreal.*(17) I stress the contention once more. Ponder it well. There is no fighting alternative.

This inclusive Imagining, observe, is not the truth which is the goal of mere thought. It is the ultimate reality which human philosophical truth is—or ought to be—"of" or "about". Truth concerns an "other", and its statements are such that they agree with what this "other" dictates.(18) Thus the truth of my belief in Divine Imagining does not lie in my statement, but depends on whether the reality so called resembles what I fancy It to be. Thus, again, alleged geographical truths depend on what the facts pointed to reveal. Neither Divine Imagining nor rivers and lakes are truths. They are reality and aspects of reality *about* which we say something. And what we say is true, if the something is a substitute-complex sufficiently like reality to stand for it, for certain purposes, in our thinking. This attitude towards truth has been called happily "representational pragmatism".

While Divine Imagining is genuinely, indeed incomparably, concrete, the truth *about* It is lean, pale, anaemic. And, speaking generally, thought, which is discursive and relational, takes, as it develops, the route of the abstract. Attempts have been made by certain idealists to show that in their systems thought moves from the abstract to the concrete; and the case of Hegel's *Logic* has been cited. But no one who thinks out the painfully bleak dialectic of Hegel would prefer it to a direct mystical intuition of the world-principle! And similarly when you study physics, you find that the last words of thought are compact of abstractions and written "with the cold finger of a starfish". They may be relatively more concrete than the first ones, but, after all, in the dreary world of intellect, to what does that amount? The intellectual scheme, the best available for man and exceedingly useful of course in practice, brings to a Faust disappointment and disgust. Were there no reality higher than truth the prospects of the world-lover would be uninviting indeed.

S. Truth agrees with reality and is itself, as existing in this relation, only a phase of reality—impossibly the whole of it. But what of alleged true statements with which there is nothing

to agree: statements which are not controlled by an "other" at all? I cite in illustration the science of transfinite numbers. There are no observable examples of the transfinite "aggregates" suggested and yet we hear talk of the truth of these unverifiable statements.

W. The constructions, once launched, show consistency. That at least is undeniable. But note the beginning of the enterprise. It is assumed that the transfinite numbers have not been decreed by mere command-concept, invented by the human "logical imagination", but have been *discovered* and exist apart from our concepts. Here is a case of Vaihinger's procedure of the "as if". The numbers are treated "as if" they exist independently; and it is their dictation which is held to make the science true.

A. There is nothing to prevent constructions being made with self-contradictory command-concepts, so long as the stages in the subsequent reasoning are consistent with one another. But in the end the constructors will be wise to abandon the claim for truth, accenting as compensation consistency and not examining their fundamental assumptions too closely. But please, West, continue.

W. Thought, I repeat, is orientated to, and becomes compact of, abstractions. "Thought," writes Whitehead, "is abstract; and the intolerant use of abstractions is the major vice of the intellect." (19) Thought can never approach that fulness of being which belongs to the world-principle. Therefore, even were thought primary (which it is not), it would, in its very highest form, be a skeleton, not radiant reality.

D. I follow you—one can't wriggle out of this. Is it worth while shooting any longer at a dead lion?

A. It is a precaution anyhow. For the lion used to vex us mightily and may not even now be dead.

L. But surely you hold that it is dead?

A. Well—yes. And I must say that the thought "of" (observe the "of", as West will say) this all-inclusive Imagining stirs me somewhat. Some of my difficulties have vanished—the rest may vanish likewise. If it be possible to know anything of the great secret, our route by this imaginal hypothesis seems very promising.

S. But I want to see how West gets the actual world-system out of his world-principle. You will recall how Krug desired Hegel to "deduce" his pen. I shall be more reasonable. Account then only for the system.

A. A fair demand. Succeed, my dear West, and I am with you. But a word more about this topic of thought and truth. It is sometimes said that concepts of "being", "essence", "degree", "quantity", "causation", etc. are "implicit" even in sense, in our colour-fields, sounds, muscular sensations and the rest, and that they bear witness therein to conceptual modes of the world content prolonged thus into our sensible perception.

W. Our concepts are substitute-facts; and the facts for which they are substituted need not themselves be concepts. Thus there exist many variations of light-intensity in the world considered as persisting independently of you and me. But these are not concepts or particularisations of a concept; they are modes of immediate reality, variations of the sensible itself. The sensible, of course, is not to be considered as something base; it is part of the influx of world-imagination into our souls, and its degrees express no inert "concept", but the drive of conspiring. Similarly the trans-perceptual space-world, which penetrates us, does not contain "causation" *as concept*. It contains a non-conceptual dynamic of events: a "plastic stress", as Shelley would say, compelling "all new successions to the forms they wear". A concept does not and cannot produce a shower of rain. On the other hand, when this event has been produced, we can frame a concept about it and like events. We have yet of course to inquire how such events come to pass. All in its place.

D. I enjoy illustrations—oases in the deserts of abstract thought. And your mention of a shower made all clear to me. But whence and wherefore this strange supposal of the "implicit" concept?

A. It is a survival in a wrong context of the "judging concept" or category of Kant. Kant (whom Hegel called a subjective idealist) invented such concepts to get himself out of a fix. He had to "objectivate" somehow sense-content, ordered in space and time, by the "Transcendental Judgment"; and these concepts, which have proved such a nuisance in general philosophy, served his turn. Nothing else, given his attitude towards

sense, could provide a supply of full-blown objects. Objective idealism is not forced to recur to his solution: the standing of objects can be accounted for otherwise.

S. Then, West, you confine concepts to the realm of finite minds. Will you add a suggestion as to how they arise?

W. As results of the direct "grasps", always creative, of con-
sciring. The concept or substitute-fact exists in the use made of it. It is "of" or "about" and need not resemble closely the primary reality which interests us; often it is only distantly symbolical, even verbal. It is a product, ever being modified in use, not productive; an instrument in the service of the creative imagining. Consciring is the active aspect of this latter: a dialogue is allotted to it.

S. *Conceiving* is the "grasping" indicated—I follow. The concept itself is a product useful only to us. Quite so. But what about the Imaginals?

(West smiled.) "So you have been reading *Divine Imagining*. Ah! that is a different matter. The Imaginals are not concepts. But before discussing them we must be rid of persistent errors which might block the way. We shall be considering them soon without doubt."

D. I take it that the notion of inference on the divine level, even in a non-conceptual way, is quite absurd?

W. Must God with "made" reality, past and present, before creative consciring, infer the rotation of Saturn like Huyghens or the state of ionisation of atoms in a "distant" star like a physicist? To state such questions is surely to answer them.

D. And the very high mystic, who nears the divine level? He is leaving the realm of inferential devices and truth; in a sense he seems to leave even knowledge itself behind.

W. As sometimes the accounts of even humble terrene mystics suggest. But let us consider an imaginary case. A man begins as a philosopher, escaping thereby the devotional follies associated with the popular "saint". He assumes, as Plato puts it, that knowledge is "correlative with the existent". What is his knowledge "of" the reality which I call Divine Imagining? A series of propositions (truth-claims stated in words) which are his substitute-fact for reality which, in the main, is beyond his grasp. In his books he treats this substitute "as if" it were the

reality itself. Then he gets tired of a makeshift of shreds and patches, wants to be nearer to reality and reaches at last the "*cloud of unknowing*" of a well-known mystic. It seems at first that he is entering a negative Nirvana in which everything known is to be lost. At this point the uninstructed saint would fail. The philosophical mystic is aware that he is reaching a level beyond truth; whereon there is no knowledge "of" a "correlative existent", as Plato puts it; a level of reality, in fine, which shines in its own light. The experience passes into the ineffable; only a very vague and general indication of that bliss-lit harmony would be possible.

There was a pause.

S. The jury has heard enough about thought. It considers also that great progress has been made. May we ask you now to fulfil a promise? Having looked on Divine Imagining "from the top of the ladder" of hypothesis, return awhile to the lower rungs and tell us something more about the human imagining from which you started.(20)

West nodded and filled his pipe slowly.

W. Glad to hear that you enjoy the talking. But a truce till after dinner. I am off for a tramp round the hut: the storm seems to be weakening and a little fresh air will be welcome.

After dinner, the menu of which recalled dismally the fare of four preceding meals, West joined us before the stove. As he settled into his chair, I looked at him closely. He has been taxed with talking "pemmican", but I felt, nevertheless, that he was in fact talking down to our level and that, somehow or other, there was a reserve of knowledge in his possession characteristic of the man. Kindly, tolerant and smiling, he resembled the genial sportsman rather than the traditional sage; while his philosophy lacked the hardness and prosiness which had marred the thought of so many of the authorities of my budding university career. All aspects of life seemed to unite in him, and once more I found myself wondering as to the part which was played by him in the larger world.

All that he said was offered as hypothesis, but did he himself regard it as hypothesis? And was not the writer, whose work he championed, just a peg on which to hang his own thoughts? Gentle as was West, blithely reasonable, always considerate and

free from pride, I forbore instinctively to question him about his intimate life. I had the impression that he was not a man to be cross-examined to profit. He would divine, I felt certain, my innermost motive, confound me with a jesting politeness and send me empty away. Perhaps Delane or the irrepressible pagan poet knew something about him—ah! there was that story referred to by Leslie, about which I must learn something soon.

"We are to descend," observed West, "from the heights of Imagining to the level of Its degradation in mortal man. The result of this experiment will be to show to what depths of fumbling has sunk the 'fundamental power'. On the divine level, that of God in His Eternal Essence, considered in abstraction from world-systems and finite sentients, reigns Pure Imagining. It is radically unlike the 'realm of shades' which Hegel in his *Logic* paints so grey. It is utterly concrete with all that variety which the name 'imagining' conveys. What It may evolve in sentients and world-processes is added to a variety already limitless. It is pervaded with bliss beyond the compass of our powers of fancy; (21) for It is the home of Aristotle's 'unimpeded activity', Blake's 'energy' which is 'eternal delight'; and this implies indefinitely more than the mere 'balance of happiness' with which Bradley credits his Absolute. It is concerned with no 'correlated existent'. It recalls our own pure imagining at its best, *unconcerned with anything beyond itself and yet able to show itself any form of reality creatable*. It is also conservative and creative as is our finite imagining. But, while finite imagining is creative with conserved rags of memory, It has the treasures of cosmic conservation, which include the past, before It. It imagines blissfully, as the lark sings. And some of these imaginations are the seeds of worlds. When It imagines a world-system, there is no halting between alternatives. The Perficent Power imagines in the best possible way and without blunder. A halt would imply human weakness: the defect of finite imagining which fumbles. The factual issue of this imagining is creative evolution itself."

L. Without blunder? I enter a protest in the name of common-sense, philosophy and martyred mankind.

W. The problem of evil dismays you? I accept the challenge and I repeat "without blunder".

L. You are a bold knight, Sir Mystic, and your task is hard. Ride on, withal, we shall meet in the lists ere long.

W. Now suppose that a world-process, such as bore us human sentients, originates in this way. You have what the plain man has described as creation by love. Is he wrong?—even though mathematical sages, mouthing shorthand symbols and “neutral stuff”, shake their sides with laughing. Not at all. The bliss-aspect of Divine Imagining streams on to the parts of Its artistry as love. God, as the poet tells us, is the “tremendous lover”. And there is no artistry so loving as that which perfects Its work through æons in the making of beauty.

Of course, creation is not complete at a stroke; creative evolution, if this term be preferred, is spread along untold billions of years. It is always going on in and around us. And the progress is by way of “steps of change” (to use a trim phrase taken from James), spurts of novelty or imaginal leaps like the much-debated “mutations” in biology. These steps are limited in number.(22) Every case of causation comprises a leap of imaginal innovation; improvising artistry works in every quarter.(23) What has been called the Imaginal Dynamic and offered as a substitute for the Hegelian Dialectic, as constituting the drive of the world-process, innovates incessantly.(24) Thus Divine Imagining renews creatively in conservation and “news”, if you like the jangle, in additive innovation. This, on a very modest scale, is what our own imagining—that narrowly so-called—does in memory, expectation and pure imagining.

I am not yet discussing the manner in which our world-system began—I will take it as started and in full swing. There are born many things and among them nebulae, stars, etc., and, very occasionally, as we now suspect, planetary systems such as the solar. On the lines of objective idealism this natural order does not depend for its existence on the incident of being perceived by finite sentients (*esse* is not *percipi* in this sense): the order exists, however, fundamentally as part of a poem within Divine Imagining. God thus creates the “world as imagination”, and, allied with five of the bodies evolved in this physical portion of the world, you and I have become conscious and are now speculating as to what the matrix of our development has been. The superstition of the “material world” has vanished, I trust,

like a bad nightmare. What a day it is for the soul when it awakes first to realisation of the amazing truth! And God has yet greater surprises in store for us.

D. God works on that level where reality and imagining are one; and we fumbling creatures are beginning to be aware of one of His poems in which we literally move, live and have our being.

L. And are aware of too much of it, I suggest.

D. Suggest, old fellow, what you like. I take a sporting interest in the adventure. But something seems to have gone wrong in the poem and it is this which keeps you and the pessimists in business. I feel, however, that this hypothesis of Divine Imagining will light our path, if we are patient.

L. And if Czarbas is standing in the path?

D. He takes a risk and cannot dominate the future.

W. Leslie is the Mephistopheles of the poem, but, after all, in Goethe's *Faust*, Mephistopheles is on good terms with God. And even our popular poet may become reconciled. I predict that he will yet write his Ode on Divine Imagining. But to my task—I must consider imagining as it shows from the lower rungs of the "ladder".

Note then that we are again at the starting-point of imaginal hypothesis: back at imagining, conservative and additive, in mortal man. Let us recall first imagining narrowly so-called; that to which Professor Macdougall accords three forms, (a) "mere imagination", (b) "anticipation" (expectation) and (c) "remembering", of which anticipation in our human history is the most primitive, since the forward-looking attitude is so essential to practical life.(25) The retrospective attitude of remembering seems a relatively late development. These salient forms, however, do not exhaust imagining and are, in fact, merely portions of the processes that flower on the stem of the "fundamental power".(26) Their severing in thought from the other imaginal aspects of our psychical life is convenient but arbitrary. For the truth is that, as Professor Ribot writes in the passage considered by us before, imagining "*is everywhere*". No surgeon-psychologist can dissect it out and leave the rest of mind functioning without it. How indeed could this be possible, if all activities of phenomenal mind display, as I assert, the work of the "fundamental power"?

We are never clear of imagination, even when we observe sense-content. Could any of you delimit the frontier between the sense-content of perceived objects and imagination? "Where the boundary lies between the two, no one has yet been able to show. To perceive the present clearly, or to be aware of it in any sense whatever, is just so far to view it in the light of what is not present—that is, of imagination".(27) Imaginal contents invest the sensible as it appears. Hence, Professor Dawes Hicks urges that imaginal process arises "of one piece, so to speak, with the process of perceiving, the chief difference being that in imagination a relatively larger portion of revived factors is involved".(28) But this account misleads by over-simplifying. Not merely revived factors are comprised in the "magic", as Hume called it, of the imagined. The additively creative side is amazing, as we saw. And Macdougall's view that development of imaginative power is "one of the chief, perhaps the chief step that raised men above the animals", gives pause (29)—merely revived or conserved factors could avail little. And now for a surprise: the sensible content of our perceptions is itself imaginal! It marks influx from the world in space-time, this world being a fragment of Nature which is established on Divine Imagining. Sense-content is simply the spearhead of the natural order as it penetrates the soul. There are complications indeed to be considered, but they will not alter the main fact. In sense we confront part of that Nature which, as Blake said, *is* imagination. And we apprehend it in a swathing of imaginal contents of our own, as when the ice "looks" cold or the waves on the face of the sea "seem dimples".

Imagining "is everywhere", as Professor Ribot contends, but this ubiquity has not won for it adequate emphasis in philosophy. A full appreciation of its significance is found only in Imaginism, but this attitude is reserved for the few. There are involved a break with mere practice, a frank turning towards metaphysics. But this is not all. Imaginism is a form of idealism and most metaphysicians are not idealists to-day. Idealists, again, are swayed by historical traditions that hardly favour my thought; imagining has been well called by Professor Mackenzie the "Cinderella of philosophy". Hence, if idealists glance at "imagination narrowly so-called", will they find easily in it the clue which

I have found? Compared *e.g.* with the deliverances of sense, the contents of this region of imagination strike less vividly on the mind, often lack detail, and are hard even to hold steadily. There is thus at first sight no encouragement to climb the ladder from the top of which is descried—Divine Imagining. Almost a creative intuition is required.

Another reason why imagining receives little notice is that popularly it is viewed as concerned only with separate "images". I doubt whether "images" in this sense exist at all; the private imaginal objects we are aware of seem to be selected out of *imaginal fields* much as a perceived tree or peak is picked out of its perceptual setting. In my day-dreams about aeroplanes, motor-cars or climbing objects are carved out of such fields. Even objects imagined purposely in isolation appear in a setting of much other content. I cannot now dwell on this point.

Some folk, however, imagine with very little dependence on "imagery"; and this prepares us for the highly abstract imagination proper: the "logician's imagination" of Joseph, the "logical imagination", that works in pure mathematics, of Russell. "It is necessary to cultivate logical imagination in order to have a number of hypotheses at command, and not to be the slave of the one which common sense has rendered easy to imagine".(30) Popular thought overlooks these abstract phases of creative human imagining. But those who notice them are confronting the work of a "fundamental power" which can take form in the concrete and abstract alike.

Imagining, exploited systematically, would reward us with a new metaphysical psychology. When we have grasped the character of Nature, of which the body is a part, and taken note of the "fundamental power" operating in the human soul, we could pass to this metaphysical psychology with profit. The problems of cognition, feeling, conation, of the subconscious, of sensible content, of "association" so-called and the other familiar topics present no difficulty that does not confront all philosophies alike. But in this context these riddles appear soluble in a highly promising degree. The riddles as to the relations between soul and physical body and as to birth, death and after would also invite notice. For the present I am not concerned with metaphysical psychology; human experients and

their standing being ignored pending the treatment of a greater problem. In respect, however, of reasoning and the implicated question of judgment I am going to add a few words. For these topics have a bearing on that cosmic problem—the “ladder of imagining”—which has been with us so long. Forgive me if “pemmican” is offered, but time presses and, after all, questions are put very easily.

We had occasion to understand clearly the main character of “reason”, regarded as the “Censor of Fancy”.(31) And this insight confirmed us in the view that, whatever the secret of the world-principle may be, “reason” at any rate is not a candidate qualified to sit on the cosmic throne. But, if “reason” fails us idealists (and even Bosanquet has to whittle down the Hegelian Reason into a “nisus to unity”, the nisus to differentiation being left a mystery!) what are the alternatives? Well, we have glanced at all of those which are plausible and I must ask you this: Are we not left with only the hypotheses of Divine and Leslie’s Cosmic Imagining to choose between?

D. For my part I would enthrone Divine Imagining. It covers, I think, the whole ground and It makes reality safe for souls. But difficulties are suggested by our infernal poet.

L. West is right—these are the only fighting alternatives. His task is to show that the world-imagining is aware of its activity: I remain at the standpoint of the German “philosophy of the Unconscious”.

A. I watch and wait. But West has spoken well and I allow that, if we hope to read the riddle of the universe, we are driven to these alternatives. There remains, perhaps, the possibility that, touching issues so momentous, we must be content to be agnostics.

The Professor said nothing, but I learnt later that even for him West had spoken well. He too was waiting, but was not at all curious to learn what Leslie had to say. He regarded the pagan poet as a voluble, emotional amateur, whose gifts might adorn *belles-lettres* but not science or philosophy. He was a man who had considered most metaphysical hypotheses recorded in the history of philosophy and had found them all wanting. He had become very critical and was not to be convinced like the romantic Delane, who rushed blindly at a light that seemed to

illuminate the world. Had not moths always done the same? Then he wanted to hear how, according to Imaginism, the actual empirically known world-system was born and how also this new explanation would ingest Relativity-theory and the like. Yes: he could lie low and learn; and at need intervene, indicating difficulties which most mystics overlook.

"I am closing my present contribution to this discussion," continued West, "with a few observations regarding reason and judgment." The hypothesis of Divine Imagining implies incidentally that these phenomena are secondary: that they originate in finite sentient ("individuals") during the time-process, evolved there creatively by that which is primary in the strictest sense. In indicating the mode of origin and the sphere of utility of reason and judgment, we assign them their place within the cosmos of Divine Imagining. They have no further claim on us in metaphysics.

Reason originates in the service of finite sentient ("individuals"). It is a modification of the "fundamental power" contrived in the interest of practice. Schopenhauer expressed this truth in another way by declaring that reason is the slave of the "Will"; meaning by "Will" the power whose drive takes form in the world. The "Will" of Schopenhauer is a concept invented in the course of his campaign against Hegel. While rejecting Schopenhauer's metaphysics, I must acclaim him as the protagonist of the pragmatists of to-day.

On the divine level there is no place for reasoning, conceptual or other. Pure imagining, which is *not "about" reality but REALITY ITSELF shining in its own light*, is all in all. What is before it is posited by it, conservatively or additively; the past as "made" reality is conserved; the future is the imagining in its creative march. Every aspect of every content and of all the related contents is intuited through and through. Consciring is fully reflective. Reasoning in God would be a defect.

Pass to a scene of finite life—a haunt of animals. In one of the God-imagined world-systems animal bodies have been evolved, and allied with them are what some call "individuals" or centres of conscious life. The imaginal activity or "fundamental power" at the base of each body-soul is limited. Limits appear in every quarter. A minute body exists in a vast cosmos,

conditioned by innumerable agents other than itself; the sense-contents feeding its conscious life are "given"; necessity compels adjustment to an ever-changing environment. Rudimentary anticipation or expectation arises with a subordinate memory to equip it. Practical perceptual inference, crude but always in part additively creative, favours survival—the better the guidance given, the better the outlook in life's struggle. This inchoate, elementary reasoning does not use concepts and co-operates with a mass of conservative impulses and instincts. On this level of degradation psychical life seems hardly more than a flickering light which serves to guide physical adjustments. Imagining here works simply and in the open; is not overlaid, as in our trains of conceptual thought, by its own slag-like products.

On that higher rational level whereon some of us, in our hours of fitness, can live, this tentative, this experimental, process continues. Reason does not inhabit us and manifest at intervals. It exists only when required, for, as Schiller tells us, man needs reason "only in a special situation, in which it 'pays' to 'stop to think', because by so doing it is possible to innovate and improve upon habitual action, and to modify his traditional reaction in a salutary and superior manner. Thus man's 'rationality' is not an original endowment, but an achievement and an acquisition and (perhaps) the presage of a greater efflorescence in the future".(32) Thought occurs, writes Dewey likewise, in a situation of conflict which checks response; a conflict of habit with habit, or habit with surroundings. Thought, experimenting imaginatively with different lines of action, opens the way to adjustment. And in *The Psychology of Reasoning*, Professor Rignano finds in reason just imaginative experimenting, so that, even on the highest rational level, where experimenting is done with general ideas, imagination is with us still. I need not repeat what I urged last night(33) about the two aspects of reason, but those remarks can be recalled with profit now. An illuminating fact worth your attention is this. When we are tired of sustaining purposive and severely precise thought, a lapse occurs towards the realm of the vaguely imaginal—mere "wandering" or reverie—that lacks unitary direction.(34) Pegasus falls back on to the level which prediction would indicate.

Reason then arises in the interests of adjustment and experimenting. Its fallibility and its orientation in the main towards the probable and improbable are accounted for.

A. And now a word about the judgment. Inchoate or elementary reasonings on the perceptual level, such as those of dogs and rabbits, are possible without judgments, but the distinctively human judgment is presupposed by conceptual thought. Now what do you make of judgment? What, for instance, would you say respecting Bosanquet's view?

W. You want me to comment on Bosanquet's saying that judgment is the "reference of ideal contents to reality"? I will. This saying is based on a false view of the finite mind. It is—to use a term which I am glad not to have coined—"subjectivistic". Each of us is discussed by Bosanquet as if he were first "shut up alone" with the "magical panorama" of the world. You will find this contention stressed, with a neat allusion to Schopenhauer, in the *Essentials of Logic*.

A. And what of that?

W. Well: being shut up thus, you have the "ideal contents" with you. They have to be "referred" out of you to reality at large. Categories, like Kant's, are wanted. But why heroic measures? You are *not* "shut up". *E.g.* the sense contents you are aware of are not merely subjective but a part of real Nature! There is a realism which my form of idealism includes—I do not require to "refer" a content to reality at large. We can't, however, talk of this big complication now. It belongs to the discussion of External Perception in connexion with the riddle of the human soul.

A. Quite so. But suggest a better description of judgment.

W. Bosanquet stressed the judgment of perception in defending his theory. I will do the same. I perceive then a red light at sea in the dark. There is much interpretative imaginal content fusing with the sensible contents present in this perception. But the fundamental fact is not "reference *to*" but "discrimination *within* presented reality". And it is not enough to have the perception; you do not say that a snake judges when it sees a rat; the snake's perception resembles a natural event.

I judge when, over and above the said discrimination *within* reality, I affirm to myself or others, verbally or otherwise, that I

have the percept. This act of *affirmation* (note etymology here) is a second step; an ascent of what later we shall discuss as the gradient of reflective consciring.(35) It adds "yes"—is a re-surveying of the first step and produces the judgment which, agreeing with the initial perception, is true.

I am at one with Bosanquet in holding that judgment originated first in the conflict of suggestion and perception. Most important innovations originate in conflicts, as is shown in the imaginal dynamic.(36)

A. Interesting indeed. And thus you don't find anything mysterious in judgment?

W. Nothing save that mystery which invests every incident of conscious life. But of course judgments of perception require to be discussed in more detail. . . . And now an end to this long day of talk—I am off to my bunk.

S. Thanks for a rare treat. And, by the way, we shall accept your offer about the list of the topics to be discussed in connexion with Divine Imagining. We shall be obsessed by interesting problems.

W. And after we have exhausted our ingenuity in solving or worsening such problems?

S. We shall ask you to describe, in general terms of course, how the world-system emerged into the time-process and how, granted its origination within Divine Imagining, it came to show those gaps of defect and those positive evils which pessimists deplore—or, revelling in a secret malice, perhaps sometimes enjoy.

I had been for years sick of ordinary speculation, surfeited with the endless disagreements which part the most gifted philosophers. But I went to my bunk beginning to cherish a great hope. If Divine Imagining is, as Nettleship might have said, "THE FACT", the ridiculous battles of intellectuals, as spread before us in dull periodicals and unreadable books, cease to vex. True, they reveal the risks of experiments, the makeshift character of all thought-structures based on reasoning, but, after all, the shattering of one's old idols may forward growth. Mysticism, at any rate, remained to me—mysticism with its radical empiricism, its disdain of useless intellection, its ignoring of most of the things that men prize. The mystic might yet supersede in me the

philosopher, drawing force withal from the long discipline of thought which I had undergone. Much in my life would be altered . . . if the hypothesis of Divine Imagining had at the back of it "THE FACT".

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

- (1) Chapter IV. pp. 79-80.
- (2) Bradley denies that "activity" (which he holds to be a self-contradictory concept) can be ascribed to the world-principle.—*Appearance and Reality*, chapter viii., "Activity." But, after all, concepts are substitute-facts, to be used in thinking, but not to be permitted to suppress other facts.
- (3) Cf. Chapter II. p. 32.
- (4) Cf. *Divine Imagining*, p. 205, for the interpretation of Blake's remarkable *aperçu*.
- (5) "The problem of change underlies that of motion, but the former itself is not fundamental. It points back to the dilemma of the one and the many, the differences and the identity, the adjectives and the thing, the qualities and the relations. *How anything can be anything else* was a question which defied our efforts. Change is little beyond an instance of this dilemma in principle," remarks Bradley, in his chapter on "Motion and Change and its Perception", in *Appearance and Reality*.
- (6) For the contrast of "Divine" with "Cosmic" Imagining, cf. Chapter IV. p. 82.
- (7) Cf. Chapter III. pp. 51-2.
- (8) Cf. Chapter II. p. 24.
- (9) *Logic* (2nd edition) ii. 249.
- (10) Cf. Bertrand Russell, *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy*, p. 140: "we have no reason except prejudice for believing in the infinite extent of space and time, at any rate in the sense in which space and time are physical facts and not mathematical fictions".
- (11) T. Whittaker, *The Neo-Platonists*, 2nd edition, p. 170. Cf. also *Divine Imagining*, pp. 91-4.
- (12) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 99-105.
- (13) Chapter IV. pp. 79-80.
- (14) Cf. Bosanquet, *Essentials of Logic*, pp. 4 ff.
- (15) Ward, *Psychological Principles*, p. 286. Cf. also, Stout, *Analytical Psychology*, ii. p. 178; and Russell, *Analysis of the Human Mind*, p. 152.
- (16) *Studies in the Hegelian Dialectic*, 2nd edition, p. 229.
- (17) Chapter IV. p. 75.
- (18) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 44-54. It is interesting to note that the word truth can be used with the meaning that our ideals, and not reality, dictate. A "true" hero is one conforming to the ideas of good judges as to what a hero should be.
- (19) *Science and the Modern World*, p. 25.
- (20) Cf. Chapter IV. p. 76.
- (21) Cf. *Divine Imagining*, pp. 99-105.
- (22) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 110-1.
- (23) *Divine Imagining*, "Creation and the Causal Dynamic", pp. 122-156.

(24) Cf. "Hegelian Dialectic or the Imaginal Dynamic?" *Logos* (Naples, April 1923); *Divine Imagining*, pp. 177-184; and chapter ix., "The Evolution of Nature". Cf. also Chapter XVI. of this book.

(25) *Outline of Psychology*, p. 305.

(26) Cf. Chapter IV. p. 77.

(27) Professor Warner Fite, *An Adventure in Moral Philosophy*, p. 99.

(28) *Contemporary British Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 125.

(29) *Social Psychology*, p. 391.

(30) Bertrand Russell, *Our Knowledge of the External World*, p. 238.

(31) Cf. Chapter IV. p. 80.

(32) *Problems of Belief*, p. 127.

(33) Chapter IV. pp. 79-80.

(34) Cf. Professor Jastrow, *The Subconscious*, pp. 84-5.

"Yet the great mass of mental operations is not of this definitely logical type: their *motif* resembles more closely that of a melody, or a poem, or a picture, than that of a problem. It is not a running of errands, a carrying of the message from one point to another by the shortest route, but a ramble in some general direction."

(35) On the levels of conscurring, cf. Chapter X. of this book.

(36) On conflict and the imaginal dynamic, cf. Chapter XVI. of this book.

CHAPTER VI

LESLIE AND I CLIMB THE UNTER-GABELHORN

ON the third morning after our return from the Bétémps hut I was lying on a long chair beside West, lounging likewise, on the balcony of the Chalet des Soldanelles, lazily overlooking the deep trench of the valley above which the Matterhorn, robed in fresh snow, towered like a Norse Frost-Giant menacing the abodes of men but, after sunrise, fixed to his place harmless till the fall of night. Entered the Swiss damsel who presided over our comfort. She spoke in German to West.

"The Professor's leg is nearly right," observed West, as the damsel vanished, "and Leslie will be expecting you at the Mont Rose hotel at about five." I was to accompany—at the lower end of the rope—Leslie on a scramble, for the sake of practice, up a minor peak, the Unter-Gabelhorn, by way of the eastern arête or ridge. The snow was not likely, on the fourth morning after the storm, to trouble us much. We were to put up at the Trift hut for the night. The climb, West had told me, is not a fatiguing one and decidedly picturesque.

"Ah! here comes Delane," said my companion, and I saw the big explorer in his climbing garb, plodding, hands in pockets, up the stone-strewn slope beyond the garden. His eyes were on the ground and he seemed to be thinking hard—perhaps of the vistas opened up to him during our talks at the Bétémps hut. He was to stay and dine with my host, while Leslie and I would be opening tins.

After all three had settled down on the chairs, Delane, who had evidently taken his metaphysics very seriously, observed:

"And the next dialogue?"

W. Next Thursday here, I suggest, the day after Anderton and Leslie return from the Unter-Gabelhorn.

A. Three of us have drawn up the list of topics—you shall have it after Leslie has had his say. All the problems concern the world-principle—Divine Imagining—considered as *fons et origo* of phenomena.

W. After which we can consider Divine Imagining along with Its manifestation in this particular world-system of ours. I emphasise “particular” because, as I have said once or twice, the *variety* implied by Divine Imagining requires indefinitely many world-systems, not connected at any rate at first with one another, in which to manifest. One kind of world-system might be incompatible with another; ordered on radically different lines.

D. Perhaps infinitely many systems are indicated.

W. Ah! that no human thinker can affirm or deny.

D. I have been thinking a lot about our last talk and want to put you some questions before our next regular meeting takes place. If I shall seem to be too hasty in view of the order of discussion to be observed, pull me up.

W. Say on.

D. I am now convinced that God, interpreted as Divine Imagining, is the reality showing through the world. But I have a few difficulties to urge not included, I think, in the list of topics.

West nodded.

Delane—you come to metaphysics unhampered by too much book-lore and settled habits of philosophical thinking. So you can see a salient point clearly. I say “see”, or intuite, because it all comes to that in the end. I don’t teach; I am defending, with certain additions of my own, the book called *Divine Imagining*. I don’t esteem laboured reasonings; above all I point out, I suggest. Those who have eyes to see will see as I do in the quarter pointed out; if their eyes are weak or look forth through the spectacles of habit, they may miss “THE FACT”. Take “THE FACT” as it beacons on the peaks of reality—or leave it. I seek no man as a disciple. But sooner or later we have all to see the beacon which is more than a guiding light descried from afar: it is shining also within ourselves. And now to your questions.

D. I saw plainly that the world-principle is spiritual, that is,

akin to our human "experience" raised to the n^{th} -power, if I may so put it. And Imagining is the best name for the principle—for God. God does not think. Thought, even Bosanquet's concept of a "system", is abstract beside the reality for which it stands and which is said to be thought "about". To call it concrete would be to misuse words. As you said, thought deals only with relations and is discursive: is, in short, a makeshift indispensable for man but to be avoided *e.g.* by gods who are able to get beyond it. You meant by "discursive", I suppose, that it works by attending only to aspects of the real and recombining them, peddling with fragments, merely nibbling at the vast whole before it.

W. Yes: thought works by analysis and synthesis, "running", when effective, in all helpful or relevant directions (note the hint given by etymology) from a central topic, which is the subject of the "discourse" (note etymology again). Of course, what behaves in this way does not absorb or ingest reality as a whole: it just skates over the ice of the real by chosen routes that promise well for the topic which is interesting you. Your common sense has grasped this; there are no obstacles born from a desire to save a theory.

D. Quite so. And so rational thought is incurably, and may become viciously, abstract. I quite understand. Further, thought is always about what you call an "other" or "something else", if only other thought. But the higher imagining is concrete throughout and it is not *about* anything else. It is active as cosmic reality shining in its own light without external reference. It would be absurd to identify self-contained cosmic reality, concrete and so full of variety, with mere thought.

W. You have grasped my meaning with the readiness of unhampered common-sense culture. Note that even on our human level imagining tends to be concrete. Thus the landscape of a good imaginative novelist or poet is not composed, as a stupid psychological tradition has it, of "images"; it consists of imaginal objects carved, like ordinary perceptual objects, *out of a much larger field*: an imaginal field. A fine visualiser picks out his objects from a rich field. That is an important consideration for the psychology of the future, for which "associationism" will be replaced by imaginist theory stressing conservation and

additive creation. We don't re-combine isolated "images"; there is always a setting whether we are vaguely aware of it or not. Psychologists are apt to overlook this because their imagining, like that of most men of science addicted to abstract thought, has poor and dimly emergent content. They have lost the rich imaginal fields which poets, painters and novelists enjoy.(1) Some of these mentally blind men deny, it appears, that we are aware even of what is called imagery. The behaviourists try to belittle everything of this character, and this way lies the mentality of the ostrich which, when pursued (a statement requiring some confirmation!) hides its head in the sand. Observe, however, that, while imagination tends on the whole even in us to be concrete, and on the highest level of cosmic reality is concrete through and through (even we fill in slowly the schematic grasp of an absent friend or loved landscape), it can also be abstract at option. Thus I made allusion to the "abstract" or "logical" imagination, which is the good Samaritan to methodic deduction as discussed by Bertrand Russell.(2)

D. You did: thus imagination moves either to the concrete or the abstract. On the highest level of cosmic reality, however, it is concrete throughout. I follow you utterly. What say you, Anderton?

A. I admit the force of West's Imaginism. But then . . . allowing that Imaginism is the only known fighting hypothesis, as Professor Keightley calls it, there remains perhaps the contention that a really valid alternative escapes us; that we ought to remain agnostics, suspending judgment as to what the fontal reality may be.

D. No—no. And I will tell you why. I am not a trained philosopher, but I catch in my rude way the salient considerations. If the ultimate or fontal reality exists or "subsists" at all, it must at least comprise, along with unknown contents, the appearances or the roots of the appearances which are presented to us in human experience.

A. In some way obviously, for it can't exclude utterly the world and the individuals which live, move and have their being within it.

D. Well and good. But, if it includes this amazing variety, why, then, Anderton, it includes all that which, we agreed, could

only be included by imagining. I remember the objection which you raised to Imaginism the first night of our stay in the Bétemps hut: you contended that no system which *selected* anything from experience and named total reality after it could possibly be adequate.

A. (somewhat apprehensively). Yes, I remember.(3)

D. And West pointed out, after Schiller, the famous pragmatist, that imagining can include all reality and "even unreality". Well: your unknown God or "Ground" does exactly this. And I say that this unknown God or "Ground", whom you ignorantly postulate, is just the Divine Imagining of which West speaks. You can't get out of it; be frank and say so.

A. (The infernal man of action and common sense had cornered me—me, his Mentor, the well-known fellow and tutor of St. Peter's College, who had steered so many of the rising generation through "Greats". I had not a tolerable answer to make at the moment, so I said rather feebly, evading, I fear, the main issue): "Delane, your common sense can put hard questions. But anyhow West has to show that world-imagining, if the main hypothesis is correct, is aware of its activity." (Was I contemplating an alliance with Leslie? Any port in a storm! I was taking in water at every roll.)

D. (relentlessly). Of course, but do you accept the point I accent? Is the ultimate reality, whether aware of itself or not, imagining? For, as we saw, it must include all kinds of reality: and imagining is clearly adequate to the task.

A. There are writers (I urged grudgingly) who say that there may be realities in the universe quite unlike mind, and these would have to be included in the inventories of the real—if they exist.

(This was an observation unworthy of an idealist, however agnostic he may be about the character of fontal reality. But Delane hesitated: he had not worked out fully his enthusiastic Imaginism; he failed to see that he had confounded me and that I was preparing a strategic retreat "according to plan" under cover of fighting a battle.)

W. (dealing out punishment justly). My dear Anderton, you are an idealist. Don't desert the flag. And what, after all, do your new friends, these enterprising writers, do? They only

imagine that there may be such realities hidden in the backwoods of the universe. They are enriching the abstract or logical human imagination of which we have spoken, that's all. But, while they can postulate non-psychical realities in the universe, they can't verify these fancies. And in metaphysics as in science, hypothesis which cannot be verified is worthless; exactly what I described it as being in our dialogue about preliminaries. It reduces to private fancy.

A. Can't verify? (I was fighting in the third trench and knew it. But as an honest man I report the process.)

W. No: for to verify would mean to be aware of these realities in their independence. And objects, in so far as they appear in or to experience, are objects that experience harbours awhile as its own. Nothing present to experience reveals what experience cannot hold and comprise. Nothing appears to perception, let me add, which is not to be duplicated in human fancy, if in most cases dimly and with some loss of content. All the actual things and events you are aware of, or could be aware of, are such as presuppose experience—finite or divine. You can't in fact imagine anything except conscious powers and objects of possible experience. Human imagining, when it tries to construct things and events which are *utterly unlike* the contents present to it is attempting the impossible.

A. Well: we can imagine transfinite numbers or Democritan atoms.

W. You can pretend to in virtue of what I have called the command-concept, which decrees creation but in these cases cannot accomplish its end. You cannot verify either of these fancies in the macrocosm and, if you could, you would be the experient—a centre of conspiring—who does the work.

A. Human imagining can command in short the existence of such realities but cannot get its command executed. Hence, for the purposes of investigation, men treat the commands "as if" they had been executed. It seems so.

W. As an idealist you agree. And we two must answer the naïve realists (there is a valid realism to be considered) thus. Anything which we can perceive or be aware of otherwise (*e.g.* the propositions of pure mathematics or symbolic logic) presupposes at long last, and in the depths only maybe, a harbouring

or creating conscious life. Take note of the moon. It is not a mere apparition in my perceptual life; subjective idealism and solipsism are nonsense or an approach to nonsense. The moon appears, minimised in content, to my consciring. It does not ask my leave to exist or persist. But it is not self-based. It pre-supposes that infinite imagining, conservative and creative, in which swim the worlds.

A. The moon, said by us to exist when unperceived, is imagined as doing so. And nothing imagined by us could not be comprised in Divine Imagining. All existents genuinely imaginable by us are imaginable, are possible facts, within God. Agreed. And now let me congratulate Delane on making a notable dent in my armour. I shall retire to my tent and see whether I can find a better breastplate and better weapons. But, remember, I am not anxious to overthrow this knight-errant of our planet. I am a trifle afraid of the helmet of Czarbas—I too want to live, move and have my being within a tolerable universe. And it seems that my hope will be realised yet.

Delane rose from his chair and shook my hand warmly. "Good luck!" he cried in his impetuous way, really moved, "the world contains an honest man, even though a thinker."

West laughed long and merrily. "You are not complimentary, Delane, to the thinkers."

D. And why should I be? Most of them are dogmatists in practice. How many of them alter their views after a war of controversy? Most die unrepentant after writing bad books on philosophy. The magazines and the shelves of the British Museum are filled with the results of their disagreements. But Anderton takes a right to the jaw without flinching. He disposes of masses of knowledge by which I hope humbly to profit, but he allows even a duffer to see clearly at times.

(I felt that my merits had been extolled perhaps too highly—I had not liked that hook to the jaw. But, like a boxer, I paraded a fantastic smile, as if to show that I had peeped awhile into paradise.)

A. My dear Delane, you are simply indispensable to these dialogues, and we are so grateful to Czarbas for sending you hither. Well: here's luck and a happy day together when we climb the Ober-Gabelhorn. And now continue negotiations with West.

And with that I lounged back on the chair and tried to find means for postponing, what now seemed inevitable, the capitulation. I was not happy in finding the new breastplate and weapons. Nevertheless, the discussion of the topics which we had chosen would allow me an interval before re-entering the lists re-armed, whether as friend or foe of West's main hypothesis.

* * * * *

High on the steep alp, helped by ice-axe points thrust into the thin coarse turf, Leslie and I were plodding up the slope below the crags of the Unter-Gabelhorn. Leslie led the way carrying rucksack and rope, taking the rise with the well-planted feet and steady deliberateness of a guide without effort. I kept pace, not unconscious of the drawbacks of middle age, breathing fully and even speculating at times as to when I could suggest reputably a halt. We had started late from the Trift gorge as the climb is not a long one, but two hours up grass slopes sober even the elect and afflict men like me with weariness of the flesh. It was about nine o'clock when the higher alp gave out and we passed on to rubble, stones and scree, pierced here and there by gaunt rocks, outposts of the mountain-giant whose palace was now near. At last Leslie halted on the last patch of green, an outlying haunt of flowers amid the waste, where small gentians of an incomparable dark blue invited us to share their dwelling-place. Down we sat, healthily hot and flushed. The outlook was superb. Opposite us were the wooded Riffelalp and the Gornergrat, and far away the great ring of snow mountains, Mischabelhorner, Rimpfischhorn, Strahlhorn, Monte Rosa, Lyskamm, Castor and Pollux, Breithorn and Matterhorn, with vast stretches of glacier glittering beneath a cloudless sky. From far below rose the dull roar of the Visp. It was an experience for intuitive grasp, too rich for a descriptive writer. Leslie was taking it in rapturously in the intervals of extracting from his rucksack our modest breakfast.

"The world-imagining greets us magnificently," said I.

L. You people are always talking metaphysics now; but West upsets everybody. He has moved even you, I see, considerably.

A. Admitted—in fact I am half of a mind to slide off the fence on his side of it. Delane gave me a hard push in that direction this morning.

L. "What! wisdom from the babe and suckling in philosophy: the don yields to the undergraduate—you surprise me," and he chuckled mischievously behind the white of an egg. "You accept then the world-imagining, but as yet hardly more? Or at least, if you go further, you may find yourself in a fix lacking passport and guidebook."

I tapped his arm and pointed to the dawn goddess striding across the peaks. "Are you so sure that blind, unconscious imagining is the artist? There seems method after all in this madness."

The pagan poet looked long at the vast expanse of mountains, vaguely aware, I surmise, of the Presence that stirred Wordsworth. "My dear fellow, let me be frank. I know little of high metaphysics, and, as you know, West would talk Socrates himself to sleep. He has an answer to every objection and, in fact, I am beginning to prefer to look on and see other fellows worsted. Yes: I am billed for a contest with him, but I feel like the small boy opposed to the big one and told to 'go in and win'. At the same time I can't see through his rose-tinted spectacles. Why not? Well, I feel like the author of 'Tess' and other men of culture: I allow—who could refuse to?—that aspects of this world are splendid, but the splendour is that of Lucifer. It is a world too bad to be called the manifestation of the divine, or indeed of any sanely conscious power, imaginal or other."

A. You refer to the evils that foul human and animal life. That is your stumbling-block.

L. Yes: so in search of an explanation I fall back on the German philosophers of the Unconscious, Schopenhauer and the rest, with the proviso, however, that imagining is basic. An "unweeting" world-principle accounts for so much. And, as West quite rightly showed, imagining provides all the furniture of reality in plenty.

A. Yet as a poet you must incline to see the God of smiles and ecstasy breaking, Dionysus-like, through the shadows. And to-day . . . I pointed again to the distant mountains. Surely there is a suggestion of a spiritual, though superpersonal, power such as Shelley described:

Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath and kindles it above.

In short, in spite of your intellectual difficulties, Divine Imagining may be the great secret after all.

L. Yes: my intuitions and my pessimism may clash; in fact you will recall that Proem which West liked. But what of that? I can't let poetic moods blinker me. The landscape is fair but, like many fair women, treacherous. It bids me adore the world-principle to the ignoring of the hells of history. I decline.

A. But, if it was made clear to you how these evils arose, what then? What if the fontal imagining did not originate useless ills? I say "useless" because, as you know, there are ills that are useful; ills that are essential in fact to emotional growth and good.

L. Even then we should have to base our hopes on some hypothetical Tennysonian "divine event". However, let West justify creative evolution, if he can. Then shall I be persuaded to be his disciple. And not an unwilling one, for a man of mystery is West, genial yet always suggestive of power. A hard, grim personality too at times.

A. Grim—I have never heard him say a word in anger. He wouldn't hurt a fly.

Leslie laughed. "This sunny landscape is sometimes swept by storms. Do you suppose that you know West thoroughly? You might think, for instance, that one living so simply in that chalet is a poor man. He is very rich. You might think that his smiling face could never become severe. But Delane himself is not so hard as this man in the hour of need."

A. Delane, by the way, accepts West's philosophy, or so much of it as has been discussed up to date.

L. Delane will accept anything from him—he is devoted to West. I believe they had some queer adventure together.

A. But why so devoted? Delane is no follower by nature; he likes to have his own way. He was once anyhow a hard devil, and as an explorer, I gather, never hesitated to shoot.

L. Well: he may have had an adventure with West like my own. You want to hear about it? All right. Yes: we shall have lots of time; we are nearly at the base of the rocks and shall be back in Zermatt long before dinner.

Four years ago I was wandering in the suburbs of Paris in the neighbourhood of Puteaux. I had been to a factory to see my new car. In walking back into pleasanter surroundings I lost my

way, and found myself at last in an uninviting district of mean streets and houses, where there was not a taxi to gladden the eye. At a turn in my tramp I came upon a young girl, neatly but very simply dressed, who was weeping and seemed to be in great distress. About sixteen or seventeen years of age she was extremely pretty, and I wondered what she was doing in such sorrow and alone in this uninviting district. No . . . I had no thought of an adventure: so repress, please, that wantonly frivolous smile. I went up to her, took off my hat and, addressing her in French, asked if I could be of service. She looked at me through her tears and replied in English. She had seen in me a compatriot. And slowly I drew from her the essentials about a pitiful life.

She was the only daughter of a very poor British officer, bed-ridden, sick unto death, and pigging it in some wretched rooms in the neighbourhood. The two had long been at their wits' end to raise money, having sold almost all they possessed; the father, a widower, who was forced to live abroad (I scented a social or other scandal which compelled flight), had got out of touch with all his friends who could lend a helping hand and was now dying of cancer. The last blow of fate had just fallen. The girl had been earning a pittance in an office at Puteaux, but, forced to resent the insults of a manager, had been turned into the street. She was penniless save for her last week's wages, and the thought of the invalid and the miserable home was shattering.

I was touched and disturbed by the pallor of her face. "May I take you to a place where we can get something to eat? We will talk over matters and I may be able to help you." She assented, not without hesitation. Asking a passing workman where there was a restaurant, I was directed to a semblance of one some fifty yards down the next street. It was a very low-class café, to judge from the appearance of two "toughs" who were entering, but the girl looked weak and ill-nourished, and, on the principle of any port in a storm, I went in. There was a dirty potman behind a semicircular bar with stools in front of it, and at the farther end of the room were a number of flimsy metal tables, some covered with stained cloths, at which the luxuries of this den were served. Ten or so surly loafers watched us as I chose a table at the far end of the room and bade a slut

tell us what there was to eat. The information was not encouraging, so, after a pause, and mindful of possible enormities in the kitchen, I ordered, as the safest "plat" I could think of, omelettes, to be washed down by a bottle of good Bordeaux about which there could be no misgivings. And we waited while laughs and sneers, obviously directed at us, floated obscenely from the bar across the sawdust-strewn floor.

While we were waiting, the bottle of wine was opened and the girl drank a glass with evident benefit. As she did so, a tall, strong, good-looking stranger entered the café and took his place at a table nearer to the bar; a Britisher, that was clear, wearing a soft felt hat and a lounge suit, obviously a man of distinction. What chance had led him into this pigsty? He too ordered a bottle of wine and I noticed that the slut treated him with respect. . . . And then suddenly the trouble began.

Among the "toughs" by the bar was a huge fellow of the "apache" type, of coarse, badly-shaven features, wearing a peaked cap, a stained red tie and flashy clothes, which suggested a second-hand outfit touched up with benzine. He was looking at us and leering, and his companions seemed to be hounding him on to some mischief. They had their will. The big brute pushed through the gang and, rolling up to our table, stood over us offensively. "That's a pretty môme you run, monsieur"—both of us leapt to our feet—"but she's the girl for me and I take her," and with that he grasped my charge by the arm.

I struck straight from the shoulder and got home on the "point". He reeled back several yards, staggered, and fell on his back close by the stranger's table. But he lay there for hardly a count of three. Pulling himself together he rose to his feet, looking a devil; his hand slipped to a hip pocket and came out. . . . It was a case of life or death. I caught up the flimsy metal table in my left hand, using it as a shield, and swung aloft the bottle in my right, the red wine running down my sleeve and arm. But, as I did so, I saw what amazed me. The man was standing as if turned to marble, his hand holding the Browning lifted to about the level of his shoulder in act to fire, and his bestial face as set as a waxwork's jowl at Madame Tussaud's. The gang, afraid of bullets, was scuttling into the street, the slut and potman had hidden behind the counter. The tall stranger was still sitting

quietly at his table. It takes time to tell you all this, but I grasped every detail of the picture at a glance.

As I gazed dumbfounded, the stranger rose, stepped towards the waxwork and, taking the Browning from the motionless hand, put it with a smile into his pocket. On this I cast away the table and joined him. Together we pushed the waxwork into a chair. The "toughs" began to trickle back into the room: they looked ugly, for their champion had found his Waterloo. But a crowd had collected on the pavement and the forces of order were in the ascendant. Decent workmen were pressing in and the still motionless ruffian was watched by a ring of onlookers.

"Send for the police," said the stranger authoritatively. The potman, who had emerged from his trench, obeyed in silence and ran into the street.

"Thanks, sir, for your help," said I to my ally. "But what is amiss with the brute? Is it a 'stroke'?"

"You hit well," he replied, laughing; "if, however, it was a 'stroke,' it was a lucky one for Douglas Leslie. But no—the man seems very vigorous again; his fang has been drawn fortunately and lies in my pocket." And surely the "apache" was giving five men all the work they wanted.

In a few minutes the "agents" were on the scene. We described the assault, and the stranger remarked, "Search him well, he may prove a prize." And who was the prize, do you think? Jean Michou, blackguard and murderer, whom Toulouse had vomited on Paris. Well: he went to the guillotine. His brain, I believe, is in a museum somewhere in a bottle and the rest of his "vile body" went back to Mother Earth. And I am still climbing mountains! It is a world of strange vicissitudes, Anderton, and some personalities go unwhipped of justice.

And the stranger?

Is no other than your guide, philosopher and friend. Now you understand why I came to the chalet at his call.

You amaze me. And do you think——

That there was something odd about that temporary 'stroke': well, you know as much about it as I do.

But why was West there? How did he know who you were? How did he unmask Jean Michou?

He might have known me by the photographs of me in the

Press, but the puzzle as a whole is not easily solved. It was a strange business.

It is more than odd. And the girl?

The girl was delightful—I helped her, of course, and so did West, very liberally I believe. But I never met either of them again until I happened on West at Zermatt. I was rushed to England that very night; an uncle's death and the legal business that followed gave me so much to do that it was long before I saw Paris again. So the girl vanished out of my life. Her name? Mary Dale. West tells me that she has done very well since. The father, of course, is dead. I suppose she will marry a rich Frenchman, settle down and become dressy and enormous. *Sic transit gloria—iuventutis!*

It seems a pity that no romance followed.

My dear Anderton, I believe that this possibility positively scared West. For at that time my reputation as a Lovelace, I fear, was not of the best. I opine that West took good care that Paul and Virginia should never meet again. I am not a marrying man, as you know. And yet I could have got very fond of that girl. So you will divine his motive.

You will always be her hero anyhow.

The betting is on the Frenchman. But enough of yarns—take up thy rucksack and follow me, for we have spent an age eating and chatting.

I rose and followed him to the base of the rocks, where we tied ourselves on to the rope. Then looking long at the rock-face, the gullies and cracks of which held still a good deal of new snow, he worked out his route mentally and went ahead blithely.

This route, selected with good judgment, led, with no call for great skill on our part, to a notch on the crest of the rock. Passing through it we were face to face with the main peak of the Unter-Gabelhorn. A descent and we were wriggling along the eastern arête or ridge, perhaps the most interesting feature of this climb. I recalled the case of a novice, luckily tied up in the middle of the rope, who delayed his party here about half an hour, too unnerved to go forward or back. I could understand his hesitation for, as one descends into a gap before scaling a steep “gendarme”, the sheer precipice on one's right might well scare the beginner. Still, why come to such places if you don't like them?

Our climb up the final peak, which was negotiated after all without step-cutting on good rock, was enjoyment long drawn out. Leslie handled me in a way as little suggestive of help as possible, trying to make me think that I was doing the work and that the use of the rope was but convention's decree. I felt less confident when, on the descent, I had to take the lead and the rocks by which we had mounted looked so intolerably steep. However, main route and arête, like most hard enterprises, proved practicable even for a duffer when faced boldly. It was with a glow of pride that I came off the last rocks and began descending the long slope on the return to Zermatt. In the village I thanked Leslie heartily and we parted—he to go to his hotel, I to leave by the mountain railway for the Riffelalp.

Having reached the chalet and enjoyed a bath and change, I strolled on to the balcony and fell into a chair. Correspondence had to be dealt with. I found a piece of bad news awaiting me. A pupil of mine at Oxford, Donald Bentley, a lad of great promise, had been attacked by phthisis, and his whole future and indeed his life were menaced. Nothing would avail but sanatorium treatment in the mountains; and there were no means of meeting the heavy expenses that would be incurred. I lay brooding gloomily over the *impasse* when I saw West mounting alone the slope that leads to the garden. As I learnt later, he had been piloting Delane up the "glacier route" on the Riffelhorn. He was without axe or stick; was deep in thought, with hands in pockets and the coiled rope dangling from his neck like a safety-belt. As I looked, the thought occurred to me to try a bold experiment. No harm could come of it and possibly much good.

"What, back already and in mufti!" he cried, as he stepped on to the balcony.

Yes: a delightful climb, short but sweet. Leslie is a cat and I would go anywhere with him.

Liked the sharp bit of ridge?

Liked it all—not too much snow after all and the views were magnificent.

You look a bit down on your luck, nevertheless. A bad mail? Nothing serious, I hope?

(The opportunity had come.)

I want to ask you something.

Nothing more about the "Back of Beyont"?

No: something about this sad world of appearances. I gather that you are rich; I am poor.

He countered with his customary gaiety. "You are not the appearance in question? You don't want to borrow a fiver—please don't. Fivers part the best friends and I can't risk losing your friendship, my dear Anderton."

Then suddenly he became serious. "Who told you that I am rich?"

"Well; Leslie thinks so. And I fancied you might like to do a good turn."

"The case? I dispose of certain resources."

"A young pupil of mine, a scholar of St. Peter's, of great promise in philosophy, is a victim of phthisis. He ought to go abroad; it is probably his only chance. And there is no money."

"I thank you"—and his eyes seemed to penetrate my soul—"Ah! his name is Donald Bentley. Quite so. Anderton, your heart is sound."

"My god! West, how do you know the name?"

"Again I thank you." He bowed and stepped back into the room which opens out on to the balcony. He returned with a cheque.

"Send him for six months to Montana. But two conditions. If he refuses this help save as a loan, let some other sorely tried worker benefit hereafter. Further, the help must come from you, not from me." And he handed me the cheque, which was for a sum of not less than £300.

I had admired West: I now loved him. But the mystery in which he moved had deepened. Who was this man whom even the flippant and rather cynical Leslie seemed to respect? And what was the tie which had won for him the enthusiasm of Roger Delane?

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

(1) On "Images", cf. Chapter V. p. 113.

(2) Chapter V. p. 113.

(3) Chapter IV. p. 75.

CHAPTER VII

RELIGION AND DIVINE IMAGINING

ON the afternoon after the return from the Unter-Gabelhorn, West and I were lying on the long chairs of the balcony, talking of the projected traverse of the Ober-Gabelhorn by way of glacier, rock-face, the "gabel" and the splintered ridge that brings one down at last to névé, glacier and the path to the Schonbuhl hut. The glacier route had been abandoned for some time but, in view of the interest of the rock-face reached by it, we had decided to try our luck, and were sending guides ahead with ladders to bridge two formidable crevasses in the line of the ascent. The next night six of us, including Kaufmann, would be lodged in the Trift hut, starting at two o'clock in the morning for the long but fascinating traverse.

Changing the topic, I sought now some further light on the problem that had been haunting me. "Leslie has been telling me of his strange meeting with you in Paris," I ventured; "all three of you were well out of that business: but the seizure that gripped Leslie's opponent puzzles me. An odd attack, hardly due to Leslie's blow as the man had already risen to his feet—shall we call it luck?"

"Leslie was born under a lucky star," replied West, ignoring deliberately the trend of my question. "Some marvel that good-looking, robust, well-off and famous, a darling of the gods, he remains nevertheless, as we know, a pessimist. That mood, however, will pass, when his intellectual difficulties are met and he gets settled in life. Naturally he is light-hearted, kindly and expansive. His intense sympathy with suffering has embittered his philosophy."

"It seems a pity that the Paris adventure did not end in a cure.

I refer to the girl who went out of his life—she seems to have been charming.”

West smiled. “Perhaps she will come into his life again. The power ‘that shapes our ends’ brings surprises to all of us. . . . But here come the others, the Professor still limping, I see. What is on the list of topics for discussion to-day?”

“Religion in the light of the concept of Divine Imagining. I dare say there will be references to history and some work with the muck-rake before we reach the level on which abides truth. The story of the religions gives our pessimist scope for plain speaking. However it will be an afternoon of light work before we face the difficulties of the topics that lie in waiting.”

* * * * *

The Professor and Leslie, both very hostile to the creeds of the herd, were to open the discussion. I, who held that the plain man is seldom quite in the wrong and that metaphysics may well have to adopt his fundamental beliefs, duly revised, was far less bitter. But I put my trust, be it understood, in the reasonably educated plain man whose head has not been “stuffed” in childhood (1)—a crime still permitted, in the interest of the herd-creeds, by the law. Delane, like the rest of us, owned allegiance to no form of faith but, as an imaginalist who had not faced yet all his problems, was waiting, I think, as regards essentials, to hear what West had to say. I could forecast West’s procedure quite plausibly. He would listen attentively to everyone, find a certain value in many seemingly grotesque creeds as imaginal creations of man consoling believers and serving the needs of practice. He would then want to know precisely what the very general term “religion” means. It denotes certainly more than the warring institutional faiths, Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity, etc., which contend for the favour of mankind; and its “connotation”, as the logicians say, must be correspondingly wide. There are religions, as we know, which do not recognise God or gods and ignore even belief in a future life. West might suggest a definition covering all the instances of religion, or possibly he might indicate the typical religious consummation towards which the religionists of various persuasions move, though often at a great distance. And finally, he would explain religion by pointing out the place filled by it within the world-

system sustained by Divine Imagining. Nothing less could serve his purpose.

The Professor, a devotee of science and further a student of Gibbon, Lecky, Huxley, Mill and Draper, cared little for any creed which, incidentally or deliberately, had ever stifled truth. He was the intellectual whom devotional dreaming repels. He bore a grudge against the herd-creeds, all of which, as history shows, have fought from time to time the champions of knowledge and have given rise often to bad habits of thinking, altered with difficulty and marring the free development of millions of men. Even when the creeds had some practical value in consoling believers and bettering social morality, the benefit, he thought, had been on the whole dearly bought. This benefit too had been much exaggerated. For man, stirred by his sympathies, moves naturally, if slowly, to higher and higher phases of social morality. On the other hand, in the heyday of the herd-creeds, when perhaps overtaken, he has reverted often to primitive hardness and shown himself intolerably vile. Thus the cruelties of Christians in the Middle Ages, when they ruled the Western world, went far beyond what they themselves had once suffered at the hands of "infidels". One recalls the telling passage in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.⁽²⁾ Our knowledge and sympathies, said the Professor, moralise mankind slowly but more safely. We can now dispense with the creeds. And, on the side of intellect, the petty outlook which stirred the early Christians, Luther and even Milton, hardly interests thinkers to-day. This was the gist of his opening speech, in which he stated quite brusquely that religion no longer entered into his life. But he expected that both the intellect and the sympathies were to derive much of great value from progress in philosophy.

L. It is arguable that man is not yet fully sane. Were the great world-religions born from perfect sanity? Lombroso has said that epilepsy is required for the make-up of a messenger, or son, of God. If the founder of Islam had not suffered from fits, the world's history would have been very different. Many reformers of religion are known to have been epileptics. In *The Future of an Illusion*, Dr. Sigmund Freud compares religion to a "childhood neurosis" from which mankind will one day be free. Religion will lose its power, as do other "obsessions" when their

meaning has been fully understood. Society will not be healthy till the "obsession" is mastered—religion seen through and cast aside. What, after all, is the world-principle that we should adore it? What are the great world-religions but cheats which help us to endure the miseries of life without rising in revolt? Cosmic Imagining is a chartered miscreator whose very abominations, thanks to religion, evoke the hymn of praise. Get rid of religion and the grim truth about reality will be grasped, albeit slowly, by all. And society, at last fully sane, will be able to decide whether "to be or not to be" is the best policy for those toiling up the Calvary of life.

D. You regard the religions, in so far as they are not constructed by man, as devices by which world-imagining keeps us toiling and moiling?

L. I do. The greater of these devices flower suddenly in history; are imagined, *i.e.* created to tide man over race-depression, to renew his willingness to be a slave. Great numbers of men in some region or other have been living in a state of unrest, wearied with much of life as they live it and wanting their future, which need not be on Earth, painted in bright colours. Next a strong personality, even more intensely afflicted with this unrest, arises among them. The religion, an imaginal construction, grows out of his teaching. The teaching need not be true, but it must be such as to fire the joy-seekers. The teacher need not be an intellectual: indeed, if we except Buddha, there is no intellectual among the founders of religions. The Galilean, for instance, could not have discussed philosophy with Kant or physics with Einstein; he was primarily a moral genius or inventor whose world-scheme is very simple indeed. But his gospel made a strong appeal to the masses: it satisfied a contemporary imaginative need. And in the centuries that followed it kept men hard at work and deferred awhile the revolt against life.

D. Pessimist! Of course a new religion is an imaginal construct; it could derive, however, in part directly from world-imagining; and thus portions of it, however humble or even "epileptic" the teacher, might reflect, if darkly, fontal reality itself. It could also serve the purposes of superhuman beings or finite gods interested in this planet. But, be this as it may,

there is one thing, Leslie, which I cannot understand. You believe in an unconscious world-imagining and yet you use words that ascribe to it purpose. If we are guided by devices such as the religions, a consciously guiding world-principle seems indicated.

L. There is a German literature of the Unconscious which makes much of "unconscious purpose". I mention this with a certain diffidence; for myself I prefer to say that the unconscious world-imagining works *as if* it was purposive.

D. But how does it work so as to evolve this very complex world and us? Well: we shall discuss consciring later and I won't step now where angel philosophers fear to tread. With regard, however, to the "imaginal constructs", these are obviously of all sorts and on very different levels of value. Some are great—at least for the time when they were created; some (of human origin, shall we say?) are monstrous, even abominable; others puerile and ridiculous. In the forests of imagining grow trees fair and foul. A museum of the religions would be worth a visit; from the mystic and philosopher to the lout all would find fancies to give them pause.

A. If we dwell on the imagining of human origin bodied forth in ritual and belief, what strange creations confront us! All perception, as we know, even of the simplest objects, is creative, and the earliest religions are cases of our imaginal enrichment of perceived Nature. The most absurd fetish is an imaginally transformed object carved out of the sense-field. Primitive man, like the child, is not always aware of what he has added to fact. The old Iberians are said to have heard a hiss as the sun touched the sea; and the hiss belonged, after all, to each man's unanalysed perspective of the world. Egyptian gods and goddesses, like Montou, god of war, and his consort Ra Tooui, were worshipped for centuries: and what were they but constructs of human fancy ensouling temples? The worship of the Dioscuri, born of waking dream, was celebrated by vast crowds; and the annual procession of the Equites at Rome in their honour must have been impressive: "there must be something in it", as a bystander would say. There was—creative human imagining fusing with sense; and with this the beauty that seems to justify itself. "Religion is mythology and mythology is

in part art and in part philosophy," observes Croce, but in the case of the Dioscuri the powers imagined had their uses, and the early makers of gods do not despise the practical. Dionysus, again, is born with the imagining that invests the ritual of spring festivals; a cult at first of practical folk who had needs that he could serve. But what a contrast between the god in his cradle and the god as he was to grow in thought! The Vedic and Norse gods exemplify this same process of imaginal supplementing whereby we perceive stocks and stones. The cult of Astarte and Adonis, which stirred the celebrants to frenzy, is another waking dream, almost an "obsession" which rules the dreamer. Thus we can see how the primitive gods, furthering herd-emotion, are bodied forth in imaginal shapes. The religion of the Greeks "was, we might say, nothing but poetry: nothing but what imagination added to the rudiments of science", writes Professor Santayana, discussing the Homeric Hymns. But this riot of imagining, while often helpful to man, makes also for the bad. Thus vultures, ibises, crocodiles, hawks, cats and the rest, as in the animal-cults of ancient Egypt, are transformed in the perceptions of men and become nuisances. And the many other abominations of human religious imagining, purifying blood-baths, Ju-ju, Moloch, etc., take shape, fouling the very earth and constituting "obsessions" in the race-mind. There is a primitive poetry in religion which is often foul. And in an imperfect world the foul may endure very long.

Orgies of religious imagining take place in our midst to-day, the worshippers living literally awhile in the private worlds which they make. Salient cases are those of Lourdes, the Santa Lucia procession at Syracuse and the cult of the Black Madonna of Einsiedeln. Almost anything can be treated as true. There was a time when men "saw" Pontius Pilate washing his hands in a Swiss lake and when the magistrates of Lucerne fined the curious for troubling the spirit in his haunt. But along with excesses of creation goes the priceless work of the imagining, in which useful religious initiative blent with morality has its source. Ideal beings and histories are created when nothing of the sort wanted exists in the prosaic world. And art, also creative, clothes these visions in the apparel of magnificence required.

D. The work of human imagining is formidable. It has not

been shown, however, that this imagining suffices for every religious need. Denizens of superphysical levels may influence us. And Divine Imagining guides, perchance, the chequered history of mankind. For the lot of mankind, after all, is an adventure to which It has committed Itself.

A. You, Delane, have to think so. And I should be sorry myself to have to reject the hypothesis.

S. I wish to say here that, while I have no personal interest in the herd-creeds, I am aware of the services which they have rendered to man in the past. They have ugly aspects which, as a student of science, I detest; they have other such aspects which our friend Leslie is sure to stress. But, on the supposition—disputable, I allow—that earth-life is worth living and leads to a Tennysonian “divine event”, such religion is a necessary evil. I might argue that, indispensable in the past, religion, in spite of all its imperfections and crimes, is a condition of the evolution of man. Progress entails risk and certainly pain; yet, unshattered by disasters, the human species continues to advance. And, if we could believe in the “divine event”, we might be glad to have travelled successfully, even at a great cost, a short distance towards it. What say you, West?

W. I will intervene later. Please continue.

S. Consolation and happiness have been brought to many by the dreams of religion; terror and disaster have been allotted to others. But we have more to take account of than this. There were times in the East and West when human institutions had to be rooted in authority: authority that could tame kings and serfs alike because it was esteemed divine. The great civilisers and moralisers are knowledge and sympathy. But in certain stages of culture ideals, such as those of mutual love, justice, benevolence and so forth, are championed most effectively by a voice from heaven. A quickening of the evolution of morals may be secured. Thus the commands of a divine despot resounded through Europe during the Middle Ages. Unhappily this procedure, if in some respects successful, gave birth also to evil. For despots enforce obedience. Consequently the servants of this despot used violence on his behalf. They could not tolerate the free men who laughed at orthodoxy and shook the despot's throne. Back swung reaction towards cruelty of thought

and deed, begging the vices of Romans and Assyrians at their worst.(2)

A. The fictions of such a despotism may have passing worth. Fictions are often as potent as fact. No one believes that Ajax and Teucer, brought in a trireme from "Aegina's isle", fought in the battle of Salamis. But the fiction was of practical value to those who won.

S. During the despotism many spurious "virtues", of course, were championed along with the rest; a further reason why I regard the period with dislike. And now I close with a note of sadness. We have to break eggs to make omelettes. And maybe it is necessary to break men in the making of a world. Even the "mortality of occupations" is a veritable massacre of the innocent.

L. It appears then, on your admission, that we are tortured and cheated to facilitate the making of a world. For our own good or that of the creative world-principle?

S. I take it that your world-principle Cosmic Imagining, being "blind" like Schopenhauer's Will, does not seek its own or its creatures' good. It imagines and events occur. West will try to explain much later in the light of his concept of Divine Imagining. I have no solution to offer. I am drawing attention to certain facts which impress me.

L. Are you really a neutral in this discussion? You have spoken of a possible "divine event" and have suggested that the popular religions or herd-creeds may be necessary evils. But this is to side provisionally with West. You are moving toward the view—useless to deny it—that a power, aware of its activity, immanently purposive, guides creative evolution. Why then, I must ask, are the religions so often deplorably defective, so often tainted with positive evil that divine guidance might have kept aloof? Shall I refer you to the blood-sacrifices of the neolithic peoples, in which the idea, still polluting European thought, of the sacrificial god-king apparently took its rise? Shall I cite the slaughtering that marked the religion of the primitive American civilisations: cruel slaughtering that neared madness, degrading both the physique and character of the race? Is Divine Imagining guiding the ritual of the Aztec *teocalli*? Shall I stress with Macaulay the mischiefs due to the

religions born in India, the social crimes perpetrated by Brahminism, the paralysing touch of Buddhism? Shall I take you to "religious" Nineveh whose sons flayed alive their prisoners of war? Or will you go to equally "religious" Carthage to watch the meals of Moloch or visit the holy abattoirs of Jerusalem, Baalbek, Emesa and the like, veritable centres of debauch in blood? What part plays Divine Imagining here?

Human pain might have been lessened at an early date by the boon of anaesthetics; but revelations of this value never occur. Wisdom is priceless; in its place come what Carlyle well called the "insupportable stupidity", "the wearisome confused jumble", of the Koran; glory of a religion that has brought cultural disaster to millions of men.(3) Encouragement is wanted for bold inquirers—there is heard the brutal order of the Jew that the freethinker shall be destroyed.(4) A voice from heaven is sought and lo! there arises the polity of Rome to which, in his essay on the *History of the Popes*, Macaulay assigns pride of place among the contrivances devised "for deceiving and oppressing mankind". After so many centuries of Christianity good-will among men ought to have been secure. But the weakness of this creed proved disastrous. Walk through the war cemeteries, so silent under the cold stars.

S. Alas! we must allow, with Carveth Read, for a "natural tendency to parasitism" in governments and religions alike. They may begin well: but they may strangle later those to whose needs they once ministered.(5) There is no religion, save possibly that yet to be stated by philosophy, which does not outlive its usefulness; and there are creeds which are never useful at all. No age can anticipate all the needs of its successor. But I should not condemn necessarily a religion merely because it brought much pain into the world. In Goethe's *Faust*, Mephistopheles is on good terms with God. He is the mate of man who is forced by him to tread the path of progress. A whip is sometimes more effective than a smile.

It is not easy to make general statements about religion. There are cults that are useless, hurtful and even obscene. In the rite of the taurobolium during the worship of Cybele at Rome, a man went down into a pit and was "washed in the blood"—no, not of a lamb but—of a bull slaughtered on a

platform overhead. A fantastic Mithraism presented similar scenes. This is a typical obscene cult which is echoed preposterously even in some modern hymns. On the other hand, there are cults which, like Buddhism and Christianity, began in beauty and helped to console and civilise vast numbers of men. They have their limitations; they have histories not to be regarded too closely, if you are avoiding evil; and it would be unwise to ask of them more than they can give. Sufficient for its time only is the religion thereof.

Christianity repels me to-day but was it not indispensable in the past? And remember, mountaineer, broken as is the snout of a glacier, slow-moving and cumbrous as is its mass, rock and rubbish-strewn as is its surface, it had its origin in snow which fell from the clouds pure and white. And even the snout is forced to melt at last in the sunlight—to lose its burden of rock and rubble and to become a stream bringing joy to a valley.

L. Professor, you talk like a poet. But what, in this case, is the stream that threads the valley? Proclus, last of ancient philosophers, declared that Christianity marked the triumph of superstition over philosophy. If he is right, the stream that leaves this glacier paves no valley with green.

S. The sunlight of philosophical thought melts the glacier and supplies what religion—the vanishing glacier—lacks. But, after all, let us be practical and show breadth of view. Christianity helped the Western world awhile—at a price—but cannot help it for ever. It did much to tame the rude peoples who swarmed into the Roman Empire. These men needed a new faith and they got it; but they took along with it the risks with which man's dark imaginings are big. Another age is dawning—that of intellectual freedom. And philosophy, as West suggests, is to rescue the plain man, now frozen in the glacier, take over his fundamental wholesome beliefs and reinterpret them in a sympathetic and adequate way.

D. You two are in this fix: the Professor inclines to believe that the evolution of religion is purposive, but his methodic doubt has left him without the metaphysics that support such a view. Leslie holds to his unconscious "Cosmic Imagining", but is embarrassed by the higher phenomena of religion on which his adversary lays stress. He has consequently to make

much of the base aspects of the story of the creeds, as he will later, no doubt, stress unduly evil in general. A deadlock having been reached, perhaps our host will intervene.

A. May I suggest that the answer to the difficulties raised by Leslie is best reserved for the dialogue which concerns evil in general? The Professor is embarrassed, as Delane says, because he is shy of metaphysics; and the truth is that only some metaphysical solution in the grand manner can cover this and the many other phases of the problem of evil. Still West might, perhaps, give us a foretaste of his solution without anticipating too much.

W. Let me first consider with your aid representative cases of the attitudes called "religious"; next, whether the term "religion" can be defined and what finally the typical religion appears to be. So far it seems to me that too much attention has been concentrated on certain phases of religion such as are illustrated by the herd-creeds. Need I say that much which has been described by eminent men as "religion" does not resemble the great institutional creeds and the primitive cults at all closely. An adequate definition, therefore, some will contend, is not to be found.

A. And you will not say much yet respecting the general problem of evil?

W. No: there exists a solution, but your suggestion as to deferring the discussion was excellent. And now let me begin by looking closely at the cases which the very general name "religion" is used to denote. Unless I do this I shall be talking too vaguely and wasting your time.

Primitive magic and religion, according to Malinowski, grow out of situations of crisis with emotional stress: they "open up escapes". Magic seeks the direct control of Nature by rite and spell; and religion, which makes appeal to higher beings, ghosts, gods, etc., is said to supervene, in the opinion of experts, as this attempt at direct magical control reveals its limitations. This view ignores the possible influence of supernormal facts such as concern modern "psychical research", but it has the merit—absent from Tylor's animistic view of primitive cults—of not treating savages as philosophers. Jane Harrison thinks that faith and cult spring "from the crises of human existence",

religion growing around death, marriage etc., when needs are strong and emotions acute. "Art and religion alike spring from unsatisfied desire"—a vitalistic theory of the origins of religion.

I need not discuss here still debated topics of this kind. Suffice it to say that the needs or supposed needs of practice prompt the creations of primitive imagining. A hard world, not a *primaevae* revelation, drove man to religion. And when we read definitions of religion, as it exists for advanced communities or thinkers, we must regard these ordinarily as applicable only to a limited field. Perhaps Anderton and the Professor will oblige us by mentioning some definitions of this sort?

A. (reading from his notes). Kant made religion "essentially belief in the reality and sovereignty of the moral order", depending on a right attitude of will. Schleiermacher made it the sphere of piety: a "feeling of dependence" on the ultimate reality. Hegel calls religion "God's self-consciousness". Fichte, in his later phase, regards religion as the self-annihilating love with which the "finite ego" gives itself up to the ends of the divine life. Mill (on the Utility of Religion) holds that "the essence of religion is the strong and earnest direction of the emotions and desires towards an ideal object, recognised as of the highest excellence and as rightfully paramount over all selfish objects of desire". Herbert Spencer bases religion on the vague consciousness of the Unknowable. Carlyle notes the connexion between "worship" and "worthship". What we worship in religion has in our opinion supreme worth. Bradley saw in religion "a fixed feeling of fear, resignation, admiration or approval, no matter what may be the object, provided only that this feeling reaches a certain strength, and is qualified by a certain degree of reflection. But I should add at once, that in religion fear and approval to some extent *must* always combine. We must in religion try to please, or at least to submit our wills to, the object which is feared. That conduct toward the object is approved of, and that approbation tends again to qualify the object. On the other side, in religion approval implies devotion and devotion seems hardly possible, unless there is some fear, if only the fear of estrangement." Religion lies at the degree of devotion where "we feel that proper selves, in comparison, are quite powerless or worthless". Hoffding asserts that "the maintenance of value is the

fundamental thought of religion or the religious axiom"; for Bosanquet religion is "the union with a whole beyond the finite self, and self-realisation in and through this union".

L. Enough—enough. Our spiritual pastors and masters are quarrelling as usual. One famous sage, for instance, adores something about which nothing can be known and which cannot therefore inspire a sane devotion. And the others disagree with him and with one another. What an infernal orchestra!

D. And what has Bradley's account to do with the beliefs and practices of the "religious" savage, who turns to ancestor-ghosts or gods because magic fails? It seems to me that religion is a maze in which thinkers get lost. Anderton's definitions concern at best only the higher forms of religion—and probably not all of them—and they clash obviously.

W. (laughing). Thanks immensely, Anderton; we continue to observe that religion presents no easy problem. How these intellectuals elbow and jostle one another! Perhaps the Professor will aid us by citing some further definitions with which to promote discord.

S. (also reading from notes). Bertrand Russell defines religion as "a set of beliefs held as dogmas, dominating the conduct of life, going beyond or contrary to evidence, and inculcated by methods which are emotional or authoritarian, not intellectual", and of such religions is Bolshevism.(6) Whitehead, again, sees in religion "the art and the theory of the internal life of man, so far as it depends on the man himself and on what is permanent in the nature of things". What should emerge from religion is individual worth of character.(7)

L. The first definition applies obviously to a limited field. The second also ignores far too much and belongs to ethics rather than to the philosophy of religion. "Should" is a well-chosen word. In practice religion is compatible, as we know, with criminality including the plotting of murder. Churches have slain multitudes. State-ordered slaughter in war is greeted by most religious persons with cheers. Prostitutes and brutal criminals are often most religious; the Thugs, who were professional murderers, were quite devout.

D. The muddle thickens, and what seems to me to be indicated is this. We lack some basic concept by the aid of which all

these clashing and partial views can be valued. I don't grumble at men having different objects of religion, because, if Imaginism is right, the universe must seethe with variety, and religion, among other things, must take many forms, high and low. But, unless we can reach this basic concept, we shall babble idly "in wandering mazes lost".

S. Shall I continue?

D. At your peril. We have heard much more than enough. I did not know that philosophers' disagreements are so grave. Were you to add to their sayings the definitions of the religionists themselves, you would drive us helter-skelter to Bedlam.

W. Delane is right. There must be indefinitely varied forms of what we call "religion", and yet we must conceive some basic experience in the light of which valuation and grading are possible.

A. Is it possible to reach a definition of religion?

W. Stating the features which human cults and the allied practices labelled "religious" have in common? I don't think that such defining attributes, shared by all objects of religion, can be found; what is common to all the cases is rather the emotional attitude of the religionists themselves.

On the lower levels of human life the object of worship may be mean, ministering to purely selfish interests. You will think of the savage who wants aid to supplement magic, of the *do ut des* of the Vedas, offerings simply purchasing favours, of Satan-worshippers, of peoples who slaughter men and animals in order to gain their strength (8) or conciliate imagined gods. You will think of such religion with Leuba as "cette portion de la lutte pour la vie qui se fait avec l'aide de certaines forces de l'ordre spirituel. C'est un des moyens découverts par l'homme pour vivre mieux et plus abondamment." In the Nile valley gods were worshipped because "the powers of destruction and evil (above all, the Sun's heat and noxious animals) are very strong, and only to be kept at bay, after man has done his utmost, by the good-will of a power on his side which also has dominion over them". (9) "Even the gods of Nature inspired reverence and secured a cultus only as they influenced the well-being of man." (10) The religion of the earlier Romans was intensely practical; an equivalent according to contract for all sacrifices,

rites and offerings was expected from the gods. This self-seeking shows even in the *De Imitatione Christi* of later days. "Lord I come unto Thee to the end that wealth may come unto me." In taking account of a definition this aspect of religions must be kept carefully in view.

A plausible current definition states that religion is devotion to the most perfect reality which shows in our experience. Two considerations are timely. In the first place, the selfish attachment of a savage to his fetish or blood-bath contrasts greatly with the "intellectual love" of a Spinoza for God. I must decline, therefore, to use the same word "devotion" to describe the attitudes of the savage and of Spinoza. I might urge, however, that human religion is an attachment or devotion to the most useful *or* perfect reality in our experience. In the second place, I must include—in conformity with ordinary practice—among possible objects of religion more than ecclesiastics may care to welcome. Bolshevism, for instance, was mentioned a little way back as a religion. Devotion to one's nation may be another. There is a religion of Humanity—the *Grand Être* of Comte, and of many enthusiasts outside faith; there are religions of Love and Art. Nay, some men, as we say, make a "religion" of money-making. Any object in fact, if sufficiently important or impressive, may secure the attachment or devotion implied. The word "religion" suggests a bond or tie. And it is on this tie, on this similarity of emotional attitude on the worshippers' side, not on features common to all the objects worshipped, that the seeker after a definition must lay stress.

Spencer's position requires a last word. There can be no attachment or devotion to a "void immense"; consequently a religion of the Unknowable is absurd. But what Spencer had unwittingly, I suggest, in view was the worship, not of the unknown, but of the source of the phenomena which everyone is aware of in his ordinary work-a-day life. In so far as it appears therein, the source is known.

So far, so good. But all this time I have been considering *human* religions, fair and foul, of world-historic importance, sectarian and even ridiculous. I have been asking whether a definition can be framed in such a way as to include them all. I have urged that there are no common features shared by all the

objects of religion as they actually exist. What is common to religionists is the emotional attitude on which I laid stress: the enduring and master attachment or devotion which exalts the object, whatever it be, a god, a devil, the Pole Star, a holy bull or bear, Art, Humanity, the nation or even money-making. But, of course, a gulf yawns between the "attachment" of a savage and the devotion of a Spinoza or Traherne. The one worships a seemingly useful ally ("worship", as Carlyle said, is connected with "worthship"); the others adore the most perfect reality they wot of; and they do so without interest in petty utilitarian ends.

But we cannot solve the problem of religion by agreeing about a working definition in this way. In order to understand, value and grade, human religions, we must get beyond them.

S. Not to the religions of imaginary supermen or dwellers in the undiscovered regions of space?

W. Quite unnecessary. Such religions, if they exist, merely complicate the problem—nothing more. Whether higher or lower than human cults, they would be merely additions to the variety which has to be understood.

D. You direct our thoughts once more to Divine Imagining?

W. Quite so. All these human attachments and devotions to cults belong to a level of degradation: to the realm of what was discussed, in the book I am defending, as the "Metaphysical Fall". They are glow-worm lights only to be noted over against the gloom of night; they are as nothing in the blaze of the noontide cosmic sun. Some are much brighter than others, but the brightest is, for the high mystic, of very little account. Brightest by far and visible even at dawn would be the religion of philosophy as it could be stated by a high mystic.

D. Could we say that God, *i.e.* Divine Imagining, comprises somehow the archetypal religion? And, if so, what is the bearing of this truth on the riddle of human cults?

W. A full reply cannot be given at the moment. Recall that we are not yet in agreement as to whether Divine Imagining is aware of Its activity or not; we have not discussed the bliss-aspect of this Imagining and, further, we have not dealt with the problem of evil in general. A satisfactory reply to your last question presupposes much: nothing less than your acceptance

of the views which I shall defend in connexion with these three topics.

L. Never mind. Anticipate a little, telling us what we must take for granted.

W. Suppose then that we agree that Divine Imagining is aware of Its activity and *inter alia* of Its aspect of bliss. "Unimpeded activity", as Aristotle would have called it, is pleasant, or, in the telling words of Blake, the poet-mystic, "energy is eternal delight". Divine conspiring (the "energy") sustains and creates in that bliss, flashes of which have lit enraptured mystics like Plotinus.

Consider again human religion in its highest forms. What is the attitude? Devotion to the most perfect reality that shows in experience. But this devotion of a finite person is selective; it covers only a small portion of what he knows or thinks he knows. Thus the object worshipped may be only Humanity, the State, or a vaguely localised personal God. Some of the contents of his experience, actual or fancied, are objects of devotion; the rest are treated as a mere background.

Turn from this minnow pool of the finite person and contemplate the ocean of Divine Imagining. There is surely no selective devotion on this level: all the contents and dependent sentient, whether sustained (conserved) or evolved additively, belong to the whole of "delight-love-beauty".(11) The creations of the Perficient Power (12) are not indeed "complete and finished"—It is not, as we saw, a German or Indian Absolute above change—but Its creativity is such that Its constructing could not be bettered. On the divine level the best possible that is imagined is also the best possible actuality that is being realised. Bliss pervades the creative activity; the "vision glorious" of the higher human religions which, however, in so far as it is merely ideal, is a makeshift. This bliss-aspect of Divine Imagining is not a pale human fancy, but blazing reality itself. One might almost call it the "archetypal religion" of which Delane spoke.

A. I follow you, I think. When I consider the "attachment" of a man who worships and eats bears, like an Aino, I am at a degraded level of religion; when I consider the cases of Spinoza or Traherne I find myself on the much higher level of "devotion". But for you even the religion of Spinoza, with its "intellectual

love of God", is a makeshift: for God is represented in his experience mainly by concepts, *i.e.* pale substitute-facts, and the bliss of Divine Imagining fades into a mild intellectual emotion. Had Divine Imagining revealed Itself suddenly to Spinoza, as Zeus came in a blaze of lightning to Semele, the philosopher would have perished in the experience. But now about this "archetypal religion". The nobler forms of human religion show devotion to the highest reality of which the human worshippers are aware or think themselves aware. Are we to suppose that devotion on God's level is to God Himself? For what does Divine Imagining conscire that lies genuinely beyond Itself?

L. A divine egoism would be a crowning philosophical scandal, recalling the worst nonsense of the older "sacred literature".

W. Divine Imagining is not an "ego" or person; egoism and altruism belong to levels where individuals like ourselves, finite sentient, are being evolved.

It is said of Divine Imagining in the book thus named that "devotion to Its contents and sentient is also devotion to Itself. Being all-inclusive, It does not go beyond Itself, and yet It finds all that supreme love and beauty imply within Itself".(13) But it is better, I think, to express the truth otherwise. The fontal reality is above egoism and altruism, devotion to Itself or "other" reality. And the phrase "devotion *to*" hardly suggests the directness, the immediacy of the bliss-consciring in which oppositions, such as obtain on our human level of divisions and conflicts, are overcome. It is impossible, of course, to form any remotely adequate idea of divine emotion. Even the sayings "God is love", "God is delight-love-beauty" merely denote in a necessarily vague way that affective or feeling-aspect which, faintly present at first, stirs to his depths the high mystic. Ravaisson referred to this feeling-aspect when he treated the world as work of an absolute beauty "*qui n'est la cause des choses que par l'amour qu'elle met en elles*". Shelley likewise had an intuition of this sustaining love. But, on the other hand, the aspect is not the whole. Divine Imagining is more than any phrase, dealing with Its merely affective aspect, can suggest.

S. Well, West, you put the case strongly, but we have given you long credits. And we have yet to see whether you will meet your bills of exchange when they are presented. You say that

the archetypal reality, round which human religions revolve at vast distances, is Divine Imagining regarded in Its affective aspect. You won't have God painted "grey in grey"; you re-assert the reality of Cosmic Emotion. But, without troubling you about the credits, I should like to ask how the "ectypal", *e.g.* the human, religions stand to the archetypal one, as Delane called it. For some of these religions are very bad and most contain grave blemishes. Does Divine Imagining comprise all these outlying territories of religion, and, if not, what is their standing?

W. Symphonies may incorporate and transform what, for dull ears catching only a few sounds, are discords. If Divine Imagining includes every portion of the world-systems that are being evolved, It includes their worst and their best aspects alike and among them the religions. Yet, however hideous much of the past of religions appears *to us*, the dull ears, must it be repulsive in a cosmic setting? May it not even be indispensable, illustrating the variety of an imaginal world and losing its original sting within the larger whole in which it is caught up and transformed? The individuals on their Calvary suffer only for a short time. Great may be the compensations, and, after all, what is a child's cry, so soon stilled, in the history of a world-whole evolved creatively during billions of years? This is the first consideration which I have to submit. The second refers you to a further discussion: that which will deal with the problem of the standing of any particular world-system such as ours. May not this system at the outset be insulated, as was suggested in the book *Divine Imagining*; "we have to allow for the insulated, nascent systems, too ugly to enter, along with others, into minor and major wholes. Such systems belong, in theological language, to the region of 'wrath'. But they too are contents of the love-lit Imagining. They are theatres, accordingly, of destruction and creation such as transform them, slowly and at a cost, to splendour. They begin as wild adventures, illustrating once more the amazing variety in the divine life. They mature into what they must needs become alike for their own beauty and for the beauty of the encircling life." (14)

The Professor nodded and seemed stirred as if by a suggestion that had never presented itself before. But the customary

caution of the savant bridled him. "This second consideration has weight. How much weight? That will depend on the manner in which the origin of our world-system is to be explained."

W. Exactly: and now I see that our pessimist has something to say.

L. But how do the evils of religion, etc., originate in a world-system issuing from the divine? All are not useful, and the useless ones are often irremediably ugly as well.

W. I must refer you to our coming discussion of evil in general. Meanwhile, however, I will say this. As yet I have spoken in the main of imagining of cosmic scope. But there is also the petty imagining which underlies "individuals"—the finite centres of conspiring of which you and I are instances. In such centres, to use the expression I cull from the book *Divine Imagining*, imagining may "run amok". This is the fell initiative behind the evils popularly credited to "self-will"; it operates in man, in the animal world and far below even that level. It works in the initiatives of supermen; is the miscreator also in the dark phenomena of Chance.

L. (after a pause). As I live, West, a suggestion of promise! There is a lot in this . . . yes, of course, imagining, ever creating the new, is a chartered libertine even in the cases of the finite centres. And strange events, unpredictable and often sinister, may, nay must, take place in the history of a world-system . . . I follow you. It comes to this—the world-system may escape in part from central control. It has a free swing and will grow flowers and weeds alike.

W. Follow up the clue, my dear fellow, in view of the discussion that lies ahead. An imaginalist, you will help us vastly.

L. A splendid clue. But tell me this. Let me concede that dark events arise from imagining that "runs amok". The upshot? The world in which they occur becomes fouled; nay, the very past, which persists, you say, in *Divine Imagining*, is infected. Even in an imaginal world-whole, the worst of the evils can hardly be caught up and fitted into other contents so as to promote harmony and beauty. Is reality then to be infected for ever?

W. I will reply by citing a case from history. The deeds of Gilles de Retz, who violated and tortured hundreds of children,

could not be "transformed" suitably even in Bradley's (stirless but accommodating) Absolute! They cannot be conserved without infecting eternity. Is there a saving solution? You will hit on it during our discussion of evil. Yes: the past persists in Divine Imagining—as "made" reality. But there is nothing "made" which cannot be destroyed, and it is destroyed when the world-consciring maintains it no longer. Much in the world of creative evolution must cease to haunt even the past. Ah! you follow me. But no more just now. These long credits may not please the Professor.

S. I am inclined, West, to regard your firm as solvent.

We all looked at him in surprise but said nothing. "Nevertheless, I am waiting," he added, "to see how you account for phenomena in space-time."

D. If Divine Imagining is to flower fully in 'love-delight-beauty', It must cleanse world-histories of filth. The Absolute, on the other hand, cannot get rid of its maladies, being "above" change.

A. In Divine Imagining I descry what I must call a welcome world-principle—Dionysus the god of ecstatic joy, inspiration and mirthfulness. How long Europe has been ruled by tradition which reverences a dour solemn god; how long men, led by priests garbed like undertakers, have insisted that even the founder of a religion shall not be gay. Thus, according to the accounts, Jesus never laughed; he sighed, shed tears and was troubled more than once, but the jest of merriment never passed his lips. In the cult of Divine Imagining reigns the smile.

W. We might well speak of Divine Imagining and the worlds as Dionysus and His adventures. Anderton is right. The gloom and atmosphere of menace which invest so many creeds belong to superstition. Man, however, emerged a brute from the primitive struggle for existence and may be pardoned for inventing hard religions in times of danger and dread. But we at any rate, who know more, ought to be dancing in the sunshine.

A. Even our pessimists?

W. They only want, like Leslie, to see the sunshine.

S. I find all these observations stimulating. And now I should like to read you a passage from the pen of that luminous thinker, William James, bearing on the relations of mysticism to religion,

or rather to the higher religions.(15) "The mother-sea and fountain-head of all religions lies in the mystical experiences of the individual, taking the word mystical in a very wide sense. All theologies and all ecclesiasticisms are secondary growths superimposed; and the experiences make such flexible combinations with the intellectual prepossessions of their subjects, that one may almost say that they have no proper *intellectual* deliverance of their own, but belong to a region deeper, and more vital and practical, than that which the intellect inhabits. For this they are also indestructible by intellectual arguments and criticisms. I attach the mystical or religious consciousness to the possession of an extended subliminal self, within a thin partition through which messages make irruption." This view too places us in touch with a supra-intellectual reality beyond ourselves.

W. Thus James also traces back the best in religion to a level above intellect. The roots of our being are in the depths. And Dionysus, again, is within the adventure as well as beyond it. What wonder then that mystical experiences should feed the higher religions? Thanks, Professor, for reading to us James's notable letter. Ah! here comes the maid. Let us cease from troubling one another and sink our differences awhile in five steaming cups of tea.

In the lull that followed:

A. A moment's delay, West, before the truce is celebrated. How does belief in Divine Imagining bear on the maintenance of public ritual and worship?

W. Divine Imagining is a clarification, purification and expansion of the plain man's vague concept of God; stating truth about the reality which he worships, often ignorantly and sometimes (as when he credits it with egoism, blood-thirstiness and love of torture) blasphemously. God, as reconceived by Imaginism, belongs of course to no particular human religion. But, if men wish to show their devotion to the divine by maintaining a certain public ritual and worship, let them do so. And let those, for whom set orisons and ceremonies grow stale, worship as they list. I prefer the hill-top by day, the silent contemplation of the starry heavens by night to temple, mosque and cathedral, fastnesses of a cloying routine. And in practical life I strive, in my petty way, to further what I take to be the "increasing

purpose" manifested in History. The free man, if he cares to worship, decides such matters for himself.

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

(1) Cf. Chapter II. p. 42.

(2) " . . . the Christians, in the course of their intestine dissensions, have inflicted far greater severities on each other than they had experienced from the zeal of infidels. . . . If we are obliged to submit our belief to the authority of Grotius, it must be allowed that the number of Protestants who were executed in a single province and in a single reign (Charles V.) far exceeded that of the primitive martyrs in the space of three centuries of the Roman Empire." —*Decline and Fall*, chapter xvi. Lecky expressed surprise in *The History of European Morals* at the men who attributed to their god "a degree of cruelty which may be confidently said to transcend the utmost barbarity of which human nature is capable. Neither Nero nor Phalaris could have looked complacently for ever on millions enduring the torture of fire." Our natural sympathies proved fatal to this vicious doctrine of the Church. But what of the moral level of the folk who once upheld it? Was it not lower than that of the rudest pagans whom they denounced?

(3) "It (Muhammadanism) has gone far to ruin the north of Africa and Egypt. Syria, Persia and Asia Minor have been reduced to a pitiable condition by a faith which was of little positive value, and inspired men to no high deeds in art or science. But to Negro Africa, and no doubt to parts of India and Malaysia, it came as a great blessing, raising up savages to a state at any rate of semi-civilisation, making them god-fearing, self-respecting, temperate, courageous and picturesque," writes Sir H. H. Johnston, *The Opening Up of Africa*. Leslie would want to know why it failed so badly with the superior stocks.

(4) " . . . it was Judaism which first affirmed the theory of absolutism in religion, and laid down the principle that every reformer turning men away from the true faith . . . must be stoned without trial."—Ernest Rénan, *Life of Jesus*, Eng. Trans. Scott Library, p. 260.

(5) *Metaphysics of Nature* (2nd edition), p. 354.

(6) *Practice and Theory of Bolshevism*, pp. 113-4.

(7) *Religion in the Making*, pp. 16-7.

(8) Discussing the annual Boughonia at Athens, Jane Harrison observes (*Ancient Art and Ritual*, p. 90.): "What they wanted from the Bull was just that special life and strength which they had put into him and nourished and fostered. That life was in his blood . . . it was not to give him up to the gods that they killed him, not to 'sacrifice' him in our sense, but to have him, keep him, eat him, live by him and through him by his grace."

(9) Professor J. L. Myres, *Dawn of History*, p. 71.

(10) Professor Santayana, *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion*, p. 27.

(11) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 99-105.

(12) Cf. Chapter V. p. 97.

(13) *Divine Imagining*, p. 105.

(14) *Ibid.* p. 104.

(15) In a letter published by his son in *Atlantic Monthly* (Sept. 1920), cited by Professor Montague in *Ways of Knowing*, p. 67.

CHAPTER VIII

A DIALOGUE ON DIVINE CONSPIRING

THE most interesting of my climbs was a thing of the *past*; had *passed*, as West would have said, into that "made" reality which persists within Divine Imagining. Leaving the Trift hut at two o'clock we had a long lantern-lit trudge up moraine; crossed the bad crevasses by the aid of ladders and found ourselves in the light of a cold, crisp morning on the upper part of the glacier below a slope of hard snow rising steeply towards the cliffs of the Ober-Gabelhorn. A few zigzags, with steps here kicked, there cut by axe, brought us to the rocks when I understood why West, Leslie and Delane had been so anxious to take this route. They had wanted to enjoy the scramble up this picturesque, if formidable, face, near the top of which would be crossed the famous "gabel" of which I had heard so much. We were roped in two parties as for the ascent of the Lyskamm, Kaufmann leading in that of the Professor and Delane, Leslie in that of West and myself. We found the steep face tiring but the handholds were good and *verglas* infrequent, while our rests, with the climbers bunched together on some flat projecting crag or inside a small cavity, provided outlooks beyond description—what only alpinists and occasionally airmen enjoy on a fine day. There was an incident when the Professor dropped his axe which jammed luckily in a crack, but nothing startled me until we reached the "gabel". This revealed itself as a narrow ice-ridge uniting an outlying crag with the final peak very near the top; it had to be crossed astride and the man seated on this razor looked down on either side into misty depths. The heavy storm that had begun during our descent of the Lyskamm had left its mark here; a cornice or eave curled over the side to our left and the first part of this had to be hacked away before Kaufmann



THE WEISSHORN SEEN FROM ABOVE THE RIFFEL-ALP

could get in position for the crossing. The leader shuffled along the sharp ice-ridge as it was slowly cleared by the axe, cutting safety steps as he did so; hacked his way to a notch showing black rock, reached the frosted and forbidding face of the final peak, secured himself and called on the Professor to follow. Our comrade, who reminded me of a goggled parson doing duty for a steeplejack, shuffled not too confidently along the razor, the guide and Delane holding the rope taut so as to avoid sag. He was in trouble at the notch, but got across—somehow—and was made secure in very big steps, this enabling Delane to reach the notch. Then motioning to Delane to watch well his charge, Kaufmann cut and kicked his way up the final peak, anchored himself and the worst was over. The Professor had stood the test quite well. Some minutes later the three were nearing the crest of the mountain and Leslie was shuffling along the ice-ridge towards the notch. "Don't be surprised", he called out to me, "if you find the stuff shaky, but go easy". The "gabel" was in fact shaky and I took no liberties. However I crossed creditably, being congratulated by both my "guides", and we were soon with the first party on the crest. The top of the Gabelhorn at this date was of hard snow, showing a small cornice facing the south. It was very interesting to look down towards the Constantia hut and Zinal. In all directions rose high mountain-masses carrying glaciers and trenched with deep valleys which here and there lay below streaming cloud. Ahead of us running south was the formidable ridge which we were to descend. For we were not returning on our tracks; we were "traversing" the mountain, and this Arben ridge is a rock-passage in which experts delight. At one point one descends vertically a wall where even the handholds require testing, but the man looked after by experts finds such a place much easier than he expects. If he were to try it alone he would feel less cheerful, and furnish probably some more gruesome exhibits for the Museum of Zermatt. Guideless and guided climbing belong to different levels of sport.

A long scramble in the sunlight—that indispensable feature of pleasant wandering in high places—then the névé, dry glacier, and at last the Schonbuhl path. We had returned to chalet and hotels exulting; our pessimist having forgotten,

as usual, his creed. And now on the afternoon after this day of thrills we had come together again on the balcony of the chalet, anxious to gain what wisdom we could in the process of confuting, or striving to confute, the arguments of West.

It had fallen, by arrangement between us four, to the Professor to open the attack which, however, was weakening. For Delane had accepted West's main hypothesis as the only solution tolerable to common sense; the only one adequate to any call that might be made on it. His enthusiasm was not sicklied o'er by the doubts that dog the scholar. Leslie, while swayed by the German philosophy of the Unconscious and pessimism, was, after all, an imaginist himself; and I had observed that a suggestion dropped during the course of the last dialogue had given him pause.(1) I, while postponing the hour of decision, was disposed strongly to side with Delane on the ground that no alternative theory of value was in view. The Professor, though he wanted a background to his world of "events" and could find this only in some form of spiritual metaphysics,(2) moved slowly, like most men of science, treating Imaginism as a very plausible fancy that only long-drawn-out verification could convert into truth. West's attack on "neutral stuff"(3) had destroyed a rival fancy that might at long last have interested him: he perceived clearly too that the inclusive nature of Imagining is of capital importance. Difficulties, however, had to be surmounted; some connected with "consciring", some with Leslie's attitude, some with the riddle of space-time, others with the problem of deriving our actual world-system entirely from an imaginal source. The *creative* God of the plain man had become for West *Divine Imagining*, to which all additive cosmic creation and all cosmic conservation are due; but how did the Odyssey of this power, the adventure of this Dionysus in world-building, come to pass? Man could not aspire to complete illumination when putting questions of this kind, but some solution, expressed in very general terms, might be asked for. He was going to wait and see. Such then was the favourable emotional atmosphere in which our discussion was to take place.

The Professor produced a paper and read from it his report on our attitudes and on the topics connected with *Divine Imagin-*

ing that required special treatment. He laid aside his pipe, taking his position as spokesman very seriously. We were interested in his estimate of the progress which had been made and in his emphasis of the difficulties that lay ahead. I omit his remarks on our individual attitudes to which I have referred above. Let me follow him while he speaks in the main for the council of four regarded as a whole.

S. We are of opinion that the case for a world-principle, akin at any rate to the *contents* or "stuff" of our experience, is complete. World-contents, "entities", "existents", "subsistents", call them what you will, said to be radically different from experience-contents, are merely imagined by the writers who moot them; are private command-concepts, compact of fancy, representing nothing which we can confront in the universe. Only in and through experience do we verify; that which differed utterly from experience-contents could not appear to us at all. The extreme realists enjoy no privileged position. They select aspects of their experience, transform them in fancy, and project them imaginatively into independent existence in their own right. We agree that it is not thus that men, who *imagine*, can escape from West's *imaginal* universe! They are adding to the products of private creative imagining—no more.

We incline further to accept the view that the world-principle is Imagining, regarding the riddle as to whether it is aware of itself or not as so far unsolved. "Life is an activity of imagination; the world in which we live is a world of imagination", (4) writes Professor Warner Fite. Even the sensible contents of perception and the interpretation thereof derive from imagining—cosmic and private. (5) And there is nothing, we saw, in other aspects of human psychical life which resists obstinately the hypothesis championed by West. Nature, again, presents no difficulty outside the problems of its origin and details.

We agreed incidentally that there could be no question of substituting "reason" or "thinking", on Hegelian lines, for imagining as the nature of the world-principle. (a) "Reason" seems empty, as Schelling remarked, beside the fulness of the universe. Ours tends to become more and more selective and abstract—even the Hegelian "concrete universal" is abstract. It is condemned as insufficiently inclusive. (b) It is about something

other than itself. Whereas cosmic imagining is reality itself. Such imagining is sufficiently inclusive to embrace any suggested phenomenon. What it does not possess at any stage of its becoming it may create additively. I will not repeat our host's contentions which we accept.

But is this Imagining, the ultimate source of the world and individuals—or shall I say, in deference to West, finite sentient?—aware of its activity or not? That is the tremendous issue which has to be decided. Useless, I may note, at this juncture to discuss the topic of divine emotion—of cosmic feeling, of bliss-consciring—on which so much depends. Joy or pleasure implies the awareness of it. And a philosophy of the Unconscious, if this term is used intelligibly, excludes pleasure, unrestful feeling, and pain from the world-principle. Some writers treat of the Unconscious as if it were conscious! Useless also at this stage to discuss immanent purpose. How should the world-principle harbour “ends”, of which it cannot be aware at their birth, during their realisation, at their achievement? Is reality perhaps an aimless kaleidoscope, in which the contents, shaken up by “blind” fate or chance, form combinations of all sorts indifferently? We four are not in accord as to the solution of this problem. May I stress it as of primary importance?

As Fichte declared, we and other finite sentient are manifestations of the same power: “the separate egos are individual in their inner intuition alone”. “My true inner essence exists in every living being as immediately as it reveals itself to me in my own self-knowledge”, adds Schopenhauer. This, of course, is a very widely held view, favoured by idealists of the West and East alike. But these idealists clash when they answer the great question—Is this spiritual or mind-like power aware of itself as the world-whole, including Nature and all beings connected therewith, or does it attain awareness *merely* in the finite sentient or individuals in which it appears? If all such dependent individuals were annihilated, would there be cosmic consciring, would Imagining be still aware of its activity, as West maintains? Or would the entire universe become unconscious; the view favoured by our genial comrade Leslie? Again I say that the importance of the answer is basic. We have here a time-honoured controversy. Even in an Orphic hymn Night is called

mother of the gods; even in the old Norse religion Orlog, dark fate, lies deeper than Odin and Thor. Schelling in his later works regards the genesis of conscious beings as a passage "from darkness into light", and postulates a "dark and obscure principle", the Immemorial Being, as the common root of conscious individuality and Nature alike. The *contents* of this Immemorial Being are revealed partially in the contents of which we are aware: water, trees, light, etc.; what is special to us is the fact that we are *conscious* of them. Schopenhauer and the other philosophers of the Unconscious wrote in a similar strain. And we have, therefore, to ask our host to make it clear that Divine Imagining, and not the Immemorial Being (which could be identified with Leslie's unconscious cosmic imagining), nourishes the roots of the tree of life.

But even if the main hypothesis of Divine Imagining is sound, we have to put further questions. Prominent among these are the following. What can we know about the consciring alleged to be the active side of this world-principle? What about "activity" and "energy" as spoken of in this connexion? Are there different levels of consciring, and how are these levels related to the actions cited by believers in the Unconscious? What is the standing of cosmic feeling: even Bradley allows for such feeling when he describes his Absolute as, "the identity of idea and existence attended also by pleasure", and of course Imaginism will have something to say. Then the metaphysics of "value" is connected with the treatment of feeling. Some complications are likely. Professor Mackenzie, who holds that "imagination is the best name for that activity by which the creative work may be supposed to be initiated and carried through," (6) calls, nevertheless, for control by "reason" and the "conception of value". Now "reason", as West has shown, originates in, and has no standing outside, the mentality of individuals like ourselves; and surely the super-rational Divine Imagining has no need of a "concept" or substitute-fact such as that of value. But we require, nevertheless, to understand what gives direction to the creative process; what guides it at long last towards beauty rather than to a welter of confusion and hells. Other questions must concern the ascription by some religions and philosophers of personality to God, *i.e.* Divine Imagining, the case (if any)

for belief in a finite god or gods, the riddle of evil, Conservation, Creation, and the Imaginal Dynamic—the “drive” manifest in creative evolution—space-time, and allied problems: questions which will suggest themselves naturally as the discussion proceeds. Having obtained a working insight into the character of the world-principle, or God, we shall seek to grasp in very general fashion—to desire more were folly—the manner in which our own particular world-system was born, and to welcome suggestions as to the alleged “divine event” whither it fares. We must not shy at guesses, nor insist always on making a choice between alternatives; reasoning deals with the probable and it is well to be storing up hypotheses for future use.

A. Let all recall that we have to account for world-building without appeal to the instrumental concepts, “matter”, “force”, and the rest, used by the classical mechanics. There is no evolution of a material world to be considered and no “matter” available for such a purpose. And we shall not require even the “energy” of modern physics. By the way, you made no mention of the Imaginals.

S. Discussion of them might be postponed until we consider the birth of our world-system. But West will decide.

D. What are the Imaginals, in brief?

A. The realities which Plato glimpsed but misconceived in his statement of the theory of the “Ideas”. In the frame of Imaginism they appear, it is alleged, in their true form.

S. Well, West, I have now indicated the attitude of the four toward your main hypothesis and have suggested various topics bristling with difficulties. I have now to ask you to supply a further sample of your “pemmican”, which we shall break up, dissolve and ingest at our leisure. For myself, I shall be glad to hear more about a philosophy of which my knowledge is slight, and to be in that state of irresponsibility in which I can relight my pipe.

L. (flippantly). At last we shall learn why the world-imagining is aware of its activity and be present at the demolition of pessimism, if that be possible. But let me say at once that it is the riddle of evil that confounds me most.(7) I am not on intimate terms with the world-imagining, but I can take note, at any rate, of what it has done in history.

W. (drily). Of what it is said to have done. Do you suppose that only the divine shows in the drama of life?

L. You spoke of Divine Imagining as the source of phenomena.

W. I did, but I refrained carefully from calling It a merely monistic principle. It is one-many; and the maniness is displayed most interestingly in creative process. How we shall see.

L. You always have an answer, as I said recently to Anderton. But face this test—show us why history, despite your God of Joy, is, what Hegel calls it, a Calvary.

W. I will. But all attempted solutions in their places. I must dive before I swim among the breakers.

A. Dive, and dive deep. I am sure that the heart of things is sound, though the skin and extremities may be corrupt.

W. We have reached agreement, at any rate, about reasoning and the orderly arrangement of propositions or statements called Reason—the structure which men desire to be stable and which constitutes the temple of Truth. And I suggested that the goal of the mystic is not Truth, not the reasoned system of statements that “stands for” reality, but rather the direct intuition that “stands under” and seizes reality itself. For the high mystic has learnt that the world is not conserved and created by reasoning—*οὐ κατὰ λογισμόν*, as Proclus said—and cannot be embraced in the classifications, concepts, inductions, and deductions that formalists prize. The ultimate reality is regarded most plausibly, as you four incline now to think, as pure Imagining. And this may remind Anderton, our historian of philosophy, of the “pure experience” of which William James spoke. This “experience” cannot resemble human reason, as we have seen; it cannot, except in respect of its concrete character, resemble even our perception (for our perception is of that which is not only for us but lies also *beyond* us, as a rock or tree exists beyond us whether we perceive it or not). It is a closed plastic whole, shining, with all the variety covered by its name, in its own light.

A. Quite so: pure Imagining is, perhaps, what James had vaguely in mind when he wrote about “pure experience”. May I add a remark relevant to this stage of our discussion? Experience, if it means anything, means *awareness* of somewhat, of

what are called contents or (by you) conscita. Unconscious experience is a phrase akin to nonsense. Now, Leslie would not admit that his world-imagining is "pure experience", but regards it rather as the unconscious root of the contents or conscita which *we* individuals are aware of and thus "experience".(8)

L. Quite so, Anderton, and I thank you for expressing my view with technical precision.

W. Divine Imagining is aware of Its activity and of all that therein is. It is only Divine Imagining that could be called "experience". Anderton intervened most relevantly. I shall be dealing shortly with Leslie's version of the "Immemorial Being".

S. I quite follow you when you call veritably "pure experience" Divine Imagining: I am unable to dispute this point and I pass on. What now of the connexions or relations said to obtain between the "terms" or substantival contents in Divine Imagining? Could it be alleged that these at least are logical or rational?

W. I will discuss relations in due course. For the present let me say this. A relation is in no way more mysterious than its "terms" and as certainly is not an entity that "orders". Relation denotes the manners of appearing together of contents (conscita), the manners of their compresence to consciring. These connexions are not all "eternal and necessary". There are conservative, indefinitely durable relations, such as those between the primary Imaginals or those between the conceptual objects of geometry. And if two mere patches of green remain everlastingly unaltered, the relation of likeness between them will persist likewise. If they vanish, the relation vanishes too. But at the other extreme there are fugitive relations which come and go, along with their terms, in some transitory phase of creative evolution. And should the Past, which is "made" reality in Divine Imagining, be destroyed in part, the relations and terms of the fragment annulled perish together. On the other hand, novel relations, novel manners of compresence to consciring, are creatable, perhaps, without limit.

Are there "logical" relations between the contents of a world? Well, in creative evolution there arise individuals like ourselves

and with them processes of reasoning; with these later comes into being a logic which is or ought to be a "science of inference" (Mill), and which is used occasionally to guide, or check the results of, inference. Since Divine Imagining ingests and conserves creative evolution, It comprises within the contents thus absorbed the relations with which logic deals. But It comprises very many other relations which are not logical. God's reality itself is called by Whitehead the "ultimate irrationality".(9) In this irrationality or super-rationality lie relations which are super-rational, too; bodying forth emotionally coloured purpose indeed, but nothing with which a logician can deal. And now, postponing further observations, I must dive, as Anderton requests. But before taking the plunge, I must warn you that I may bring back little. In the obscure depths of this sea, much is only dimly visible to mankind, and much again is hidden in Cimmerian night. I may gather a sufficiency of the knowledge wanted for the guidance of our lives; but, if we want the insight of gods, we must become gods. For each level of conscious life, knowledge is bounded. And our level is a low one.

Having answered the Professor's question, I recur to the subject of "experience". A so-called "pure experience" such as that discussed by James is not, in any intelligible sense, experience at all. James's pure experience is not conscious as a whole. Indeed, he regards consciousness as only "a particular sort of relation towards one another into which portions of pure experience may enter". My reply is that "pure experience", which I describe as imagining, conscires in the most complete sense of the word, and that the term "consciousness", as used by the psychologist, denotes only certain low levels of consciring such as are exemplified in man and animal. I am about to treat consciring as THE ACTIVITY AT THE HEART OF THE WORLD, and incidentally I have to say why I prefer this word "consciring" to the more familiar "consciousness". We are devoting much time to the consideration of this and other aspects of Divine Imagining. But we do well. Once that we have the metaphysical frame and canvas, we can paint therein all that science and common sense give us of the structure and events of the world. But, if we were merely to record these and their "laws", putting our trust solely in science and a little "psychical research", we should

be living from hand to mouth, unable also to digest the facts on which we feed. Undirected we wander into the mists of scepticism. A grasp of fundamentals is beyond price: nothing else in the realms of human knowledge could compensate us for lack of it.

"God alone Acts or is, in existing beings or Men" (Blake). THE WORLD-SYSTEMS DANCE ON THE JETS OF THE FONTAL CONSCIRING. This consciring is discussed in the book *Divine Imagining* as Fichte's "infinite spiritual activity", in which the author describes, of course, infinite imagining. Divine Imagining is a name for this consciring, thought of along with the contents or conscita which It posits, *i.e.* creates. He regards it, however—as Fichte did not—as aware of itself as a whole, not merely in the finite sentients or individuals which are its rays. Consciring has been called by Professor R. Werner, seeking a French equivalent, "*conscience-énergie*"; the spiritual positing which *we* can contrast with the posited object; the "conscious energy of the universe" creating conservatively and additively; the basic continuity grasping all phases of all possible objects, from star-systems to fancies of mathematicians or Homer's Nereids, "black Janira", "Janassa fair", and "Amatheia with the golden hair", who came in the train of Thetis to console Achilles. This saying about human fancies need not surprise you. For the creative consciring is not merely cosmic; it is prolonged also into free individuals like ourselves, jets of conscious act in which Dionysus continues brokenly, and often with strange initiatives, His Great Adventure.(10)

So far the book *Divine Imagining*. But, in view of certain errors and lacunae in the earlier discussion, it is well that we should reconsider the topic. Cosmic consciring merits careful attention. We have here the most important problem in metaphysics, *i.e.* inquiry into the ultimate nature of the universe. Such consciring ought to be "*articulus stantis vel cadentis philosophiae*". It replaces the "inert diaphaneity" (James) and abstractness suggested by the term *consciousness* with the power which sustains and kindles the worlds. It means not God manifest in objects, but God Ineffable towards Whom the mystic soars, to wither sometimes like Semele in the blaze that transcends thought.

For the present our outlook must, in the main, be cosmic; finite consciring will concern us when we come to consider the story of the finite centres.

Let us observe at this juncture that the problem of consciring, in spite of its importance, is often not confronted at all. It is forgotten owing to attention^{*} being fixed on conscita or contents. The eye sees all but itself!

It is notorious that men can ignore even that which makes them what they are. A materialist of the old school, now happily moribund, used to ignore verbally that he was conscious; for to say that consciousness is nerve-matter in movement is to do this. Follies will always be perpetrated by small men to save a theory. But note that even great thinkers such as Plato and Aristotle had "no perfectly general term for the consciousness with which we follow any mental process whatever, as distinguished from the process itself";(11) an omission which shows that their attention was concentrated on content, on colours, sounds, propositions, volitional events, fancies, emotions and the rest. And this practice has persisted in the case of many thinkers down to this day. Those who read Hegel carefully will observe that he is discussing a world of mere content; what consciousness is "of", or what I call conscita. He deals with what is *made* rather than with that which *makes and grasps*. Even in the *Logic* he is only relating "categories" of thought, a kind of content. He has no care for the "infinite activity" of which Fichte wrote. Bradley, again, offers us in *Appearance and Reality* an Absolute of fused contents. His ally, Bosanquet, is of the same way of thinking, stating, for instance, that "the connexion of contents, I suppose, is the same thing as the unity of consciousness".(12) By deft use of the words "feeling", "felt mass", "felt totality", "self-feeling" and so forth, these writers delude themselves and their readers into the belief that no problem as to the "unity of consciousness" remains to be solved. The effect is to suggest that some pervasive "feeling", akin to ordinary sensible and other contents, grasps and is aware of them all. Similarly, Professor Stout tells us that "mental activity exists in being felt", "the stream of consciousness feels its own current".(13) This trick of words enables men to write as if the problem of consciousness were solved.

S. A trick of words, but of course not a deliberate one. The same effect might be produced by the language of Shelley:

Nought is but that which feels itself to be,

where "feels" denotes not so much content—colour, organic sensation and so forth—but the grasp which West indicates by "conscires". It remains to note that Whitehead, influenced by Bradley (who confuses "feeling" with "consciring" and urges in *Association and Thought* that the supposition of a Subject can be dismissed), uses like language. In *Process and Reality* we are told that propositions are "felt", that there is a vague "feeling" of causal relationship with the external world, that there are conceptual "feelings", etc. The chapter on "Propositions and Feelings" seems to show very clearly the influence of Bradley. It is not in this way that the riddle of the Subject, discussed by Kant and others, can be disposed of.

A. One of the reasons for clearing out of my old camp. We can say, of course, "I feel the sun", "I feel a flowing of fancy", "the felt totality is impressive", etc. But this is to dodge the statements: "I am conscious of, or conscire, the sun", "the conscired totality is impressive", and so on. With such statements the problem of consciring reasserts itself and comes home, like a curse, to roost.

S. Even Schopenhauer, in defending his world-principle, reacted against this cult of mere contents, originated and grasped no one knows how. With regard to the misuse of words, the trick noted by West can be wrecked as follows. Restrict the use of the term "feeling" so as to denote the emotions and affective aspects of what we know.

D. "Schopenhauer's 'Will' was a bad shot at the mark on which West has opened fire. What say you, Leslie?" But the pagan poet returned no answer at first; doubtless he was trying to guess how the *continuity* necessary to his own world-principle obtained. Then he smiled and whispered, "I want to see how West's complete statement pans out; I can't fall down and worship just because Bradley and Schopenhauer have come to grief".

A. Expose the trick and note the result in the case of a well-known phrase coined by Bradley; that of "the *felt* mass", as used to describe the more or less unanalysed background of

perception. Use words aright and you say "the vaguely *con-scired* presentational field", and, lo! your problem is with you still.

D. Habet! (and none had mercy on the fallen gladiator).

W. I continue. "That which does not act does not exist", wrote Leibnitz. Infinite spiritual activity was regarded by Fichte as the deepest root of being. "Whatever is, is only in so far as it is posited in the Ego, and there is nothing outside of the Ego." And this Ego is "identity of subject and object, and it is this without further mediation".

A. You are quoting Fichte's words from the *Science of Knowledge*. And perhaps I ought to warn Delane that, when Fichte writes thus of the Ego, he never means an individual self but the Absolute Ego or world-principle from which proceed all finite individuals and Nature alike.

D. Thanks. I follow. This Absolute Ego resembles West's Divine Imagining, which, as productive, is infinite activity with products that recall those of our own imagination.

S. I don't like this use of the word Ego, which seems a make-shift. Ego is too suggestive of an individual. Fichte's infinite activity could be called, on West's lines, consciring, and its products, posited within itself, conscita.

A. There is the objection that Fichte's Absolute Ego is not aware of its activity. West's Divine Imagining is.

S. True: I had overlooked that. And now for a further remark. If this Absolute Ego is "identity of subject and object", as Fichte puts it, the oppositions which *we* discuss in its regard are from its central point of view overcome.

A. A very natural supposition. Fichte holds that the essence of the Absolute Ego consists solely in its creating or positing activity. It creates itself; its character being to create. "The Ego is as what it posits itself", is the saying. But, though all is posited by it and within it, the original famous opposition of Ego and non-Ego is never overcome within his philosophy. A strange feature, which suggests that his fundamental suppositions contained error. Was the non-Ego required to pre-condition conscious life?

L. Need we discuss the opinions of this dead giant? Sufficient for the day is the Imaginism thereof.

W. This brief digression serves to make my task easier, and I can now pass on. My terms, at any rate, are now fully understood. I have called the "infinite activity" of Divine Imagining infinite consciring. Consciring and conscita together—the creativity and the created, the positing and the posited—constitute, in indissoluble harmony, the fontal power which is God: the reality of which the plain man describes a dim shadow. The word "consciring" is derived, of course, from *conscire*: *scire* meaning "know or be aware of" and *con* "along with", "together with". Even human consciring, whether of a rock, a star or an emotion, implies awareness of something "along with" something else. But it implies more: there obtains invariably a creative synthesis. This is true even in the case of finite consciring, in spite of the masses of content thrust upon, and penetrating, the individual from without. It is eminently true of the fontal Divine Imagining. Creation, conservative and additive, renews and "news" all the conscita or contents which are conscired. Nothing is "given" to the fontal reality; Fichte's remark—"all is posited by the Ego"—holds good of fontal creative consciring. But there is a complication to be considered. There is nothing "given" before the evolution of a world-system or systems. But with the evolution of systems which comprise *relatively free individuals* much indeed may be "given". True, it is Dionysus Who posits Himself in these finite individuals, but these latter, attaining a certain independence, come to create of their own initiatives. *The creation of creative centres has to be reckoned with.* Of course, it might be said that Dionysus is prolonged into these individuals and that during the Adventure of world-making He reacts through these individuals on Himself, in so far as not thus prolonged. I note the complication which will present itself while we are discussing the birth of finite sentients.

Let me emphasise a further consideration. This invaluable term "consciring" frees us, as I said before, from the "inert diaphaneity" (James), the abstractness and neutrality of what is often discussed as "consciousness". Consciring is not a "neutral light"; not a powerless "made" aspect of experience, but essentially that which "makes". It is "conscience-*énergie*". The star systems are only fragments of its work; the immemorial cosmic Past, as "made" reality, persists in God only in so far as it is

conserved or sustained. Such consciring, further, is the only genuine "universal", being the common root of all things which can have a name: the identity sustaining and creating their very differences. The "universals" of classical philosophy are "universals" merely of special conscita or contents, *e.g.* Colour and Sound; they have local habitations, embodiments or "ingressions", as Whitehead would say. These so-called "universals" bring us to the Imaginals which we have to discuss later.

The mystery which invests consciring is inevitable. On the human level consciring is very far from being fully reflective. I am aware to some extent as I conscire; I note the contrast of a bout of pain with my eclipse under the influence of anaesthetics or during dreamless sleep; and I can compare pain with the unconscious in a patch of green that exists but seemingly not for itself. But the veil is never raised enough to reveal consciring in full. Hence consciring seems to many a "neutral light"; a mere accompaniment of some of their perceptions, emotions and ideation. Even Plotinus does not appear to have carried his thought beyond this point.⁽¹⁴⁾ Hence inevitably the many statements in the history of philosophy as to the unknowability of the "ego" or "transcendental subject"; hence Ward's view that "attention" is not presented; hence the attempted resolution of our experience into mere contents, regarded either as unified by cerebral process or as related no one knows how. May I suggest here, incidentally, that Ward's preference in *Psychological Principles* for the term "attention" in place of "consciousness" was unfortunate? "Attention" is potted metaphor ("stretching to") and does not help us to sight the heart of the problem under survey. The term "consciring" does.

I need hardly point out that the riddle of finite consciring is complicated, not solved, by the assertion that the "soul" has, or may have, other bodies than the physical. This seems a truism, but it is one that is too frequently forgotten. Merely mentioning it, I return to the discussion of Divine—of infinite consciring.

Now Divine Consciring—and I call Leslie's attention to the point—yields the explanation of a great fact: that of the continuity which embraces the many discrete aspects of the

universe. According to Fichte "infinite activity" is not conscious, but the presupposition or potentiality of consciousness, which requires conditions such as the fontal "Absolute Ego", in the absence of self-limitation, does not provide. But for me Divine Consciring is just this positing activity aware of itself and its posited products or creata. And in the *conscired* togetherness of these products lies that *continuity* which makes the universe what it is and not a multiverse. The mere "unity of contents", revealed by workaday experience, attests their togetherness within the Divine Consciring. "The continuity thus indicated is not, of course, the mathematical one; nor even that which has been defined by James; it is the same as that continuity which shows in our own lives. . . . Bradley and Bosanquet try to bury consciring in the welter of "connected contents", but, were there no consciring, divine and finite, there would be no connexions at all".(15) The continuity in our own lives includes the discrete; that in the universe does likewise.

Fundamentally, then, the observed continuity or wholeness of the world-system expresses the identity of the creative Divine Consciring which posits it and on which it depends. It is a spiritual continuum achieved by active grasp. Continuity, as the Cambridge Platonist More urged, is fundamentally spiritual. All cosmic relations are manners of compresence to consciring.

S. You could not, I suppose, speak of consciring as possible reality apart from conscita or contents of some sort?

W. Surely not. It acts; thereby it conserves, destroys, creates additively. Conscita are the smoke-trail of the flaming bullet. It grasps with awareness and as spiritual power could not grasp otherwise. But, while it ever makes and grasps conscita or contents, there is no external dark necessity which dictates what it must conserve, destroy, or create additively. It passes from cosmic romance to romance, destroying the unlovely which artistry cannot use.

A. It is in aspects superlogical; you would not subject Divine Imagining to the "law" of contradiction?

W. Take It as you find It: don't offer It chains that human pygmies have forged. This gift will not be welcome. Consider; Divine Imagining is identical and different, one and many. It persists and It changes, though Bradley found, quite accurately,

a flagrant contradiction in change. It is Itself and all finite centres of consciring and they are It. It is Divine Imagining and eternally that, yet changes; for does not creative imagining imply alteration? It is what It was and yet It is different.

S. A telling remark. It changes consistently with Its character and, changing thus consistently, must, as Bradley would urge, contradict Itself. We are sailing towards an ocean deeper than petty human thought.

D. Consciring reminds me of the Buddhistic "Clear Light of the Void"; the allogical experience to which no categories drawn from the world of name and form apply. (16)

W. But we must not forget that our world-system is Its manifestation and that consequently you can find Its character in part in what It has done. Also your own consciring acquaints you, though very poorly, with what consciring is on the cosmic scale. There is no call for us to talk as if we were unrepentant agnostics. Space-time, colours, sounds, the causal dynamic, for instance, exist for Divine Imagining as well as for us. The "Radiance above Reason"—I cull this phrase from the mystic Ruysbroeck—works in every quarter of our experience.

L. What do you say of what some writers call the life-force?

W. Consciring includes the activities—the creative imaginal dynamic—underlying the phenomena named "life": phenomena which concern primarily the biologist. But the expression "life-force" is clumsy. "Life" is a concept taken out of its sphere, which is biology: "force" was a concept used in the old classical mechanics; (17) a convenient mathematical fiction useful for calculations. What does "force" mean in the present context? An occult source of change, I must suppose. Life-force seems hardly a helpful expression.

L. It is discussed sometimes as "purposive" and as "experimenting".

W. Then why call it "force", as if it had something to do with mechanistic theory? Give it a name that expresses its psychical character. Pass on.

L. What about Bergson's *Élan Vital*?

W. The *Élan Vital* could be interpreted as additively Creative Imagining which continues to shape Nature and the finite individuals which It sent into the Great Adventure. But the

phrase makes too much of "life", primarily a concept of biology. The reality behind the symbolism is consceiring.

D. What about the Hormic Theory?

W. "*Opμη*" denotes a "vital impulse" or "drive" to action; the urge underlying the pursuit of ends. Hormic theory appeals to those who regard "instincts" as source of the push behind human and animal conduct. The facts cited by them indicate the thrust of affective-imaginal impulses, strongly conservative, entrenched, one might say, in organisms, but subject, nevertheless, to slow creative transformation. This creative alteration is illustrated well on the human level by what is called "sublimation".

D. A minor issue then but of interest. Everywhere we find conservation and additive creation—never the one without the other.

(There was a lull in the conversation, broken by the Professor speaking in judicial vein.)

S. All such topics are interesting, but let us not stray from the main issue to which West has been directing our attention, albeit rather subtly. I refer to his remarks on the world-continuum which seem to me noteworthy, since they force us to confront at long last the question as to whether the world-principle is aware of its activity or not; whether it is radiant, fully reflective consceiring, or the black night of the Unconscious; whether the sovereign of reality is West's Divine Imagining or Leslie's mere "cosmic imagination"; the "immemorial being" that is aware of itself only in us individuals who arise inexplicably and, having no support in the depths, may be travelling, as Delane's weird tale made me think, towards disaster. Now I don't wish to be misunderstood. I should like to be living in the universe of Divine Imagining, though of course this wish must not be allowed to bias my reasoning. And, liking that prospect, I am moved to ask in what quarters I can obtain the sort of evidence that I require. Permit me to mention the quarters which promise well.

The classical arguments for belief in conscious God are unsatisfactory. The Cosmological Argument, for instance, taken by itself, leads anywhere: to the Spencerian Unknowable, Schelling's Immemorial Being, or even "neutral stuff". I can't harness it only to our cart and so I ignore it. The famous Onto-

logical Argument is worthless. You can't take out of a concept what you have not put into it. Further, this argument has been used to prove the reality both of the Absolute and of a personal god! For us, interested in Divine Imagining, it can prove nothing of value.

L. Oh! don't say that. •

S. You don't hold that it proves . . . ?

L. That a good many reputed sages have empty heads—I do. Please leave such conceptual gymnastics to the classrooms; they concern students who have to pass examinations, not us.

S. (somewhat shocked at this treatment of a time-honoured argument). Well; I am leaving it behind us. Then there is the Teleological or Design Argument which is more plausible. If creative evolution shows traces of design, inference might be ventured as to purposive Divine Imagining. For purpose is incompatible with the Unconscious, implying affective consciring with realisation of ends. A state of divine reality, let us suppose, exists which is less lovely than it might be. This passes into a more lovely state by way of time-process; and in passing embodies the design required for the change.

D. There is implied no mere god-person who acts on "given" stuff existing over against himself—no sorry "carpenter-theory" of creation. Divine Imagining provides form, stuff and the light of consciring alike. And the purpose is not imposed on the imaginal field from without; it is immanent.

A. Well said, Delane, West could not put it better.

L. But ought we to assume purposiveness so hastily? In a world-system, swayed by Natural Selection, and in which star-groups and other spheres of creation are freed from "failures" through billions, perhaps quadrillions, of years, something resembling purposive order would surely emerge. But you will say that the "variations" subject to Natural Selection must themselves be accounted for. I cannot bank on the survival of the fittest, unless these fittest "variations" first come to pass. And how do they come to pass? Along with numbers of other "variations" that are eliminated. And the source of the useful and useless "variations"? Well: you will trouble the materialist or believer in "neutral stuff" with this question, but you won't trouble me. Cosmic Imagining is their source, changing in all

directions like a sunset cloud. It provides the big battalions of novelties of which so few survive.

We might account thus for the leaven of what is called purposiveness. But I say leaven advisedly. How do you account for the lack of sane purposiveness, for the happenings, at once stupid and sinister, characteristic of very much that is called "evil"? Our dialogue about evil will stress this side of the facts.

S. But this very battle of variations may be part of the immanent purpose; and the successful variations may still be held to reveal plan. Consider this. The elimination of poor variations *does not produce the others*; it merely removes rubbish that might cumber the ground where the best novelties thrive. We are not to suppose, I gather from West, that Divine Imagining works as a perfect unity during the time-process. It creates indeed as one-many; hence the battle of variations, controlled by an overruling plan, may quite well express purpose. Conservation and additive Creation on the great scale could combine marvellously. I must allow, nevertheless, that some of the "variations", noted in human and animal history, issue in the monstrous and fantastic, like patterns made by shaking a kaleidoscope. How does Divine Imagining give rise to these initiatives? On the whole, in view of current disputes and pending our dialogue on evil, I should prefer not to base belief in conscious Deity on such marks of purpose as *may* be discoverable in Nature and History.

A. Some have inferred the reality of conscious Deity from the emergence of our moral nature.

L. Why not infer Ormuzd from our moral and Ahriman from our immoral nature, which seethes with evil impulses, not of our making but thrust on us by heredity from levels below the human? I understood, however, that Divine Imagining is super-moral, not a person who is egoistic, altruistic or both.

West nodded.

L. There is nothing more notable in the evolution of morality than in that of anything else. I will add that, given adequate knowledge and the untrammelled natural sympathies, morality would have matured more quickly without the religions that have distorted it.

D. Oh! as to moral codes, the creeds have been useful at

times. But strong meat for men; beware of the dull priest who can rule only by teaching fables.

S. I ought to say that, while I don't accent purpose at present, I shall certainly do so if I am able first to infer divine consciring in some other way. Then the red strands of purpose in Nature and History would become visible and would have an enormous interest for me. And now what further clues are available? How shall we go "from the thread to the needle"—is there a thread at all?

A. If West is right, you need not look only for the "red strands" of purpose—every petty natural event, a drop of rain falling, an "electron" revolving, if it does revolve, implies purpose. Our workaday life is framed in the marvellous; we are witnessing in the dreariest of landscapes the streaming of miracle. All is posited at long last by consciring and presumably always with an end. But please continue.

S. The only other clue I am aware of is the one that West suggested in his reference to the world-continuum. This *continuum*, I am convinced, presupposes the "grasp" of world-consciring; I cannot see any way of escape from that conclusion. And, if we are forced to accept such "grasp", we may as well make good use in theory of the consciring thus attested. Purposes in Nature and History might then be deduced from truth-based hypothesis and found in the actual world. There is another consideration worth mooting. West spoke of infinitely many insulated world-systems as possible. These may be divided from one another by different "grasps" of the fontal consciring which is not stark unity but one-many. I may add that I incline strongly to accept this solution.

L. (after a long pause). You are a frank and generous disputant, Professor, and I will try to be equally generous. I must admit the cogency of the argument based on the world-continuum. Continuity, as More, cited by West, urges, may be spiritual. I might fight you no doubt by saying that what "grasps" contents in our consciring may "grasp" also world-contents, but unconsciously. The trouble is—if there was no awareness (or better, "awaring"), would there be any "grasp" at all? That would be the excessively weak point of the contention. After all, that which "grasps" cosmic contents is not a

celestial Portland cement; it is by supposition spiritual power, which, if unconscious, seems impotent to "grasp" anything. I am bound accordingly to reconsider the *chose jugée*, and I shall take time to reach a decision. For I know what a decision, hostile to my old attitude, must entail. My first great battle of the campaign will have been lost to West. I shall be driven back from Paris and hustled into trench warfare, throwing at him all the missiles I can think of, but nevertheless uncomfortable about the future. Does not Cosmic Imagination, if I allow that it conspires, become West's world-principle at once? And is not my pessimism in grave danger?

D. Sportsman! But you would gain far more than you could lose.

S. (beaming through his spectacles). My dear fellow, Divine Imagining lacks its poet, and remember . . . your task is one which only you can carry through. What for the public are our austere philosophical speculations beside that?

(A puff of what looked like smoke showed high up on the scarp of the Matterhorn to the left of the Hoernli ridge, followed by the dull roar telling of an avalanche.)

"Ever done the Matterhorn, Anderton?" said Delane, as the glasses of the others were being directed on the avalanche which seemed to the distant spectator, as is usually the case, absurdly small.

"Never, but I ought to try my luck."

"Your life will be a burden to you at climbing resorts, if you can't say yes. It's a tiring grind but not hard by the Hoernli route—lots of chains, ropes and stanchions where the rocks are stiff. We can take a third man, if you like."

"I'll come with you any time," said I, not sorry to have a chance of learning more about the history of West. After dinner at the Hoernli hostel for choice.

"Right-o," and the pact was sealed.

The disputants, however, were not yet satisfied.

"It is about time, West, that you should re-enter the discussion," I suggested, as the group settled down once more to business.

W. To support the Professor? What can I say about the world-continuum that I have not said already? He is right.

There is no escape from the view that the continuum implies consciring. But I ought to point out another thread which takes us to the needle. And, if we follow this thread to the eye, we shall learn at last *why Divine Imagining is aware with full reflectivity*. I stress this point because the consciring, that grasps the world-contents, might be treated by our friend Leslie as a mere phosphorescence; as only just intense enough to make darkness visible. Leslie might urge that, while consciring grasps its contents sufficiently to provide the continuum, it lacks, withal, full awareness of its own activity. You see the point?

A. You want the "Radiance beyond Reason", as Ruysbroeck called it, to be no glow-worm light but intense—indeinitely intense?

W. Emphatically; for, if it is merely phosphorescence—you will excuse the metaphor, I trust—we should have something like Leslie's derelict universe on our hands. How should we mortals profit, were the world-consciring less reflective, less aware of its contents than we are of ours? Would reality be regarded as sufficiently controlled, as sufficiently "safe for souls"? I trow not. Ask Delane who is responsible for this slogan.

D. Certainly not: but I don't see how we, on this lowly human level, are to know whether Divine Consciring is indeinitely intense.

W. We must obtain some guidance by way of conceptual knowledge, since obviously we cannot penetrate intimately the Radiance itself. In this way we shall learn all that is necessary, while avoiding the fate of Semele.

Now the clue is to be found in finite consciring itself. We are not yet dealing with the problem of the soul—one of enormous interest and complication—and therefore the time for discussing finite consciring with any fulness has not come. But there is an aspect of this topic which merits your careful consideration even now.

In the first place you cannot "derive" finite consciring from any or all the mere contents which it grasps. You would find it difficult to "derive" even one colour or sound from another colour or sound; and you would not try to "derive" the colours from the sounds, or colours and sounds from muscular and visceral sense-content.

S. But we might try to derive all these now varied sense-contents alike from sense-content that was, in the very remote past, originally undifferentiated.

W. Oh! I know what psychologists have suggested. You might try, but is there any prospect of success? No: for you could not verify your hypothesis. The fact that varied colours, sounds, tastes, muscular, visceral, etc., sense-contents emerged during a history which began with "undifferentiated" content hundreds of millions of years ago does not help you. It does not show that the varied later contents were called into being out of the earlier. And, when you have learnt the secret of the causal dynamic,(18) you will cease to "derive" any new content from pre-existing content changing itself unaided.

Contents are not derivable from antecedent contents, conserving themselves or bringing to pass additive creation. All conservation and additive creation imply, on some level or levels, consciring. All finite centres of consciring, again, imply that cosmic consciring which, for the Professor and me, is presupposed by the mere continuity of the world-system. The clue furnished by this continuity is reliable. But I am about to hold out to you another clue, even more helpful.

The impossibility of "explaining away" finite consciring is the secret of the vitality of belief in the so-called "ego" (which Kant endorsed); a belief which I shall discuss fully in its place. And what is the ultimate source of the rills of consciring that flow in these finite "egos"? Divine or cosmic consciring. This is the truth in Blake's saying, "God alone Acts or is in existing beings or Men". Let me point out why this cosmic consciring has to be considered, not as mere phosphorescence—to revive my useful metaphor—but as "radiant".

Then turning to me: "Anderton, you are an expert in philosophy and psychology; let me ask you a question. Do you accept the statement of Bain that habit is the 'enemy of consciousness'?"

A. Certainly: the statement, which is almost a truism, appears in the *Dissertations*.

W. On the other hand, a situation which requires creative initiative is the "friend", I suppose, of consciousness. That is to say, the man concerned must attend (this metaphorical term

accents "stretching to") strenuously to—he intensely aware of—what he is doing; attention may be called the spearhead of finite consciring. In taking off my tie at night I am unaware often of the action; and similarly, when, as an expert, I drive a motor-car, many of my "responses to stimuli" take place without my noticing them at all.* But if I try for the first time to walk a plank stretched across a street, to compose a symphony, or to write on Kant's antinomies, I have to attend to—to be intensely conscious of—my task. There is a novel growth of the mind, novel "adjustment", as a popular physically conceived phrase puts it, to be improvised. All such attention, while selecting features only of the contents present to perception and thought, is highly creative at the points selected.

L. What port are you steering for?

W. I am emphasising the fact that, where there is marked creative *nisus*, there is intense consciring, radiant awareness of the interesting situation. But it is needful to insist how very limited is the field stressed by such consciring in the case of man. Suppose that the Professor sits down at the writing-table in his library to criticise the theory of variable space. He is "lost" in his work. For the consciring manifested in him is not sufficient to drive wittingly all the steeds of his mind abreast. He becomes unaware of the room, of most of his body, of the twittering of birds in the bushes beyond the lawn, of the voices of children playing in the drive. His *distributable* attention, as Ward would say, is *concentrated* on a fragmentary abstract thought suggested by a book, the printed characters of which are barely noticed. If you gave this man just one more problem to solve at the same time, he would regard you, I am sure, as crazy. The "distributable" attention is limited; the range of his creative consciring is petty.

Man, then, conscires intensely only in this very limited way; he creates of his own initiative only on a beggarly scale; his being is flooded with all manner of contents *that he does not make*. And yet, in so far as he has to supplement "habit" and the "given", *in so far as he creates additively*, he treads the path that is lit by intense or radiant consciring.

L. (impatiently). Admitted, admitted. But who denies it?

West smiled, and suddenly I guessed what was coming and

began to laugh. The hunter had got his victim into the net! The others stared at me blankly.

"But," said West, rising from his long chair and looking steadily at Leslie, "Divine Imagining is not a limited man. Its creativity lies not in a mobile spot of 'phosphorescence' but is Radiance—the 'Radiance beyond Reason'—that illuminates Its entire being. *It creates conservatively and additively in every aspect of an infinite field*; and, were It not thus creative, what science calls reality, aye and the man of science too, would vanish and leave not a rack behind. And, creating thus radically and completely, It enjoys intensity of consciring which we mortals may symbolise after a fashion—no more. It is AWARE of what It creates, of how It creates, and of Itself as sustaining and adding; the greatest mystery indeed of all."

And, strolling along to the wing of the balcony that overlooked the Riffelalp woods, West left us to our reflections. The dialogue of the day was at an end.

D. (to Leslie). Browning writes well—God's in his heaven; all's right with the world—whatever mud you fling at it.

L. Or find in it? (retorted Leslie, who evidently was going to die, like a fox, biting). Bring your God out of heaven and let him get to work on this world.

S. I am of opinion that the world-principle, if it be of the character described by West, enjoys indefinitely intense consciring. If I am mistaken, perhaps Leslie will be good enough to point out in what respect West's contention fails. Possibly our poet admitted rather more than he meant to.

A. I see no flaw, but I still want to observe in what fashion this great hypothesis, when confronted with our actual world-system, ingests Nature and individuals. So far the hypothesis and its verification are doing well; in fact, as a medical bulletin would put it, "as well as can be expected".

D. Never having been seriously indisposed. Yes: you three professional doubters, the game is lost and won. "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world," and he disappeared into the chalet followed by a cushion thrown by Leslie.

L. What enthusiasm! One would think he was winning a curling match or enjoying trim pairs of legs at the *Folies Bergères*.

West was now again in our midst.

W. And why not enthusiasm? Has he not learnt what a life without philosophical support means? And is not the greatest truth ascertainable by man worth an emotion? Of what importance are Relativity-discussions, Quantum theory, the Great War, the future of the White Race or even the stability of our solar system beside the reality which we name Divine Imagining? If Divine Imagining creates in the depths, all is well. If It is but a mystic's dream, we may have good reason in this and other lives to wish that we had never been born.

But the pagan poet, though he shrugged his shoulders as if unconvinced, made no reply. In the silence that fell on the party he left us to rejoin Delane, with intent no doubt to secure time in which to reconsider his attitude. His quiver lacked the shaft wanted. But the Professor, in quest of unsolved difficulties as was his wont, found at last a shaft to his liking and took aim once more, but with no great confidence, at our genial host.

S. The case for the radiant consciring of God or Divine Imagining seems complete. And this term "radiant" pleases me. It is suggested by Ruysbroeck's "Radiance above Reason" and imports metaphor. Divine Imagining is radiant, withal, *for Itself*; It shines to and for Itself in Its own light. But the meaning of the term "reflective" is not quite clear to me and, perhaps, we might do well to dispense with it. After all, it is enough to have established that the universal divine creativity implies radiant, *i.e.* indefinitely intense, consciring.

A. The word "reflective" is used popularly in connexion with *self-conscious thinking* and later this association might lead us astray.

W. I take note and I appreciate the value of the comment. May I say at once that I am not using the term in the popular sense? Thus on low levels there may be "reflective" perceptions when neither "self" nor "thinking" have been evolved. When I come to discuss the levels of consciring, reflective and irreflective, you will understand exactly how I use the term "reflective" and why I need it. Meanwhile I rejoice with the Professor that we have established the truth that God or Divine Imagining conscires "radiantly". The rest is largely a question of terminology. Are you content?

S. Yes, I am. But treat me still provisionally as an enemy, not as an imaginit.

W. Quite so, but the nature of my answer may turn away wrath. This discussion, then, will be continued into that on the levels of conscurring.

And so ended a quite eventful philosophical afternoon.

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

- (1) Cf. Chapter VII. p. 156.
- (2) Cf. Chapter I. p. 2.
- (3) Cf. Chapter IV. p. 67.
- (4) *An Adventure in Moral Philosophy*, p. 218.
- (5) Cf. Chapter V. p. 112.
- (6) *Hibbert Journal* (Jan. 1923), "The Idea of Creation".
- (7) Cf. Chapter VI. p. 129.
- (8) Cf. Chapter VI. p. 129.
- (9) *Science and the Modern World*, p. 249.
- (10) Cf. Chapter XX., "On the Birth of Creative Evolution".
- (11) T. Whittaker, *The Neo-Platonists*, p. 52, 2nd edition.
- (12) *Life and Finite Individuality*, p. 191.
- (13) *Analytical Psychology*, vol. i. p. 160.
- (14) T. Whittaker, *The Neo-Platonists*, p. 52, 2nd edition.
- (15) *Divine Imagining*, p. 72. Cf. also Appendix, § 2, "Continuity", in the same work.
- (16) Evans-Wentz, *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, xxxi.
- (17) Cf. Chapter II. p. 39.
- (18) Cf. *Divine Imagining*, chapter vi., "Creation and the Causal Dynamic", and Chapter XVI. of this book.

CHAPTER IX

MORE ABOUT DIVINE IMAGINING

"It is now obvious", said West as we sat on the balcony discussing the dialogue just reported, "that of the two great aspects of Divine Imagining that of conscita interests ordinarily the philosophers. As was pointed out yesterday, there are thinkers, like Plato, Aristotle and Hegel, who seem to take notice only of the conscita or contents. They either ignore consciring or resolve frankly, as did Bosanquet, the "unity of consciousness" into the "connexion of contents".(1) Thus Plato's "universals" or Ideas and the chief Idea or "Form of the Good" were originally concepts promoted to the rank of cosmic realities to which celestial dignity and changelessness were ascribed. Concepts are a kind of content; substitute-facts created by human imagining. In a like way Hegel always discusses contents; the *Logic* (logic "applied" is said to find particular forms of expression in Nature and finite mind) deals only with categories or thought-determinations, *i.e.* very general concepts; the category or concept of Being passing through dialectically mediated stages into the Absolute Concept or Idea. This interest in contents is shown also in our own first outlooks on Divine Imagining; the thinker turns towards the starry heavens, the land and sea, the history and busy cities of man, and inclines to lose sight of the creative in the created or "evolved", of imagining in the imagined, of positing in the posited. What indeed more natural, what more in accordance with our practical interests? Such a course does not suffice, withal, for metaphysics. Among the philosophers of this opinion were Fichte and Schopenhauer, but they failed to indicate what the active source of contents—of the "made" aspects of the universe—must be. When I stress consciring at such length, it is because I insist that not merely the "made," the

"products", but the "making" and productive activity—the "conscious energy of the universe", conservative and creative—require study. Nay, this active or "making" aspect of Divine Imagining is at bottom more important than the other. For consciring destroys and creates additively as well as conserves; and what fills the world at any one stage of Becoming may not endure, even as part of the Past, for ever. Theoretically speaking, "made" reality might vanish, but in this case the Productive Imagining would be creating other conscita or contents still.

A. Our finite consciring is for the most part veiled and it is on this account that the doctrine of the "unknowability of the ego" or of the "transcendental subject" has always been popular among those who believe in more than contents. The history of philosophy is full of this kind of statement. Of course we know what it is to conscire as contrasted with being unconscious; every intuitive notice is a definition, as a schoolman, whose name I have forgotten, used to say. But *we* are not aware of more than the spearhead of consciring; what is conscired, the conscita or contents, are in the foreground of attention. And that is why writers, on whom Hume's mantle has fallen, allow for contents and for nothing else. I am interpreting your attitude aright?

W. Assuredly. We shall have to return to this topic, however, when discussing the standing of the individual soul. Our finite consciring is not fully reflective. It is aware of itself, of course very inadequately, *in the act of* being aware of conscita or contents. Let me add here that he who would know fully the spiritual creativity which is consciring must wait patiently till he becomes a god.

A. Would you say that this is the fundamental secret which has stirred the mystics, clouded and confused as their language ordinarily is?

W. Yes: the secret of consciring is the greatest of all problems to the solution of which the mystic aspires. Supreme power, supreme wisdom, supreme delight lie in the far-off solution of this mystery. In all the revelations that await the "initiate" of popular repute there is nothing so fundamental as this secret of consciring. . . . Ah! there are our three friends coming up the garden, with Delane and the Professor arguing hotly. What is the programme of discussion for this afternoon?

A. I can't say; they were left to settle it themselves, and you won't get off lightly with the Professor and Leslie conducting a fighting retreat. But tell me this before they join us. Do you expect to verify Imaginism, treated as hypothesis, in anything like the methodic fashion desired, I am inclined to suspect, by the Professor? Such critics of logic are apt, like the pendulum, to return to the point whence they swung.

W. I don't. Verify when and where you can, remembering that the novel, the creative side of evolution, must disappoint those who hope to derive all details from comfortably secure premisses. Schiller and his pragmatists are perfectly right about reasoning; it concerns in the main the probable and is liable to fail, however well directed. Say to yourself—"I regard Divine Imagining as creative additively as well as conservative and I allow that such creation thrusts unpredictable novelty on the universe". Face Nature and the story of individuals in this spirit and you will reap the abundant harvest that you desire.

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D. I have been asked to take the floor and open the debate. Enjoying this privilege, I should like to hear something as to how the concept of Divine Imagining stands to that of a personal god.

L. The different levels of consciring also require notice; consciring such as is called by West divine; consciring as present in supermen, men, lions, dogs, worms, atoms and maybe electrons and protons or what these last concepts symbolise. And further, what is the domain of the alleged unconscious and why is there an unconscious at all in a universe such as that of West?

D. Yes: these questions go naturally together.

W. Let us deal first with the belief in a fontal personal god. Next, confronting the universe of Divine Imagining, let us ask whether we have to believe in a plurality of finite or limited gods. After that we can go into the matter of the levels of consciring, reflective and irreflective, and, during this discussion, consider the unconscious, mentioned by Leslie, in its proper place. And after?

S. There is the unavoidable problem which arises in relation to the activity called consciring or "*conscience-énergic*". Something must be said about this, more particularly because Bradley

has condemned "activity" as a false concept embodying, like causation, fatal self-contradiction. The manner of rethinking the "energy" of science is also important. Then we ought to pass to the topic of Cosmic Feeling; of the affective colouring of the divine activity. Allied with this inquiry is the examination of what a modern fashion in philosophy calls values.

A. And I suggest that we should have at least a preliminary treatment of the crux of the aspects of conscita or contents, of qualities, quantities and relations—perhaps also some handling of the metaphysics of number. Then . . .

W. A banquet surely for one afternoon! Shall we confine our feast to the topics just selected? You are agreeable. I begin then by offering some remarks on divine consciring in connexion with the belief in a personal god.

L. May I delay you a moment? I take it that no one here believes in an all-explanatory personal god and that West need not dwell on this naïve belief at any length. I do wish, however, to share a thought of mine, bearing on this subject, with you all. I was troubled by it when a boy; I was the "school atheist", bullied at times by bigger youths who, like Christians in the Middle Ages, twisted my arms so as to save my soul. Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that the fontal power which sustains the worlds is a personal god. How came it about that this person is what he is, while I have to crawl about on a planet and other finite sentients, as West calls them, appear as lions, serpents, mice, worms and even as the nascent individuals of the sub-atomic level? What mysterious fate—what dark Orlog—has allotted to individuals the different rôles and regions in which they appear? All the world's a stage—very probably; but how are the parts distributed and, above all, why is one favoured individual President of the immortals? I was told by my house-master, a parson with preferment in view, that divine acts are "past understanding", but my real difficulty was the kingship of god himself. Why was he in his heaven, I in the fifth form and a cobra, of very unpleasant inherited mentality, in its hole in southern India?

D. I suppose that, if one accepts a personal god, one accepts aristocratic cosmic government at the same time. Our better and we are just taken for granted; we have to learn to know

our places without putting rude questions and be thankful for being allowed to exist at all.

A. Of course your difficulty presents an amusing but also insoluble problem; even the god himself, eternally in the presence of his amazing kingship, is baffled. But let us pass from dreams, however stimulating, to serious metaphysics.

W. "All individuals", observes Fichte in the *Science of Knowledge*, "are included in the one great unity of pure spirit", or, as I prefer to say, are rays of that fundamental consciring which is not stark unity but one-many. This fully reflective consciring is primary and underived, the ultimate explanation of there being such occurrences as "beginnings" and "ends"; producing indeed, as we shall see, those very events in space-time which for some modern philosophical writers are all in all. It is also the ultimate basis of there being the kind of consciring which, in the cases of finite sentients, may take the form of awareness of a self contrasted with a not-self. Divine spiritual creativity, however, which includes all its conditions, has no need to make eyes at itself, like Narcissus, by using the not-self as a mirror. This was Fichte's mistake with which we have dealt.

What Whitehead terms the "Semitic concept" of a definitely personal god, who calls into being Nature as well as other "persons" and minor sentients below this level, is not worth the attention which it has received in philosophy. It originated in the worship of a magnified and fantastic man, having the mentality of an Oriental despot; a crude faith which is continued into the pages of Milton, whose god, seated on a Mount, talks and acts like a man, is cruel, and has a kingdom which only bites into the realm of Chaos and old Night. A refined philosophical Theism was grafted by intellectuals on to this belief. We may regret, perhaps, with Schopenhauer that the Upanishads, instead of this Semitic dream, did not shape the religion of mediaeval Europe. A personal despot will have foolish and vicious worshippers who oppress and torture.

In the phrase "personal god" occurs a word with a peculiar history. "Persona" meant originally an actor's mask, and, if "all the world's a stage" and men and women merely "players", we are in truth all wearing masks in the adventure staged by the world-principle. It meant later, however, something very

different, a legal entity, a citizen with rights according to Roman law. A misapplication of this term by a rude Father of the Church seems to have started "personal" on its career in Western theology and philosophy.(2) To close this digression—the modern refined philosophical Theism, which exalts a person, is worse than unverifiable; it is inadequate to the range of reality to be explained.

Personality implies limitations from which at long last I at least shall be glad to escape. Let us accord the hypothesis, withal, its meed of praise. It regards cosmic conscurring as fully aware of itself and it survives simply because in this respect it is right. In other respects it impedes thought. The "Self" of the Upanishads will not content modern thought, but it is far in advance of the primitive Semitic dream.

A. There are philosophical writers of whom it has been said that they combine the personal Father of Jesus with the "unmoved mover" of Aristotle or the Absolute interpreted as Reason.

But West made no reply, being uninterested, as I gathered later, in apologetics of this order.

D. Has Divine Imagining memory?

W. It is not of course a "*mens momentanea*". It conserves the actual Past in so far as this is tolerable, that is to say contributing to the final artistry of the creative process. It creates additively on this basis of a conserved Past, as perhaps also on that of inexhaustible contents that have never formed part of any evolutionary scheme. We mortals create on the basis of memory; an imperfect and fragmentary phase of conservation of which an account will be given later. Memory, the make-shift, in fact provides stimulating problems.

D. You cannot know that portions of the actual Past—that which has *passed* ("past") into the realm of "made" reality conserved within Divine Imagining—are destroyed?

W. I do not; I suggest always, according to our agreement, when I cannot prove. Do you want the movement towards "Delight-love-beauty" to include preservation of earth's worst horrors; the doings, for example, of Gilles de Retz or the filth that is part of our workaday life? Do you suppose that such things can be made to contribute to the rapture of Tennyson's Divine Event?

D. A Chamber of Horrors has its interest and, if there were no knowledge as to who had been the miscreants, even the once polluted might look on the Past without dismay.(3)

W. On the filth? But let that pass. I must point out that you have already modified the Past in the interests of the Divine Event. And, after all, it is only a question of the extent to which modification may be necessary. Don't ask me to indicate how the ideal is to be attained.

D. Does Divine Imagining deliberate like man?

W. Consider first what psychologists call "conation", of which they regard human willing as a phase. What is the "simple and unanalysable element uniquely characteristic of it" of which Professor G. F. Stout writes?(4) The answer is "felt tendency", which is said not to be identical with motor sensations or with pleasure and pain. Say "conscired tendency" and you are near the truth. This is an aspect, not necessarily painful or pleasurable, of the consciring at work in the maintenance or creative realisation of an imaginal field; an aspect which may become unpleasant, however, as "mental effort". We must not, as urged before, talk of "felt impulses to action" in order to dodge recognition of consciring.(5) This is a trick of words, though great names, I must allow, have profited by it.

Bosanquet regards will as property of a 'world that "mends discrepancies" within itself by conative process in time. But why, Delane, should we look for deliberation in the mending—or making—achieved by divine imaginal process? Men have to deliberate, because they find over against them surroundings which they do not make, are ignorant and, risking much, have to weigh alternatives. But Divine Imagining, considered apart from the world-systems, has no "given". It does not create alternatives to be compared experimentally in thought in face of the "given" situation which is to be altered. It acts directly and in the best possible way from step to step of creative realisation. Never harbouring alternatives, It creates and recreates Its situations as It works. Its imaginal acts generate the growing facts: the reality that is sprouting freshly the while.

S. Cosmic consciring cannot be narrowed to personality. Would you be inclined to call it "superconscious"; a term which has made its appearance here and there?

W. No: for what is above consciring that is fully reflective? I suspect that the term "superconscious" masks a drift to that Unconscious whose "clairvoyant wisdom" is extolled incomprehensibly in the pages of von Hartmann and others.

A. If cosmic contents dance on the jets of consciring and are thus well styled conscita, they vanish also with the cessation of the jets in question. And the finite centres of consciring, again, presuppose cosmic consciring. All then depends fundamentally on Divine Imagining—even the finite centres that *continue* It and in which, during the Odyssey of creative evolution, part of Its activity is sunk. Now it is in connexion with this apparent truth that I desire to put a question.

It seems possible that such "continuing" centres, working, like the monads of Leibnitz, on all levels, the so-called inorganic and other, of a world-system, may suffice for the conservations and innovations within the said system. And this system, again, as West has suggested, may be insulated in the earlier and uglier stages of its career. Its life may flow apart even more completely than my life flows apart from yours. It may be unable to penetrate and influence any of the other innumerable world-systems in any way. But can we say more? Can we say that it does not appear even within Divine Imagining till it is such as to contribute to the paradise of "Delight-love-beauty"?

W. It appears within Divine Imagining, as we shall see, at its birth; it emerges like Minerva from the body of Jove. But the Metaphysical Fall has to ensue,(6) and you suggest that, during the ugly stages thus named, it is self-sustaining but encysted in the universe; not conscired as content by Divine Imagining at all.

A. Or perhaps only in some manner that does not mar the divine life. For surely Divine Imagining conscires in full freedom. And, having originated a world-system ensouled by finite centres of consciring, It is confronted with a "given" produced within this system, and we know too well what this "given" may comprise. Does It welcome this filth into paradise?

W. A world-system, already insulated from other world-systems, may be kept apart also from the rest of God's treasures. Its entire history may lie isolated in God; and, in the philosophical meaning of the term, it has to be "saved", raised

to that level of beauty when it can enter, as theologians say, "into the joy of the Lord". It and its past are too foul to be conserved permanently as they exist.

Dogmatism is, of course, absurd and I can only offer suggestions as to the solution of this problem. But I must at the same time urge strongly that Divine Imagining, which gave rise to the system, remains also the root of the very "continuing" finite sentiments of which Anderton spoke. There is God transcendent and God immanent; Dionysus lives both beyond and in His Adventures. The world-system has its free swing, but at the end of a golden chain. However divided against itself, it is also a continuum. It will never pass utterly out of divine control. And its final transformation in the shaping of the "divine event" will be the outcome of this control crowned with success.

S. Your view is that this plastic world-system, with its "made" reality hardening into fixity behind it, awaits the great day when its insulation shall no longer be required. Till then its past persists unaltered within Divine Imagining. The world-system rushes through space-time, like an aeroplane leaving in its wake a smoke-trail—its past—that becomes motionless.(7)

L. And West hopes for the best. But there is time also for the worst in a flux wherein our sun has a career of, perhaps, fifteen billion years, itself a petty duration within the bewildering span of a world-system.

D. Not if "God's in his heaven". And remember, pessimist, you have to show that West spoke amiss last afternoon. In the opinion of the circle, you were down for the count and were saved only by the gong.

L. "To come to blows again smiling at the next round, if perhaps a trifle groggy", answered the pagan poet, genially. (But the force of West's reasoning had stirred us all, and I for one was glad to leave the poet to his reflections.)

D. I suppose that in this scheme of things there is room even for prayer; that is to say, there exist superhuman agents quite able to help man in certain respects at need.

W. Even James inclined to allow for levels of superhuman agents lying between mere men and his fundamental cosmic "pure experience", for which I substitute Divine Imagining. But let not man seek too much. Violations of great equilibria

cannot be made that petty equilibria may prosper. Earthquakes must take place in the restoration of terrestrial equilibria, even though towns are swallowed. Locomotives must go their ways, even though ants are crushed. What is possible, consistently with world-purpose, may be done for man. And anyhow the conscurring of the nobler man of prayer will result in creations of value for his personality.

L. It seems to me that you, the reputed liberal thinker, are finding excuses for almost everything in which ordinary people believe.

W. Except for their religions! Well; I am not ashamed to drink where the plain man drinks, if only the fountain is pure. Indeed, I find much in the beliefs of the unsophisticated man of great value, but did I not say so at the outset?(8) For the rest, I am making it clear in the present case why I agree with the plain man.

D. But now that the question of superhuman agents has been raised, I have more questions to put to West.

W. (smiling, as if he liked the common sense of this "impulsive"). "Say on."

D. Among possible helpers might be the souls of men themselves. But I want to get above this level. And I ask accordingly two questions. You have spoken of indefinitely many world-systems. Now, is there a finite or limited god controlling each of these systems? And, secondly, are there beings, whom one might call minor gods, among the denizens of these systems?

W. You don't ask me to produce the gods themselves; you want simply some more genial suggestions.

D. Of course. None of us earth-dwellers enjoys direct knowledge of such beings.

W. (drily). So I am told. The bare idea of their existence would amuse the men in lecture-rooms. In fact, if the gods exist and have a sense of humour, they must find modern thinkers highly amusing. If a god, a centre of conscurring in which floats a planet, heard himself abolished by Bertrand Russell, his merriment might shake the spheres.

L. In the old days a vain god would have blasted the city where he was ignored, or at least have sent a plague to punish it.

D. Ah! but to-day the gods have learnt much and become

moral. And occasionally even a poet, regretting his past, seeks to have wisdom.

L. He sits at the feet of specialists, of Delane, who spoke recently with an expert's knowledge concerning hell, of West concerning heaven. But, West, this finite god interests me. He is no longer, as in Mill's thought, controller of an inexplicable Nature other fundamentally than himself.

W. In the frame of Imaginism he would become a centre, or unity of centres, of consiring—no more. But there are complications to be noted.

Those who believe that our world-system has its supreme finite god—and James held that a god worthy of the name must be finite—ought to declare precisely what they assert. Mill's attitude represents the views of many. Mill believed in a god of perhaps unlimited intelligence; on the other hand, possibly more limited in this respect than in that of power. He did not venture to suggest how and by what this god is limited.

L. But why did Mill infer this god at all?

W. From the signs of purpose which he seemed to descry in the world. Of course this argument is the old "teleological" one of the classical "demonstrators" of Theism. It won't justify belief in that "sum-total of reality and perfection" which interested Kant, but it might be held to prove that there exists a limited Demiurge, Ishwara or "Invisible King", as H. G. Wells has it.

L. But you already have a source of purposiveness in Divine Imagining.

W. That is well said. I have also to account for the apparent lack of purpose in many domains, as you will be sure to add. And now I wish to point out the complications of which I spoke. I take them from the book *Divine Imagining*, where this question of god and the gods is dealt with in a special chapter.(9)

If you start with a view such as Mill's, a momentous problem compels notice. Has this finite god been evolved, as is suggested in *World as Imagination* and *Divine Imagining*? Such a god might be evolved within our world-system or, having been evolved elsewhere, have come to this system, more or less mature, from another.(10) The god, if evolved, is still in

process of gaining strength, being not a mere individual—always one-sided and defective—but outgrowth of innumerable advanced individuals who interpenetrate and enrich one another. Will you allow me to read the passage quoted in *Divine Imagining* from that remarkable novel, *Peter Ibbetson*? In this work god emerges “in the direct line of a descent from us, an ever-growing conscious Power, so strong, so glad, so simple, so wise, so mild, so beneficent that what can we do even now but fall on our knees with our foreheads in the dust, and our hearts brimful of wonder, hope and love, and tender shivering awe and worship of a yet unborn, barely conceived and scarce begotten Child—that which we have been taught to worship as a Father—that which is not now, but is to be—that which we shall all share in and be part of in the dim future—that which is slowly, surely, painfully weaving itself out of us and the likes of us”.

L. But this view assumes that the god is born within our special world-system.

W. It does and assumes therefore too much. The growth in this system may be continuing a process begun elsewhere; perhaps in some world-system which vanished long ago into the immemorial past.

L. Renan writes of divine individuality “acquiring strength” by absorbing myriads of conscious lives, but an evolved god, *you* will say, does not replace the lives. It consists of such absorbed lives. It rescues us therefore from that nightmare in which god is conceived as set in pride of place, and for no assignable reason, over all other individuals, great and small, for ever. There is no genuinely free soul which does not detest the Yahveh or Allah of the past. Even the personal Father of Jesus angers me, for, after all, why am I merely Douglas Leslie, while another, who is to dominate me for ever, is the Lord? Thus I like this view of an evolved finite power in which individuals are to find true wealth and freedom, though I think it a mistake to call this power god; it is rather the form in which the highest individual lives of “us and the likes of us” are continued. It is a fully unified DIVINE SOCIETY of souls, not an individual.

W. I won't haggle about names. But I will draw your atten-

tion to an important point. The plain man, if privileged to come for a brief while into touch with this power, would certainly identify it, not with *a* god of his particular world-system, but with *the* God of Gods; with the all-embracing Divine Imagining Itself. Don't you see the enormous significance of this for religion?

L. Yes: the identification would be almost inevitable. And, assuming that this society is a reality, the step has probably been taken often in the history of the higher religions. Oh! yes: I quite see your point. A Jesus, for instance, enjoying refined and rare intuitions, might well mistake the power, a conscious splendour so incomparably superior to man, for the veritable Power of Powers which you call Divine Imagining. (I noticed that Leslie made no allusion to his "cosmic imagination" and gathered once more that the leaven furnished by our last dialogue was working! As in fact it was.)(11)

S. But does this extraordinarily interesting suggestion exhaust your complications? I can see that such a power, the finite god who emerges slowly within the world-system, would behave exactly like the god of Mill, potent and very wise but limited in all respects. Such a god, growing within the bosom of Divine Imagining, furnishes the plain man with the most exalted ideal that conduct requires. It is not merely that the god is powerful and wise; he is also a *moral ally* in his dealings with worshipping mankind. Divine Imagining, the Power of Powers, is, I take it, supermoral, a principle too exalted for the many hewers of wood and drawers of water who profess the creeds.

W. You seize my thought deftly. Yes: the hewer of wood can worship this god as a moral ally.

D. What could any reasonable religionist, not yet competent to contemplate the Power of Powers, require more than this finite god or divine society provides? Even Leslie, I can see, is stirred. I wonder whether, caught up momentarily in this divine society, he would accept its decision. Would he defer to its judgment on the question of pessimism? For in that society, which must realise one of the great dreams of Plotinus, the truth about pessimism is surely ascertained beyond cavil.

L. When I have been caught up I will tell you. I am still playing with West's beautiful dream. It may be more than a dream, but how am I to know?

W. "Delane hits the mark nevertheless. Were we caught up into that ecstasy of living we should find the answer to every doubt. But for some the day will dawn sooner than for others." His face was glowing with a light that I had never seen on it before. I gazed at him in silent wonderment. Leslie was gazing too, sobered into gravity awhile by the personality of the mystic. The Professor wiped his spectacles, replaced them and lay lost in thought. Delane's enthusiasm was unconcealed, that of the disciple—of the only man, perhaps, whom he had ever set above himself. For somehow West spoke as one having authority, while regaling us, as he might say in his genial way, with suggestion and fancy. He cast seeds carelessly, as it seemed then, into the fields of our thought, but many took root, and the harvest for all four of us is now bounteous.

S. (after a pause). This concept of the evolved god or divine society has a further value well worth consideration. Being of limited power and wisdom, the god needs our help in the process of making the entire world-system, including ourselves, divine. The history of mankind is the target for the gibes of Gibbon and Macaulay. But, hideous as it has been and is, it may end well, if all sentient of power co-operate in the redemption of the world from the shortcomings and miseries of the time-process. What a stimulus to the following up of our worthier ideals!

A. The Hindu Puranas teach that prior world-systems have supplied gods both for systems that exist now and for those that are to be; and the suggestion is at least plausible. But the moral greatness of such gods has presumably limits, and it is well in discussions about them to be rid of phrases such as "infinitely good", "infinitely holy", and so forth. I wish to suggest that such beings have interests of their own, other preoccupations than our vanity permits.

W. Mill's god of Natural Religion was described, on the evidence of Nature and History, as one "who desires, and pays some regard to, the happiness of his creatures, but who seems to have other motives of action which he cares more for" and who might not care to incur indefinitely severe sacrifices. It would, however, I must insist, be immoral for a higher being to mutilate itself in the interests of lower beings—of a man, for instance, to starve that ants and blackbeetles should prosper. Consider that

well in discussing the "moral limitations" of a divine society or even of an individual god. Do you recall the alleged words of Buddha to the effect that human beings in the eyes of the gods are "stinking, disgusting, repulsive and counted as such"? (12) Who are we that we should impose on a god, perhaps as superior to us as we are to ants, enslavement for the convenience of man? Shall slave-making ants keep a Plato to look after their pupæ? Altruism on the part of a god might be a vice. The earth-dweller, let me be frank, lives on a foul level; he can be valued by the god only in virtue of what he may become. He must not suppose that those in the seats of power exist merely to hear his complaints and do him reverence.

The silence that followed was broken by Leslie.

L. Then it comes to this. Our particular world-system may be compared at present to a stegosaur, that monstrous mesozoic reptile with a brain of the size of a pigeon's egg. It has its supreme god—the light that lights the tiny stegosaurian brain and controls through this the vast organism. But the god is itself being evolved and has to work always within limits set by the possible. With the passing of billions or quadrillions of years, the god becomes slowly, by what with Shelley we may call "plastic stress", master of the organism and, at long last, aided by the myriads of lower sentients concerned, succeeds in making the entire field of his influence divine. The world-process, then, is an Adventure of Dionysus, of Divine Imagining, which is sunk partially in creative evolution; and the part thus sunk is to attain at last, and largely by its own initiative, the splendour of a triumphant divine society; a god in the only form tolerable by a free soul. The contents of the world-system thus transformed and made divine become the *conscita* of the (one-many) *consciring* in which the being of this god consists. A grand dream, I allow. The stegosaur, exalted to divinity, is set among the stars.

D. And the justification of the world-process, or rather of our own finite world-process, is complete. (But Leslie, looking across the valley, did not reply.)

A. And after the triumph of the god?

W. Let us defer discussion of that until we are considering the Divine Event.

S. Very nicely put, Leslie; the world-system begins as the stegosaur, whether its brain is lit by a god evolved within it or by one coming, more or less mature, from some prior system which has passed away. But now about verification. Let us suppose, West, that we are in search of traces of the work of this god or are challenged by the sceptics to point them out. Many, as you know, say to-day that "god does nothing". And now that we have to look for him within the bosom of Divine Imagining, it becomes harder, I think, to indicate where precisely his alleged influence begins and ends. For the general purposiveness of things might be attributed to Divine Imagining, the Power of Powers, without the need of our inferring the influence of the divine society at all.

W. An excellent lunge from the champion of science, Professor. And now a prefatory caution. I noticed incidentally that you spoke of "inferring", and that word accents a grave difficulty. Reasoning concerns in the main the probable. And did not Eckhart say that a *conceived* god escapes us too easily; he perishes in fact with the concept? Intuiting alone would bring satisfaction. Since, however, we have to accept the limitations implied by our position in the world-system, let us make the best of them. To conspire here and now like members of the divine society is not an ideal realisable by us. We are forced, therefore, to lean in part on the crutches of inference. Shambling thus painfully, I have to suggest the quarters in which belief in the evolved god is best verified.

Let us be quite clear about the great god or divine society just mentioned. The "stegosaurian" world-system is a body lacking at first its divine society or supreme finite conscious god, unless the said god, evolved in connexion with some prior world-system, has come to it thence. Such a god does not emerge in full-blown glory from the Absolute; he (or it) is evolved during the creative time-process. This is an important consideration. It rids us incidentally of that Hellenistic invention, the "Logos", in which neo-theosophical writers have put their trust. I shall be saying something about this "Logos" shortly, after which the topic need not be referred to again during our talks.

The evolved god is of necessity limited in all respects; it may be so limited indeed that very bad happenings which foul the

world-system are beyond his (or its) control. When Buddha rejected the Brahmanic Ishwara (the Indian god which answers to the "Logos" of Hellenistic invention), he argued that, if the world had been made by Ishwara, there would be no sorrow and calamity. This is saying, of course, too much, because many sorrows and calamities subserve the evolution of organisms, will, thought and emotion, but it is true, nevertheless, that the *useless* miseries of life are very numerous. Leslie will be stressing the point when we come to the consideration of evil. Meanwhile recall what Mill says of Nature which "impales men, breaks them as if on the wheel . . . and has hundreds of other hideous deaths in reserve, such as the ingenious cruelty of a Nabis or a Domitian never surpassed". And recall also Plato's view (*Republic*, Bk. 2) that god is not the author of all things but "only of such as are good". You are surely in the heart of a great conflict—this finite god and the world-system are discrepant in part, are at war. Inevitably the concept of the limited and evolved divine society or god, such as I have suggested, imposes itself more and more forcibly on thought.

I know of no evidence in favour of the view that a "Logos" or Ishwara, issuing directly and in full glory from Divine Imagining, is a precondition of the existence of our world-system. This is the Demiurgus of phantasy. On the contrary, the character of that system suggests that its special controlling god, if such there be, is as yet far from mature, is perhaps, in du Maurier's words, only "a scarce begotten child" engaged in a hard struggle, in which defeat is at least possible, to better the process in which it arose and in and through which it is slowly gathering wisdom and strength.

A. The individuals associated in this divine society or evolved god are products of creative evolution, at any rate as regards their conscious history in the world-system. The birth of the god, impossibly a mere individual, presupposes these individuals. But no "result" of any kind arises solely out of its antecedents; a creative stroke is always implied.⁽¹³⁾ And for the making or evolving of a divine society, the world-system by itself would be impotent. I base this comment on West's remark about the "golden chain",⁽¹⁴⁾ by which even the most seemingly independent world-system hangs from Divine Imagining. I

take it, then, that Divine Imagining evolves the finite god which, at long last, is to redeem, *i.e.* perfect to loveliness, the entire world-system over which he rules. Am I, West, interpreting your thought correctly?

W. You are. Yes; the "golden chain" has been described by you clearly. The individuals, or rather advanced individuals, are not a mere aggregate; discrete units associated loosely like men in a State. Let me express the truth in the old classical way. The "stuff" or "material" of the god consists of myriads of highly developed souls, to which Divine Imagining gives a new "form", that is to say, a *new manner of existence*; a new unification such that each, while conserved as individual, becomes also the god. But I must not anticipate our discussion of the Divine Event.

Note, however, that Divine Imagining does not act here merely as transcendent creative power. It is immanent in this finite god which is on a level such as nothing else in the world-system attains.

D. If souls persist and become on a very high level, as the grand seer Plotinus describes, mutually penetrative and enriching, the finite god or divine society appears *inevitably* during the process of the suns. Behold a new argument unknown to post-Cartesian philosophy! We can infer the reality of such great gods with confidence. Innumerable divine societies must exist; innumerable others are being originated now throughout the universe. In a word, such gods *must* be born and they *must* become very great.

A. And in guiding new world-systems they will grow greater still. The new system serves as a body to the god; and its history illustrates the degree of power which the god has attained. Yes: it is arguable, I think, that such gods, on the lines of Imaginism, *must* be evolved. But surely even we must occasionally "feel", *i.e.* conscire vaguely, the reality of the god who guides this system of ours:

A Presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns—

and in this way have *direct* evidence that the god exists?

W. Assuredly: and man, vaguely aware of this power, realises therein the greatest direct revelation of Divine Imagining which is possible for beings of his lowly grade. The "Presence" of Wordsworth is at once that of the divine society and of Divine Imagining in which, of course, the god is merely a complex centre of consciring, one of "indefinitely many of its kind. But how, some may ask, do we conscire this disturbing Presence? The answer is quite simple. Get rid of the idea that human beings are so made as to be cut off from the larger realities. "Nothing is that's single"; and in the "mingling" of things and sentient—what is called in philosophy interpenetration—lies the solution sought. Solipsists may say that man is shut up in a cage called his experience. Whereas in sober truth the contents or conscita present to his consciring bring with them an aroma telling of larger reality directly conscired in them.

S. There is nothing against the view that the finite god or divine society may—to use a theological expression—"dwell in us"; and it is probably belief in this "dwelling" that keeps many loyal to the popular religions. The "dwelling" is thought to be that of the god of their particular creed, whereas any man of the requisite depth, whether he accepts a popular religion or not, can have the experience.

Interpenetration is the rule in a world which is the "continuum" we spoke of in the last dialogue. Things and sentient, as Shelley could say in this connexion, "in one another's being mingle". And this "mingling" obtains even on the lowest level of natural events with which the symbolism of physics deals. Thus even Faraday's "force-centre" and Whitehead's "electron" have been discussed as present at—as penetrating—all quarters where their causal influence is observed. An "electron" pervades in some manner the entire physical world-system. "Inflowing" indeed is the suggestion of the word influence itself; and such inflowing is presupposed by causation.(15) Similarly a soul, utilising a human body, penetrates the world-system, but much more richly than a mere "electron" within this body. An alleged great power such as the divine society must certainly be present throughout its world-system, though it too, as finite, need not be reflectively aware of all that it is and does. It may also condense what for us are long-drawn-out

periods of time into a compact "specious present", freed from a vast deal of the detail of which human and animal life is full. The consideration, however, of moment for us now is this. If the power penetrating our experience in this manner is conscired while doing so by us, why, this is our *direct* awareness, however faint, of the power! Wordsworth's "Presence" is not our subjective dream but a prolongation into us of a reality existing also in a larger domain.

L. The Professor is in the net; mystic of the Riffelalp, *mori-turi te salutant*.

S. (somewhat irritably). I am alive enough, Leslie, to appreciate the point made by Anderton, I don't care whether for us or against us. An alleged indefinite, emotional consciousness of the god is not necessarily a cheat.

D. (with a bright inspiration). But if you stress penetration so forcibly, you will soon have to explain many supernormal phenomena of human life in this way—clairvoyance, telepathy and what not. Thus the soul is not aware reflectively of much which it penetrates; in special circumstances, however, it is aware of events beyond the normal sphere of its restricted attention or focal consciring and then may come perception which amazes us. Consciring has before it lines of penetration of which ordinarily there is no reflective awareness; practical needs exacting this economy of *conscience-énergie*.

W. Excellent; the soul is potentially a perceiver on the great scale; its "distributable" attention, however, as Ward puts it, its sphere of focal reflective consciring, is limited. But once more everything in its place. We can't deal with soul-riddles now.

L. At this rate we shall be asked soon to reconsider the liturgy with Anderton and the Professor to sing our hymns. Given belief in the divine society and in subordinate superhuman individuals of high and low degree, our freethinkers may have to capitulate to the upholders of prayer. For what divides us utterly from these hypothetical powers behind the veil?

W. Even prayer has its value; it furthers at any rate the life of concentration, of focal consciring. And, moreover, acting within the limits set by cosmic equilibration, there exist in fact higher powers who can respond to human initiative at need.

L. Oh! given agents on higher levels, who can influence the

stream of events here, much may be possible. But the evidence? You are suggesting that there exist minor gods.

W. Minor gods and superhuman agents of all grades. And don't smile disdainfully as if you were Fate assigning denizens to the world-system and resolved to deny us such gods. After all, Plato, Plotinus, Fechner and, it seems, James all believed in these minor gods, while the sceptical Bradley himself urged that organisms, unlike our own, "pervading and absorbing the whole extent of Nature" may well exist.(16) What more reasonable than this step on the part of our sages? Consider the situation. Innumerable souls such as ours play their parts in the worlds. If they endure and continue their development, there is implied at long last a hierarchy of conscious agents, the highest of which are at once preserved and transformed in that divine society or supreme finite god whom we were discussing just now. Minor gods are among the individuals or groups of individuals in question. Thus a sane polytheism is thinkable—for those capable of devotion to minor gods and unable to look beyond them to the divine society or the fontal Divine Imagining Itself. A great being, very powerful and very wise, coming into overt relations with mankind, would command devotion from the herd. His moral aspect would be interpreted arbitrarily as his votaries thought fit; in popular religion the god can do no wrong. Were several such great beings revealed to mankind, a natural polytheism would result. But, polytheism apart, a return to Paganism, as suggested in *World as Imagination*, is always possible, and even inevitable, in the future.(17) For on every level of Nature show agents fundamentally akin in character to ourselves, to wit, centres of conspiring, major and minor, whose activity underlies what the physicist calls "events".

L. Modern critics would want a lot of evidence before believing in any particular minor god.

S. True; but in the universe of Imaginism there is room for legions of such gods. The rest is—an affair of evidence. And now I should like to hear something more from West respecting the "Logos".

W. The "Logos" originated as a device of philosophy. The word, which meant once "gathering", came to signify later both speech and reason which were not distinguished for long by the

Greeks. The Hellenistic "Logos" is not a belief resting on experience, but responds to the need of solving somehow an embarrassing problem. It is this "speech-reason" (reason's importance was exaggerated, as we saw, by the Greeks) which fills a gap created by bad metaphysics. What say you, Anderton?

A. Yes; by the bad metaphysics which—to date the basic error as far back as Plato—places at the "back of beyond" the *changeless* abstract Form or Idea of the Good. For with this apotheosis of the changeless and abstract arises inevitably a grave problem. How shall men account for the concrete changeful appearances which confront them in every quarter? They cannot ignore them; and they cannot get them out of, *e.g.*, the stirless "Idea of the Good" or the abstract "One" of Plotinus. A creative god who can act on, and guide, his worlds is required. So this "Logos" is invented as connecting link between the changeless and abstract and the spheres of concrete change. It serves, accordingly, as creator of a changeful world, while leaving its source—the changeless—undisturbed. A similar device is met with in Indian thought, when Ishwara, the emergent god, "first existent from" the Absolute, armed with Mâyâ, saves the dignity of its source which is supposed to be above change. I am referring, of course, to the Vedantist Absolute which does its world-creation by deputy.

L. And the echo of this is heard in *Paradise Lost*:

Eternal King; the author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible—

who is made visible only in the "Begotten Son". The King is also "immutable", though Milton forgets this when making him speak and in describing the war in heaven.

A. There are many echoes and they occur only because of the fundamental mistake of the old metaphysicians.

W. Classical Greek philosophy, as Dewey observes, shows a "joy in what is finished". But Divine Imagining, as I have pointed out, includes and compels change; is not a perfect reality, but a perficient power⁽¹⁸⁾ which is not "finished" but creates additively. It is not merely transcendent, but immanent in change. And time-succession is not false appearance, but a mode of ultimate reality, the form of additive creation itself.

L. The Divine Imagining of your hypothesis certainly requires no connecting link with the phenomenal worlds; It originates and supports those worlds Itself. The "Logos" hypothesis is for you, as indeed also for me, a useless fiction.

W. And, having said this, let us pass on.

But at this moment the maid appeared with tea, and the Logos and Ishwara, dethroned by general consent, took refuge among the shadows of the intellectual past.

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

- (1) Chapter VIII. p. 171.
- (2) "The Latin Church Father Tertullian, who was a lawyer by profession, first used the term as an equivalent for the Greek highly philosophical concept *hypostasis* and so the entirely inadequate vocable 'person' when applied to the divine hypostasis started on its career in Western theology."—G. R. S. Mead, M.A., *Quest*, April 1919.
- (3) Cf. *Divine Imagining*, pp. 150-2, on the "made" Past.
- (4) "The Nature of Conation and Mental Activity", *British Journal of Psychology*, July 1906.
- (5) Chapter VIII. pp. 171-2.
- (6) Cf. *Divine Imagining*, p. 185, "The Evolution of Nature".
- (7) Cf. *Divine Imagining*, pp. 150-3.
- (8) Cf. Chapter II. pp. 42-3.
- (9) *Divine Imagining*, "God and the gods", pp. 212-34.
- (10) *Divine Imagining*, p. 223.
- (11) Cf. Chapter VIII. pp. 186-7.
- (12) *Dialogues of the Buddha*, Part 2, trans. by T. W. Rhys Davids and C. A. F. Rhys Davids, p. 355.
- (13) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 130-3. Cf. also Chapter XVI. of this book.
- (14) Chapter IX. p. 197.
- (15) *Divine Imagining*, chapter "Creation and the Causal Dynamic". Cf. also Chapter XVI. of this book.
- (16) "Organisms unlike our own, arrangements pervading and absorbing the whole extent of Nature, may well exist. And as to the modes of perception which are possible with these organisms we can lay down no limit."—*Appearance and Reality*, p. 275.
- (17) "A return to Paganism in an enlightened form seems inevitable; once more clouds, air, sea, fire, dry land and the 'undiscovered countries', as yet veiled from most mortal eyes, will be found peopled with these beings, none the less real because some of their habits have been recorded in the useful shorthand which men respect as uniformities or laws of Nature. Once more Nature, psychical throughout, will be known as consisting not of mere contents, like the contents of our experience, but also of conscious powers whose activity is the urge and drive of change."—*World as Imagination*, p. 506.
- (18) Chapter V. p. 100.

CHAPTER X

ON THE LEVELS OF CONSCIRING

THE discussion just recorded had not been revived after tea. The following afternoon, when all the five chairs on the balcony were occupied, the Professor, who had probably been thinking hard overnight, opened the debate.

S. We are to discuss the levels of consciring; and the highest level is the consciring which is the active side of Divine Imagining. I allow that West's view about this highest level is of unmatched charm; I incline to add that this view is now also mine. But, if the formalists of philosophy require rigorous proof, would our genial host, with his arguments fully mobilised, be able to furnish it? I am not at all sure that he could. We remain at best, it would seem, within the region of the probable.

W. He could not furnish it—we remain within the region of the probable, but a probable from the grip of which there is no escape. Sufficient is this probability for the guidance of conduct. Why complain? I repeat that the classical "logical demonstrations" which sought to "prove" the reality of God have lost their force. The ontological, the cosmological, the teleological, etc., arguments establish nothing of value to us—nothing which forwards the special contentions which imaginists have at heart. And may I remind you that in our opening dialogue⁽¹⁾ I disclaimed expressly any belief in a metaphysics fed by logic? I urged you to advance tentatively by means of suppositions, fancies and guesses, asking you of course to verify these whenever you could. I have to repeat the advice now in answering the Professor. Fancies and guesses are makeshifts: we make use of them because, owing to our humble position in the universe, we lack a sufficiency of direct knowledge of the great realities about which we talk. We guess in the best manner we can, at

once enterprisingly and warily, as men seeking a world-view sound enough to guide our adjustments. We live by fancies. And the best fancy, dignified by the name of hypothesis and subject to constant verification, tends to prevail and endure.

L. But, in the case of the hypothesis of Divine Imagining, how long is this verification-process to last?

W. Persist and you will find that the hypothesis affirms itself during the testing—you will accept it as you accept belief in individuals other than yourself, a belief not to be proved by experts in logic. You will start, not from undeniably true premisses, but from adventurous fancy that may or may not wear the livery of truth. For the highest mystic alone inquiry ceases to involve risk. His certitude consists in his becoming the very reality which he seeks.

S. Imaginism, as an intellectual venture, takes its rise in haunting suggestions which are tested, slowly gain strength and finally dominate the mind. Well, this is a procedure which science at any rate cannot deride. Every great theoretical achievement in science began as fancy; as a dream that became something more.

A. And, after all, until we reach our home, as Wordsworth would say, in Divine Imagining, we are forced to put trust in fancy about it. The mystic, who was called by James a "radical empiricist", would prefer to ignore talking and to become the actual reality in which he is interested. But unfortunately no one on our level can have more than a vague and indefinite direct awareness of the world-principle. What is directly intuited is at best very little and the rest of our alleged insight has to be feigned by the use of conceptual symbols.

S. Well: feigning this insight as I must, let me stress the two most important fancies which have to be retained because they "work". West has made out a case for Imagining; his fancy, withal, is not verified fully as yet. The finite individual cannot be aware directly of every phase of the infinite reality in which it is a point. But what it asserts about Imagining seems very probably true. And we must add that this Imagining is called plausibly "divine". It is aware of Its activity in an infinite creative field. It comprises, too, in all likelihood, I venture to believe, a feeling-aspect which colours this activity and constitutes

the "delight-love-beauty"(2) of which West has spoken. But we have yet to consider this aspect seriously. Meanwhile, West will find us listening eagerly to his account of the levels of consciring and asking incidentally with what meaning the expression "reflective" consciring is to be used.

L. I have had no success in seeking a metaphysical answer to West's argument that the World-Imagining creates with awareness(3), but I live in hope. I shall urge later, as does Hardy in *The Dynasts*, that the testimony of its miscreations is against this view. I am no match for West in the lists of high metaphysics; on the other hand, I can cite hard facts such as influenced Schopenhauer and Hardy. May I add that I am astonished that anyone, whether he be philosopher, mystic or religionist of the vulgar creeds, can regard all experienced events as revelations of a power which creates purposively and in such fashion as to realise in the most direct manner a "divine event"?

W. I should be the last to ask you to regard *all* experienced events as creations or miscreations of Divine Imagining. For Divine Imagining, as we shall see, creates on all finite levels creative agents whom the thunderbolts of Schopenhauer might blast quite justly. I mention this way out of your difficulties without any intention of exploring it now. For the present I am content that you and I are in agreement on certain important counts. Thus you, too, believe in World-Imagining on which the minor creators and the natural order discussed in physics depend. You allow, I suppose, that Nature is the work of this Imagining, and that, consequently, every falling drop of rain, vibration or patch of colour is, strictly speaking, a miracle.

L. In the sense of illustrating the work of World-Imagining—of course. The myth-making of mechanistic science is just useful nonsense.

W. And you hold that this World-Imagining is both conservative and additively creative?

L. Assuredly—would it be Imagining if it were not both?

W. But for you it is not *Divine* Imagining. It creates additively like the "Unweeting Will" of Hardy—it is throwing off novelty, not to realise a "far-off divine event", but because its character happens to be imaginal and it improvises therefore

on a cosmic scale with no end whatever in view. Not being aware of its activity, it is like an unsteered ship drifting through stormy seas in the dark; a "Flying Dutchman" whose crew is at the mercy of their infernal craft. Am I stating your contention amiss?

L. No; for Hardy's "Unweeting Will" steers to no port.

W. You are an honest doubter; you don't discuss the unconscious as if it were the conscious! That is an old trick, and a ridiculous one, of certain German philosophers, psycho-analysts and others. You contend, then, that to steer a course the World-Imagining must be aware of its activity or, at any rate, of the end which it is shaping?

L. Without question.

W. You are consistent, but how is your blindly creative World-Imagining to evolve a world-system which is not threatened momentarily with ruin? How do the conservative and the additively creative conspire so well as to suggest a "steered course"? You will allow that your belief is not free from difficulties.

L. Recalling in this respect all other metaphysical beliefs—nay, even the pretence of the absence of beliefs, to wit, agnosticism and scepticism. I am respecting, in your reputable company, the cult of the probable, and my claim is really quite a modest one. The facts, so far as they are ascertainable, seem to bear out my view—need I busy myself ineffectually with the "Back of Beyond"?

A. You have against you the widely-held view that the world's events reveal an "increasing purpose". Even modern astro-physics, it may be urged, favours belief in the "steered course". And the facts on which you rely to discredit purpose may, after all, be explained satisfactorily on West's lines. You greeted, I recall, a suggestion to this effect quite warmly.(4)

D. You have the riddle of finite conspiring—of the conscious individual—on your hands. Can you extract this conspiring from blindly creating contents in the Unconscious? I press this query because it would appear that contents, that is to say "made reality", never create. They are products, not productive activity.

S. You have also the riddle of the world-continuum to solve.

And you have to meet West's statement that human activity in a creative quarter is always aware of what is being done. This statement at any rate refers us to observations, to your "ascertainable" facts. You are without an answer to West's highly "probable" inference in connexion with the World-Imagining(5) and I am not surprised. God surely conspires radiantly.

L. I have nothing more to say as yet. I am putting West at some fences in order to see how he can jump. And more fences lie ahead. Meanwhile, perhaps, West will dispose of the worst, carrying me, a conscientious but diffident jockey, with him.

W. Leslie, after all, Professor, is merely experimenting with hypotheses and so are we all. He won't make a fetish of such makeshifts. I continue, then, my course of suggestions and guesses, leaving you four to appreciate their value.

(Suggestions and guesses—I record the words. But often he seemed to speak as one having the authority of direct experience. And later . . . but that is another story, to be told in its place.)

W. Let me glance back at the course of our thought. Three of you, perhaps, are with me in holding that the ultimate of ultimates, the reality at the heart of the world and of all that therein is, is—Divine Imagining. Nothing, you allow, would happen, none of the "events" of the modern relativist would occur, unless this fundamental reality were active. Thus through miracle, creation statuted by Divine Imagining, the disbeliever in miracles is furnished with his "uniformities"; the materialist with the live complex world whence his dead abstractions are torn. The very "wholeness" of the experienced world attests its divine ground. I have urged strongly that this ground, to wit, Divine Imagining, is "Radiance above Reason", as Ruysbroeck would say. I stressed the fact that attention with its intense consciousness marks all our human endeavours to create. Still, owing to our limited power of attention, we cannot create—even in such modest spheres as the study of a problem or the apperception of a tree—without ignoring very much. We can be intensely conscious, but in a restricted way; to concentrate, as Ward put it, is also to excentrate. Our creativity is pitifully selective; occurs only in portions of the presented content. And

it only remoulds the "given", lacking the radical character of creation in the cosmic depths. Divine Imagining, on the other hand, sires and drives all the world-steeds abreast. It does not concentrate selectively; It "attends to" centre and *circumference* at once. *It creates entire the roots of being and It creates in every aspect, conservative and additive, of an infinite field.*(6) It conscires accordingly throughout this field with the intensity that such creation involves; Its consciring is not a shifting spot of "phosphorescence" like that of the "attention" of petty man, but "radiant". This is why I have spoken of Divine Imagining as "fully reflective". And now take thought of the sequel. Radiant Imagining has place for that which we call "feeling"; also for immanent purposiveness embodied in Its imaginal structure. Ultimate reality must not be symbolised as "grey in grey". And in realisation with awareness of an imaginal field is found that end-seeking discussed popularly as "the will of the Lord", "the decrees of Fate" and so forth.

S. You suggest that the concepts of cosmic feeling and purpose are only now to be built plausibly into your main hypothesis? The basic fancy about "Radiance" provides a home for other subsidiary fancies that claim to be true.

W. That is so; if World-Imagining were unconscious, it would be waste of time to discuss whether it is purposive and blissful. Concede that it conscires "radiantly" and much shall be added to your conviction.

L. You stressed the "attention" with which we mortals have to confront situations calling for creative initiative. The punkah-wallah, whose body obeys sensori-motor reflexes, may be barely conscious and go to sleep; but the motor-driver, threading a bad, twisty track, makes novel adjustments all the while and is "wide-awake". His perceptual inference is additively creative. The thinker, too, must be vividly aware of what he is about. True; but there is a difficulty here, West, which bears on the use of your term "reflectivity". The motor-driver or thinker may be "lost", as we say, in his work; not "reflective" in the sense that he is aware of himself or even of the processes of bodily adjustment and inference as a psychologist might be aware of them. His consciring is radiant only in the zone of his job.(7)

W. Because only at that point is he creative. But my use of the term "reflective" is troubling you.

D. Serve out the "pemmican"—not the less liberally because our teeth may be bad.

W. Then I shall speak first about the "radiance" of divine consciring—the ultimate source of 'finite centres of consciring—and pass thence to consider finite centres as they light various levels of the manifested worlds.

Divine consciring may be regarded as completely "radiant". For consciring on this level posits its conscita in an infinite field, not merely modifying but creating them, conservatively and additively, outright. *We* have to improvise on the basis of a "given"; in God creation is radical, thorough, and there is no narrowly focal consciring. Attention does not, as with us, have to desert these or those aspects of its field in order to illuminate others. There must obtain indeed, as will be seen later, different degrees of consciring in connexion with the phases of a particular world-system or sphere of manifestation. But even I can create "radiantly" all shades and grades of what I invent; or, as Jastrow would say, "all manners and variations in the chiaroscuro of the mental illumination". Divine consciring might be likened to my focal or attentive consciring, were this *intensified* and *widened* so as to sire and grasp the universe. It is not limited so as to require "concentration"; nor does it fade toward the subconscious in the event of being "dispersed"! The intensification must be conceived, however, as indefinitely great. It is such that consciring is not, as with us, a Sphinx, barely glimpsed in the act of illuminating that of which we are conscious. *It and all that it is aware of are illuminated through and through* and constitute as such the fontal reality or God. Let me add that in this Divine Imagining there is no opposition, even of consciring and conscired, subject and object, as with us.(8) There is supreme harmony entirely revealed to itself; productivity and product, positing and posita fuse. While we mortals resemble cold planets whose surfaces shine feebly with borrowed light, Divine Imagining is a white-hot star, every region of which is aglow. Do I carry you with me?

A. This more radical creativity implies more intense consciring, which lights not only its creata but *also itself as creative*?

And the creativity being of cosmic scope, covering innumerable spheres of the real besides this one world-system which we are beginning to know, we reach a metaphysics of the All-conscious. Yes; I follow you.

L. Of course, you can't demonstrate that the complete illumination suggested is real.

W. I have abjured logical proofs. And obviously I can't point to radiant divine consciring as a geologist points to a rock. I offer suggestions; my position in the universe forbids me to dogmatise. Still the tentative reasoning which connects world-creativity with intense consciring seems pretty strong.(9) And this may incline you one day to transfer your allegiance from your "Cosmic" to Divine Imagining.

L. (smiling). It is strong enough to baffle me even now. But a word. This reasoning suggests, maybe, that your Divine Imagining is aware of what It does and why It does it; but what of the further contention, just fired at us, that the divine is completely illuminated throughout: that consciring and conscita, harmoniously fused, have alike no secrets for God?

W. A good point, but happily the determination of this issue is not essential for the guidance of our lives. All's well, if "God's in His heaven" aware of *what* He does and of *why* He does it. The problem as to whether there is a dark background to divine consciring concerns only advanced metaphysicians. My own view may be of interest?—(Leslie nodded vigorously)—I repeat then that divine creative consciring is indefinitely more intense than the most intense act of attention of which we are capable. There is for God no background of "potential" creativity which does not create. There is only His actual activity, which may take on novel forms. But we cannot delve deeply into this mystery which may task even the minor gods.

S. If we say with West that divine consciring and conscita are "not opposed", we cannot moot consistently a possible background of mere darkness. There is no consciring, West can urge, without conscita. But if this is so, and if, further, the divine consciring manifest in conscita is most intense, why, Leslie is facing the difficulty which he could not face before: that of the alliance of creation with intense consciring.

L. Well, that may be so. But, West, answer this question.

Allowing that your Divine Imagining is "radiant", that It is aware of what It is doing and of why It does it, is It also self-conscious in the way in which I am said to be reflectively conscious of myself?

W. If we regard Divine Imagining as fully illuminated, we say, of course, that nothing is or occurs in It of which It is not aware. In that intense spiritual activity all is conscired clearly; in God consciring-conscita constitute a whole wherein every opposition is overcome. You could not demand more than this complete illumination! On the other hand, the "self" of which you are aware is at best a poor thing, isolated, it seems to you, and very limited. Nay, it is so poor that it does not even include all the contents present to the finite centre in which it appears; it excludes, in fact, a not-self or object-complex of contents over against which it is conscired. Thus the finite centre of consciring with its contents is wider and richer than any isolated and fragmentary "Douglas Leslie" which it may comprise; and, as psycho-pathology shows, it may comprise under special circumstances two or many such selves which are opposed and clash. It would be absurd to compare twilight "self-consciousness", awareness of a fragmentary, unstable, elusive and illusive self, with the sunglow of Divine Imagining.

A. To which not merely the world-conscita but the world-lines of centres of consciring without number are present.

W. Quite so. All the fragmentary selves such as "Douglas Leslie" belong to the histories of these enduring centres of consciring. And all problems touching the soul, its origin, its prospects, its relations to its organism or organisms and so forth, will have to be dealt with in the light of this commanding truth. Don't be oppressed by a sense of our responsibilities. Even the soul-problem will be solved, I predict, before these pleasant dialogues have run their course, though not, indeed, this summer.

L. I trust so. And now about the use of the terms "reflective", "reflectivity", "irreflective". Is it not about time to make clear to us exactly what you intend them to mean?

W. The terms, like so many others used in philosophy and psychology, import metaphor, since "reflect" conveys originally the concept of a physical "bending back". Metaphor must be left behind. Very frequently we speak of "reflective" self-

consciousness, but consciring is not literally bent back on itself or its contents (*conscita*) as a light-wave is thrown back on to its path in Lippmann interference colour-photography! Leaving then the realm of metaphors, let us ask what it is for which this term "reflective" stands.

But I have to extend as well as explain the use of the term. You are familiar with the expressions "reflective" thinking, "reflective" self-consciousness, "reflection" on one's miseries and the like. I shall be referring also to "reflective" perceiving and, further, to psychical processes that are "irreflective". Having prepared you for this extension—for a widened denotation of the term as a logician would say—I can proceed to make clear, at no great length, what it is to mean.

Suppose that I am driving a car and am sufficiently "lost" in my task to be conscious only of the top of the radiator, a portion of the wings, glimpses of the road and controls. There is what may be called "reflective" awareness, with the perceptual inferences implied, of *sense-content*, but not necessarily of "self" or of the innumerable sensible details which fill the background of perception. And there is certainly no awareness of recondite happenings such as interest the psychologist who thinks about how we perceive and infer. The spear-head of "reflective" perceiving is small but sharp, as practical needs exact. It is possible, however, to respond to sense-content which is not conscired "reflectively" at all, and in this case what I name "irreflective" consciring takes place. There is sense-influx but no clear confronting of it. "Ears they have but they hear not." (10) "Irreflective" consciring may occur on the lowest levels of Nature on the great scale. Even in the case of man, that of which we are aware clearly at a given time is so limited that a god might consider it trifling. The brightly illumined circle of "reflective" consciring is merely a "phosphorescent" spot mobile against the darkness.

The most perfect type of "reflective" consciring, as said before, is that of Divine Imagining, which is intensely luminous throughout. Its activity can be symbolised as "bent back", or "reflected", completely on Itself and contents. But, ignoring symbol, I say that what obtains in fact is that spiritual creativity at this level is maximal and with this goes maximally

intense consciring. To say that God's consciring is "fully reflective" is to say that maximal creativity implies maximally intense and wide consciring. On this level, as we saw, creativity is (a) radical and (b) at work in all quarters and details of an infinite field. There can be no talk of human limitations, of merely creative modifications of a "given", and of the narrow zone of individual initiative in which these modifications take place.

This highest level of consciring shines, then, throughout in its own light. Subordinate levels fall away from it. Consciring is less "reflective", less "bent back" on itself and its contents, since the creativity, proper to these levels, is less radical and also less wide.

Touching the levels of what is called "inorganic Nature" within our world-system—levels of division and conflict on which the "given" dominates and creative initiative is minimal—natural events are often discussed conveniently *as if* they were mechanical. True, we have to allow for inward processes which Lossky calls "psychoid" (soul-like), but we confront, nevertheless, in external perception what seems to many merely "unconscious" Nature". "Psychoid" processes refer us to "irreflective" consciring.(11) But the power that sustains the depths of Nature manifests there surely in occasionally "reflective" agents as well.

A. Then the stages of "reflective" consciring from the depths of Nature upward to the fully "reflective" divine consciring are levels at which more and more creata and even the creative consciring concerned are illumined?

W. In so far as they are illumined at all—yes. You can check this statement even now by a glance at workaday human experience. Consider the presented visual sense-field or continuum which is filled out and interpreted in your perception as the Zermatt valley. You do not "take in", as you say, more than a meagre number of the details. But one of the details of the field thus attended to is the coloured shape which you describe as a pine. Creativity here cuts this object out of the sense-continuum and, enriching it with interpretative imaginal filling, drawn from your soul, transforms it into the "reflectively" perceived pine—of course for you, since the pine exists whether you perceive it or not. This conscious grasp may not include much—

it may not go beyond the pine, ignoring *e.g.* "yourself". But, as far as it goes, it is a step in "reflective" consciring. So, too, is what logicians call a judgment of perception. A perception is an event; the judgment *affirms* it by an additional creative act.(12)

D. Do you hold that the "dummies" known to physicists as electrons and protons refer us to "irreflective" consciring?

W. The trouble for modern physicists is the elusiveness of such alleged agents. Physicists oscillate between treating them as possible objects of perception and as Kantian "things-in-themselves". *Hinc illae lacrimae*. It is hard to tell what the physicist thinks he has found—or fancied—in this domain; theories change almost as fast as the positions of the agents pursued. Some speculations treat the agents as if they were minute Democritan atoms, juggling with them in clumsy mechanistic ways. A less simple-minded theory resolves them into "laws" as to occurrences; though, as "laws" do not act but name uniformities of coexistence and sequence, the gain to genuine explanation is *nil*.(13) Supplement this view as to "laws" with the statement, now often made, that electrons and protons pervade the whole of space! The shadows lengthen: is anyone nearing satisfaction? Well, the more useful a theory is in practice, the more science will like it; still, remember, after all, that what is convenient for mathematicians and physicists may mirror little of the arcana of an imaginal world. Speaking as a mystic, I note that these lowest levels of nature are very difficult to explore. And I have to say that, whenever *centres of consciring* are discussed, attempts to treat them as you would marbles, abstract "laws", "electrical units", mathematical entities and the rest, are bound to fail. This way lies what Bain used to call "representative fiction", of value only because it serves to express the facts suitably, when certain limited purposes are in view. "Dummy" must give way to "dummy" and of this improvement in substitute-making there may be no end.(14)

D. These agents, symbolised in representative fiction, may be in fact centres of consciring allied with fragments of Nature?

W. And from time to time even centres of rudimentary "reflective" consciring, when initiative dawns. A certain freedom is probable.

S. The only knowledge science has of electrons and protons is derived from what these agents are said to do. But, of course, the account of this doing is marred at the outset from the philosopher's point of view; the world of unsophisticated folk has been exchanged for a world of "representative fiction"—I like Bain's expression—which serves only the needs of the men who measure. I agree with West, who got rid of this non-natural world in our dialogue on Preliminaries. Leave this pseudo-world of the specialists to those who want it. We are not measuring this afternoon. I ought, however, to remark an interesting change which is taking place in the outlook of certain men of science. On the one hand, some are thinking that the underlying realities symbolised in physics are too fundamental to be within the grasp of the human mind. On the other hand, some, like Eddington, allow that the "unknown content" running through the physical world is "of the stuff of consciousness".(15) West smiles when physics and metaphysics converge in this way. For the "stuff of consciousness" brings us close to the conscita and consciring on which he has laid such stress.

Whitehead (whose God does not conscire with full "reflectivity" as does Divine Imagining; the "primordial actuality", we are told in *Process and Reality*, has "neither fulness of feeling nor consciousness") deals incidentally with what West calls "irreflective" consciring in natural events, citing the words of Francis Bacon: "It is certain that all bodies whatsoever, though they have no sense, yet they have perception . . . and whether the body be alterant or altered, evermore a perception precedeth operation; for else all bodies would be alike one to another". Whitehead's comment (*Science and the Modern World*, p. 59) is that this line of thought "expressed a more fundamental truth than do the materialistic concepts which were then being shaped as adequate for physics". The agents, allied with very many bodies, lack explicit cognition in our sense of the word; they conscire, withal, "irreflectively".

A. On West's hypothesis Divine Imagining comprises conscita-consciring out of which you must construct the physical world as you can. If we accept his form of idealism—which can be made as realistic as is desired—we have an imaginal Nature on our hands. The view of Eddington as to the "stuff" is

welcome. Henceforth the outstanding task is to show how this Nature, made of psychical "stuff", is to be conceived in the detail, and how, above all, the fields of consciring, reflective and irreflective, are related. This attempt would keep us all very busy.

S. It has been said that science is on the way to deriving electrons and protons from "energy". This latter symbolises, no doubt, for our host the consciring which posits the contents of Nature; a positing marked perhaps by rhythms of reflectivity and irreflectivity.

W. Wait till we discuss the birth of the world-system. But be sure that there are many fundamental factors in nature besides the symbolised agents or centres of consciring to which you refer.

A. According to Nietzsche, consciousness—or shall I say reflective consciring?—"began outwardly as co-ordination and knowledge of impressions" and "extends only so far as it is useful";(16) a suggestion which he owes to Schopenhauer. The psychic individuality of an agent on the lowest levels of our world-system must be exceedingly poor; there would be nothing resembling what we call memory, and the flow of merely perceptual consciring provides no occasion for ideal construction in the shape of a single continuous "self". This consciring subserves the conservation of a body whether of the so-called "inorganic" or "organic" sorts and in this sense is enslaved to practice. "Adaptive changes of behaviour" have been noted by Prof. Jennings among the Protozoa; they may characterise perhaps even the atomic world. On these very low levels there is no permanent entity. Even the 10^{27} "atoms", said to be built into the human body, are all mortal, and not only they but the agents at work in their nuclei as well.

W. Stout denies personality to animals; centres of consciring on a very much higher level of existence. Constructive work is defective; important rungs of the ladder of creative consciring have not been climbed.(17)

D. Yes, personality, the making of a single continuous self, is a creative work—what thinkers call an "ideal construct", not a ready-made gift of destiny—so that here as well we note the "reflectivity" which implies creation. Consciring is "bent

back" on its new complex content and itself as achieving and confronting this content. I quite see that this construct cannot be made fully in an animal centre of consciring, but surely the beginnings of personality show in the case of an intelligent pet dog?

W. Delane is quick to seize a concept. Observe how he contrasts effectively the centre of consciring with the mere "person" or "self" that it may comprise. I agree with him about the dog, but don't let us exaggerate the excellence of the creative achievement in this case.

L. Give us some account of reflectivity and irreflectivity in the case of the centre of consciring called human.

W. A very short one to illustrate what I have been saying. Our present talks are of cosmic scope, not directly connected with problems raised by this or that sort of finite sentient, sub-animal, animal, human and other.

All of you, even Leslie, incline to believe in the human soul, a reality which we are not to discuss adequately at present. Let me refer to it for the moment as a "somewhat" which comes to the physical body and which, in connexion with that body, may or may not conscire reflectively on various levels. In the babe it seems still in the very lap of Nature, just beginning to be aware of fragments of Nature's own contents as mediated by the brain of its body. I am speaking, of course, of imaginal Nature (not of the phantom-world of physics), of that complex of contents or conscita which was born at any rate within Divine Imagining, and I will ask you to listen awhile as I read a passage from Royce bearing on that idea.(18)

He reached out for a fat work lying on the stand beside him and read as follows:

"We have no right whatever to speak of really unconscious Nature, but only of uncommunicative Nature, or of Nature whose mental processes go on at such different time-rates from ours that we cannot adjust ourselves to a live appreciation of their inward fluency; although our consciousness does make us aware of their presence." . . . "All this finite consciousness shares with yours the character of being full of fluent processes whose tendency is twofold—in one direction towards the formation of relatively stable habits of repetition, in the other direction

towards the irrevocable leaving of certain events, situations and types of experience behind—I suppose that this play between the irrevocable and the repeated, between habit and novelty, between rhythm and the destruction of rhythm, is everywhere in Nature, as it is in us, something significant, something of interest, something that means a struggle for ideals.”

This is the Nature with which the gods are familiar through and through; the Nature posited by Imagining at once conservative and additively creative. It includes that creative realisation of imaginal fields which Royce alludes to in his mention of “ideals”. It is also the Nature which Fechner expects that we shall explore intimately during the life after death when:

“ . . . all those things which we, with our present senses, can only know from the outside, or, as it were, from a distance, will be penetrated into, and thoroughly known, by us. Then, instead of passing by hills and meadows, instead of seeing around us all the beauties of spring, and grieving that we cannot really take them in, as they are merely external: our spirits shall enter into those hills and meadows, to feel and enjoy with them their strength and their pleasure in growing.”

Nature, were it process in the unconscious, could contain neither a “struggle for ideals” nor the feeling referred to by Fechner. It contains these because it is posited by divine consciring, and because what Royce called vast “societies” of finite centres of consciring exist in connexion with its varied phases.(19) Nature is a name for certain contents (akin to those feeding our perceptual knowledge) which are bedded in Divine Imagining. It was not originally conscious as a whole or in parts; it was at first just a poem which existed *not “for itself” but for Divine Imagining*. As such it was a conscitum, one of the indefinitely many domains of creata present to, and sustained by, divine consciring. It was destined, however, to be a field in which were to show finite centres of consciring which exist not only for God but also *for themselves*. These finite centres enter into world-history by consciring portions of the contents of Nature in close connexion with which they appear; and these portions constitute the core of their perceptions. I say the core because perceiving has also that creative side to which I drew attention just now.

L. All most interesting, especially your allusion to the "poem", which, please, develop later. But tending whither?

W. I am indicating the source of the sensible contents which feed the babe-soul. This soul, penetrated from the side of Nature by invasive contents—contents fundamentally akin to those which are discussed as the "stuff" of its consciousness—is a centre of "reflective" consciring, at first only vaguely perceptual. It perceives in that live way which we contrast with unconsciousness under anaesthetics or during dreamless sleep. And what it perceives belongs *also* to the physical world, modified creatively in one of its own regions, the brain. When the soul is "apprehending", as writers put it, green, noises, muscular, visceral sensations and the like, it has before it samples of the "stuff" of which the physical world consists. On the other hand, it is not aware of the full character of the act of "apprehending" this "stuff"; an act which, for man at least, always remains, in the main, veiled. It is aware, nevertheless, directly of the "wholeness" of the grasp with which it "enjoys"—conscires reflectively—the colours, sounds, etc. There is thus reflective consciring of perceptual *content*, while consciring itself is, in the main, irreflective. This irreflectivity gives rise to the statements that "the subject of consciousness is an unknown *x*", "attention is not presented to itself", and so forth. It is an old saying of mystics, echoed by the poet Blake, that we live in a world-system which has fallen from its pristine harmony into division and separateness. We shall understand anon why this fall came to pass, and meanwhile let me stress that important feature of it which we are noticing now.

With differentiation of the sensible continuum, the babe's objects of perception, poorly "integrated" at first, stand out against a background of more or less indiscriminated contents which press on attention like barely descried wolves closing round a camp-fire. Contents, relatively clear and distinct at the "focus" of attention, shade off into "marginal" ones not separately attended to, and these again may be of one tissue with others of which the babe has no reflective consciring whatever. You desire, no doubt, to infer more than you can take note of directly. But beware of housing such contents in the Unconscious and of then treating this latter as if it were unconscious *mind*; a realm said to harbour old images, emotions, volitions and even abstract

thoughts which obtain independently of any conspiring at all. Recall that even the "marginal", not separately discerned, contents which press on the "focus" of attention appear to lack "go". They resemble "waves of a frozen sea";(20) they don't form part of live processes such as those by which we react on content aglow with "intefest". In a veritable Unconscious, which would comprise nothing "interesting", all must freeze!

L. A revolt against the Unconscious of the "new psychology"?

A. And a necessary one. Much in this psychology, taken as more than convenient working hypothesis, is absurd. Thus, desires and aversions with their pleasures and pains, purposiveness with its "not yet", imply conspiring; pain and pleasure, wishes and plans, lodged in the veritably Unconscious are verbiage. Even the concepts required in thinking imply conspiring; a concept is a substitute-fact (my concept about the State is not the State itself) and must be *used* with a *purpose*.

S. To postulate an Unconscious peopled by the shades of all the discriminated and undiscriminated contents of our past waking life seems to me too risky. Psychologists who believe in "dispositions" find the venture fantastic. But then, what are "dispositions"?

A. Aye, what are "dispositions"? And are they conserved by the brain or soul or both? Doubtless, West will suggest a solution one day; I can't.

S. An overpopulated Unconscious which behaves and feels *as if it were conscious* may be treated as idle fancy. Some writers, by the way, shoot quite a small collection of stuff into the Unconscious. Thus, Jung holds that the stuff consists largely of infantile reminiscences.(21) And Coriat maintains that the Unconscious is made up of repressed elements; its beginning coinciding with the beginning of repression. If so, certain dreams are contrived with an astuteness quite surprising. In fact, the making of them out of such poor stuff is past understanding.(22) Jung believes in two aspects of the Unconscious—an unconscious proper to the individual and a wider Unconscious whose contents are "in all brains", standing for deep-seated primitive urges and thoughts of mankind.

A. But, even if this Unconscious is made up of repressions only, its standing is quite ridiculous. How are the pains and

horror of a tortured child repressed into, and conserved in, that which by hypothesis is not aware of anything at all? Evidently there is a little mistake somewhere!

D. (with a trace of malice). Perhaps Leslie will help us. He has been known to champion the Unconscious.

L. I can't swallow this sort of thing. The child is occasionally afraid, say of the dark; this is held to imply that its repressed pains and horror are staged permanently in the Unconscious, working sometimes also on the surface mind. What is an *Unconscious* that comprises *pain*? Doubtless this medico-psychological thinking has done some good, but its sphere is practice. It has encouraged men to look for strange invasions from the depths; for streams that well up unexpectedly and often mischievously—many being traceable to the drains. It has forwarded some useful work in psycho-therapy. Let us leave it at that. West—to the rescue!

W. I am dealing now with reflectivity and irreflectivity levels; only incidentally with psychology, soul-problems, etc. But a word of caution. Distrust all simple-minded theories about the topics with which we deal, *e.g.* theories which dispose of man as a "sum of mechanically conditioned reflexes" or transfer contents from the conscious to the unconscious while leaving them purposive and full of feeling. The truth sought by metaphysics will ordinarily be hard to find, complex, not simple, and often difficult to state. For the world-system expresses divine constructive genius; was not made to be understood easily by beings not far removed from the ape. There is no careless sauntering in the paths which we have to tread.

Some while back, Anderton, you remarked that the psychical individuality of an agent on the lowest levels of our world-system must be very poor. As compared with the baby's soul, such an agent seems empty: yet its restricted life fits it admirably for the part which it has to play. Have we in these depths mere "psychoid" process; irreflective consciring for which the opposition of subject and object does not exist, or is at least so nascent as to be negligible? I have said that in Divine Imagining there is no opposition of subject and object such as occurs in us. In the lowest subatomic agents or centres of consciring of a world-system this opposition has, perhaps, yet to be evolved.

Creativity on this level being minimal, consciring is minimally "radiant", too. It does not light itself and its content sufficiently to be aware of these in the same way in which our babe is "enjoying", directly *confronting* blue. The "threshold" of reflective consciring has not been crossed. I adopt this term "threshold" found in the pages of Fechner. A certain degree of creativity is presupposed by the mere immediate "confronting" of the blue or of the blurred sensible continuum in which the blue occurs.

A. You speak of "irreflective" consciring rather than of the Unconscious and thus you leave intact the psychical character of what is popularly said to be "unconscious". Irreflective consciring recalls Lossky's natural agents at "the extreme degree of isolation and hostile separateness"—the domain of mere external attractions and repulsions—where the agent, poor in creative power, has the contents of another "in view" but "need not *know* them". Even on our superior level we recognise at times in a remembered field that which at first presentation was noticed but not "knowingly". The experience seems suggestive.

W. Irreflective consciring is not peculiar to the lowest natural agents, who, by the way, may conscire also reflectively at times. Thus consciring itself, it was urged, is, in the main, unrevealed even to us. Thus very little content which has been present to reflective consciring appears to me at a given moment. My psychical wealth, as I am speaking now, is mostly lost to view. A fragment of it passes the "threshold" and emerges from darkness into light. Consciring sustains conservatively in the darkness something—we cannot discuss the problem at this stage—on which drafts can be drawn for the uses of the specious present. It does not sustain it at that glow of intensity which might force it across the "threshold" when not required. Conservation of this sort requires less "radiant" consciring than does the lively additive creation when old and new combine in the specious present. Nevertheless, all conservation presupposes a certain degree of consciring, as even workaday experience enables us to note.(23) Let me point out here that this conservative consciring below the "threshold"—whether it conserves "dispositions" or something else less wrapt in mystery—allows all aspects of workaday experience to have a place in what is

sustained. Feeling and purposiveness are not excluded as by the consistently discussed Unconscious of popular thought.

The "new psychology" makes appeal to this Unconscious, considered as very convenient hypothesis, much too readily. Consider the dissociation of an alleged complex which, once "cut off" from reflective consciring, is held to "fall into the Unconscious". Now, it is certain that all men, women and even children worth respect "cut off" much ugly thinking and desiring, as decent living requires, and that most, at any rate, of them are not a penny the worse—and indeed, after repressing the cruel and obscene, much better for having done so. Tansley, however, counters by urging that the grave results of dissociation "only ensue if the complex cut off is endowed with psychic energy. Everyone experiences the natural dying away of interest in a pursuit, the complex corresponding with which gradually falls into oblivion and atrophies. Such a process has no effect on the well-being of the mind as a whole." (24) The "libido" of the complex, however, may form a "separate centre of energy" and here lies the danger in his opinion.

But to be cut off in this way from reflective consciring is surely not to fall into the Unconscious. For what is this "libido" which forms a "centre of energy"? "Libido" is a name for vaguely glimpsed consciring and was thought of, it seems, first with the merely sexual phase of consciring in view. "Centre of energy"? But consciring is the reality for which "energy" is the working-symbol or substitute-fact in science! (25) And, if you follow the descriptions of the "new psychology", you will find that the so-called unconscious complexes behave just as would centres of creative consciring with, of course, very limited contents. Such centres assuredly are not to be ignored; they are intrusive and may be noxious, like some of the "secondary personalities" or selves we read of. The mischief which they produce may be grave. But they do not belong to the Unconscious; they comprise, as we are told, feeling and purpose and they make at least attempts to think. Enough!

D. (producing a book). You have been speaking, as it were, to the official philosophers and ignoring the literature of seers and the like. But what do you say of the following, which is written by "Æ.":

"Man is a protean being, within whose unity is diversity, and there are creatures in the soul which can inform the images of our memory . . . aye and speak through them to us in dream."

And of this passage:

"... our brain is full of living creatures as our body is thronged with tiny cells." . . . "I know that my brain is a court where many living creatures throng and I am never alone in it." (26)

W. Ah! we are drifting into pure psychology and studies in the occult, which are out of place. We must first achieve a grasp of the general character of reality and then organise our knowledge of phenomena, normal and "supernormal", at leisure. But be sure of this. The psycho-analyst's so-called "complex" is only one type of the less familiar agents with which we are concerned. Some such agents take their rise within our consciring; others are intruders and just modify its contents. And that part of Nature called the brain is itself psychical in character and the domain of quadrillions of sentient lives, though not of the "monads" of classical philosophy.

L. At this rate we shall be scaring thinkers with occult gossip ordinarily denounced in the class-rooms. For Anderton is to report these talks in full.

W. (laughing). Quite possibly—the world-system contains more than is believed in by university-philosophy and the Society for Psychical Research.

L. And the Knight of Truth will ride hard at the opposition? So be it. We pass on. May I ask you to dwell a little longer on this topic of "reflectivity" in so far as it concerns the "self"? You have dealt with the self already but not with the fulness that is required.

W. I shall satisfy all of you, I think, in later dialogues. Meanwhile I mention only the essentials requisite to the understanding of this level of "reflective" consciring. Back now to our babe-soul.

A point of fundamental importance is that which I have stressed already, to wit, that the baby's self or personality shows within the centre of consciring as a wave shows on the surface of an ocean. And this self is a created novelty not present at birth: as Jastrow observes, "an acquisition and an achievement".(27) Nay, within the centre of consciring may arise, not

merely one self or personality, but several unlike selves which conflict, as witness B1, B2, B3, B4 in the "Beauchamp case". Such selves may alternate and, perhaps, exist simultaneously. But I am not dealing now with the abnormal; I am considering the ordinary unified self as it arises and develops in the case of the normal babe.

The babe-soul then is a centre of consciring long before the self or personality is made. The brain-tracts co-operating with this soul are at first poorly connected; hence even the sensible contents which feed perception have to be "integrated" and confusion reigns. And, as Bradley puts it, there is no initial "self-feeling" related to which this confusion occurs. Permit me to read you his remarks on the soul in travail:

"True, the whole that is given, however poor that may be, does expand and contract, and feels pleasure and pain; but to be a felt expansion and to feel it as such, are not the same thing. Until a core has grown together, against which the alteration can come as an 'other', I cannot see how the aspect of self is possible. And I find no reason to suppose that at the beginning this internal group does, even in a rudimentary shape, exist. If the early soul is rich enough to afford this variety, yet the distinction is not a thing which requires no making, or can make itself at once and without machinery. Hence there is at first no self-feeling, even though we mean by that merely one aspect of the whole; and still less is there anything like a subject and object." (28)

L. Quite true, I take it, as regards the "self", but he writes about "*self-feeling*", "*felt*" expansion and so forth. You objected before to this procedure and you cited also the cases of Bosanquet, Whitehead and Stout. (29)

W. A most valuable comment. This way of writing certainly obscures the truth. Write "*self-consciring*", "*conscired* expansion", and you avoid the appearance of resolving the act of being aware into sense-content.

D. "Self-consciring", yes; but tell me what precisely is conscired. This problem always muddles me.

W. I am coming to that. Meanwhile note that, as a mere matter of fact, this created or evolved self is unstable. It is a ceaselessly remade construct. Another like construct, made in

the same way, can menace, or take the place of, the first.(30) Even abrupt extensive changes in organic sensation may supply the support of a new self; indeed, contents of this order count for so much that Ribot and others have found Mill's "tie", uniting all the different phases of the self, in the physical body. The self is always undergoing change, but not so brusquely in most cases as to excite comment.

D. But *what* is it that changes suddenly or slowly?

W. (to Delane). Answer a question. Is the self you refer to lit by consciring or is it buried in the unconscious?

D. Obviously reflective consciring is implied when I contemplate the self, however vaguely. Let me add that "unconscious self" is a phrase which conveys nothing to me.

W. The human *soul*, which is never lit fully by reflective consciring, at times ceases to be lit thus at all. On the other hand, a *self*, which is quite unlit, is verbiage. I agree. Reflective consciring is implied. But your consciring is never bare—it is always of a content or contents?

D. Certainly.

W. Then the student of self must take into consideration both your consciring and what your consciring is of, *i.e.* the conscired contents which I call conscita.

D. No way out of that.

W. Must he take note of *all* contents or conscita that have been or are present to your consciring?

D. I hardly follow you.

W. Let me explain by indicating my own view about the standing of the self. I reply then that the student will not take note of all the contents. The contents, of which there is awareness, in "reflective" self-consciring are portions only of what are present. An illustration. I find you on the Gornergrat, gazing at Monte Rosa and the streaming glaciers at its base and at the same time aware of yourself as contrasted with these superb objects of perception. The contents present to the *centre of consciring* are divided between "*you*" and what is perceived. A god, let us say, becomes aware, not of a specious present of this kind but of your total psychical history. He would note a like division. He would note, also, the oppositions between the "true self" of your ideals and the more or less ugly selves which conflict

with it and of which you wish to be rid. And your friends also split you up ruthlessly; they speak of your "social", your "business", your "sporting", your "intellectual" selves and the rest. This kind of splitting is conventional, for, after all, the single and continuous self which you are aware of does include somehow the ones which concern your various interests. Nevertheless, a tendency to "dissociation" exists whenever aspects of yourself are in conflict, and under abnormal circumstances this conflict may give rise to a secondary self—to another person who appears over against you.

The fully unified and harmonious human person or self is yet to be found. When the discordant aspects are marked, we say "he is hardly a person". When they are very marked, we call in the medical expert. And persons may arise where once ruled the person.

L. There are no sharply drawn frontiers between the contents that are "object" and those in the background as the vaguely vast complex of the "subject"?

W. Practically every aspect of content which appears above the "threshold" can be made an "object" of attentive observation in its turn. Introspection itself is a form of observation whereby we seek the distinct and clear. All depends on what lies in the search-light of reflective and selective *consciring*. But some objects, like Monte Rosa, are shared by other percipients; some, like dreams of fancy, which you can observe exceedingly well, are said to be private to your centre of *consciring*.

D. Said? You hint that even these dreams might become objects for—be shared by—other centres of *consciring* on certain levels, for all we know?

W. Leave it at that just now. The self then—the grand, slowly changing self of your career—is *consciring* aware of a certain singleness and continuity in a content-whole that is always being made and remade. The stuff of this imaginal or "ideal" construct is *selected* from a much wider field of stuff "inward" and "outward", as interests dictate. You do not identify yourself with everything which has been *conscired* during your life. But, when stressing this truth, don't forget that without *consciring* there would be no wholeness, no continuity in the construct at all. *Consciring* supplies Mill's mysterious

"tie", is the fundamental condition of that which can call itself "I".

S. Berkeley tells me that "I" am not my "ideas"—he means, of course, perceptual as well as other contents—"but somewhat else", that is to say, not mere content but an "active principle that perceives, knows, wills and operates about ideas". This principle can be found in consciring to which the construct you were discussing is presented and which *then becomes the familiar "empirical ego"* of philosophy and workaday life. And when there is full awareness of this construct as such, when you know distinctly that it is real and all about it, "reflective" self-consciring obtains. There is radiant, instead of dim or no, awareness of the novelty. Light is shed thus on a supposed mystery, but not, I must needs add, on the fundamental magic of creative consciring itself.

W. Exactly: and you will understand that I cannot here go into the full history of the making of this construct. That inquiry belongs to psychology and can be pursued with profit in the pages of Ward.(31)

A. The construct is conceptual in the sense that it is not the entire actual self-content of my life that is present, but a substitute-fact, made and remade unceasingly, of selected contents and as such exceedingly poor and thin.

W. True: but though the construct in respect of content is poor, made and remade as it is from the present, it is conscired with the vividness and warmth that this making implies. Consciring in the specious present has before it very lively self-stuff indeed. The coenaesthesia for instance.

L. Since this construct is poor and unstable, certain writers are not far wrong in dwelling on the "illusoriness", nay, the "unreality" of the self.

W. It is real enough, while it lasts, for us and others. And it belongs later to that "made" reality which persists conservatively in the cosmic past. But we must forge ahead. We have seen in what "reflective" self-consciring, the mature "self-feeling" of Bradley, consists.

D. But the centre of consciring! What lies in the depths below this superficial constructed self, this mere mirage, perhaps, in the vast wonderworld of the soul?

W. More than we shall discuss at this sitting. Have patience; have a care as to the foundations of reality and all else is a matter of detail and can be dealt with item by item as you list.

(Delane, who is full of initiatives and often leaps forward in thought regardless of relevancy and sober method, seemed inclined to reply but desisted. His favourite topic, as will be remembered, is the riddle of the "soul".)

L. What of superhuman sentients in the matter of consciring?

W. I have said enough perhaps already for present needs.(32) But this general truth can be emphasised. With the higher levels of individual life goes a deepening "reflectivity", a more and more intimate illumining of the field of contents of which there is awareness, and even of the consciring—the veritable "active principle" championed by Berkeley—to which the field is presented. But veils remain for all the individuals and societies who "stain the white radiance" of Divine Imagining. And the vanishing of the last veil is a consummation too remote to stir the heart of mortal man. Enough for him the far-off "divine event" in which his limited world-system is to attain peace.

(There was a long silence, broken at last by Delane.)

I want to say something further about Divine Imagining—the highest level of consciring. West has rejected the classical arguments held to prove the reality of God by logic and has led us by way of suggestions, fancies and guesses to frame a working-hypothesis which our own conscious experience is to verify, it is hoped, little by little. This procedure is safe, since it commits us to no dogmatic statements and enables us to experiment with ideas. But some men may wish to steer their course by a star that cannot fail them. Now, a working hypothesis resembles a star that shows one night and the next has vanished.

S. We can't have all we want at the moment we ask for it. We must get along as best we can, without pretending to be convinced when we are not.

L. Is man a frog which can blow itself out so as to ingest the universe? And, if not, how is he to grasp directly the reality of which he is in search? Is the drop to contain the ocean?

D. Ah! there you stumble, Leslie. The drop does contain something of what the ocean is on the great scale. It has the qualities of salt water, and, if it loses part of its water and receives a trifle of the surrounding ocean in exchange, it still contains H_2O not different essentially from the old. In a similar way the finite centre of consciring is open to the infinite. For this ocean of the infinite is not merely beyond, but also penetrates, the drop, revealing ceaselessly within it what the wider reality must be.

A. Ah! you are still after a direct revelation—you enjoy forced marches, leaving us poor stragglers in the lurch. Well, try your luck.

D. In the last dialogue, you and West allowed that there may exist a direct revelation of the divine society which is the "Presence" described by Wordsworth in setting suns, the mind of man and so forth. And West went so far as to suggest that the "Presence" is at once that of the divine society and of Divine Imagining.(33) "There is prolongation into us of a reality existing also in a larger domain"—the Professor observed appositely afterwards. Now this situation resembles that of the drop which is being penetrated by the ocean. Divine Imagining penetrates us and so we ought to be able to intuit it directly and not to have to treat It as a promising hypothesis only.

A. You maintain that, if the drop of water could talk, it would tell us about the ocean quite accurately. You, however, a drop in the ocean of Spirit, are able to talk. And, as the ocean flows into you on all sides, you ought, you think, to have some fundamental revelation thrust upon you. Well: there is the revelation of a vaguely glimpsed "Presence", but how much could you say about it before meeting West? And what direct insight into its essence can you claim even now?

L. A drop in the Pacific Ocean could not contain all that is sought by geographers, geologists, biologists and others. And what is it which is revealed to puny man? How is it that there is no mention of Imaginism in the history of Greek thought and that even Schelling, Hegel and Schopenhauer overlooked what, so Delane thinks, may have been shown to them? And how is it that West and I are still at war as to whether World-Imagining is aware of its activity or not?

W. Many would welcome that overwhelmingly obvious intuition for which Delane sighs. It would save us a lot of trouble; on the other hand, it might dull that effortful thinking whereby we grow. Let me repeat that I greet warmly Wordsworth's allusion to the "Presence", but so do Anderton and Leslie, who find therein, nevertheless, a much less enlightening revelation than philosophy requires. The vaguely consired "Presence" is, in fact, rather a stimulus to inquiry than a substitute for it. Do believers in the "Presence" confront directly and indubitably the realities in which I put trust—can they even insist that idealism in some form is henceforth imposed on sane thinkers? They cannot, as an army of opponents will protest. Delane's drop certainly contains something of the ocean but unfortunately not enough of it to satisfy the critics.

D. But what if the drop became as big as the North Sea?

W. Ah! you refer to intuition as it may obtain in a god or in the Divine Society itself. Yes: intuition on this level may confront all that could be required by the philosophical critic—and more. But our position in the cosmos suggests that our intuitions are as defective as ourselves and that we must win our way to truth tentatively and as best we may.

S. Scoffers might say that metaphysical intuition begins where verifiable statements end. Hence, whatever may be our privileges in the matter of intuition, we shall do well not to boast of them in the arena of controversy.

W. Here comes tea and we have not disposed even now of all the topics mentioned at the outset of our last dialogue—the activity-energy problem, Cosmic Feeling and the rest.(34) Progress has not been as rapid as I had hoped for. Will you three share our modest dinner anon? Afterwards we will sit up here, all night if necessary, till our task is accomplished.

The invitation having been accepted warmly, the Professor, who was polishing his glasses, observed:

"I don't think our progress has been slow at all. Indeed, seeing that only a short while ago we five forgathered for the first time, we have done remarkably well."

"For the first time", repeated West, as he rose from his chair smiling. Then he looked at all four of us long and steadily, turned away and, shaken by homeric laughter, entered the house.

"What's the joke?" asked Leslie, who had been startled by this burst of merriment.

"For the first time, Anderton?" queried Delane!

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

(1) Chapter II. p. 23.

(2) Chapter VII. p. 153.

(3) Chapter VIII. pp. 185-6.

(4) Chapter VII. p. 156.

(5) Chapter VIII. pp. 185-6.

(6) Chapter VIII. p. 186.

(7) Hence, as Professor Jastrow urges in discussing the "apportionment" of attention, "profound concentration paves the way for pronounced distraction." —*The Subconscious*, "Distribution of Attention", p. 50.

(8) Though, as Bradley and others have pointed out rightly, even we have certain experiences in which this opposition disappears. In fact, this is why we are able to symbolise intelligibly in thought the absence of such opposition from Divine Imagining.

(9) Cf. Chapter VIII. pp. 185-6, where this probability is first thrust on Leslie.

(10) In psycho-pathology an interesting case is cited by Jung: "Une dame qui avait totalement perdu l'ouïe par suite d'une affection hystérique avait coutume de chanter souvent. Un jour que la malade était justement en train de chanter un air, son médecin s'assit au piano sans qu'elle y prît garde et l'accompagna tout doucement; au passage d'une strophe à l'autre, il changea brusquement la tonalité, sur quoi la malade, sans s'en douter, continua à chanter dans la tonalité nouvelle. Donc, elle entend et—n'entend pas. Les diverses formes de cécité systématique présentent des phénomènes analogues . . . c'est la connaissance seule des malades qui ne voit pas et n'entend pas." —*L'Inconscient* (Payot, Paris), p. 19.

(11) Cf. Professor Lossky, *World as an Organic Whole*, pp. 111-2. "If we take the extreme degree of isolation and hostile separateness, we shall find substances so poor in creative power that their activity will be confined to external processes of attraction and repulsion. True, even these external processes require an inward activity—namely, the direction of the agent's activity upon the external world; it is necessary for interaction between two substances that they should have each other's states 'in view'; thus the substantial agent A must have B's states 'in view', i.e. he must be conscious of them (though he need not *know* them)." He conspires "irreflectively".

(12) Chapter V. p. 118.

(13) "We cannot say, on this view, that the electron is a point, or that it is a certain finite region, or that it is a hole; it is, so to speak, something of a different logical type, connected with a region through the fact that the radiations concerned have diminishing intensity as we pass away from this region, but not capable of accurate correlation with either a region or a point. Thus, on this view, matter consists merely of laws as to occurrences in 'empty space'."—Russell, *Analysis of Matter*, p. 326.

(14) Chapter II. p. 40.

(15) *Space, Time and Gravitation*, p. 200.

(16) *The Will to Power* (Eng. Trans.), vol. ii. p. 24.

(17) "Any single train of perceptual activity has internal unity and continuity. But where conscious life is mainly perceptual, the several trains of an activity are relatively isolated and disconnected with each other. They do not unite to form a continuous system, such as is implied in the conception of a person. We must deny personality to animals. They are in the main creatures of impulse. The word impulse is properly applied to any conative tendency, so far as it operates by its own isolated intensity, apart from its relation to a general system of motives."—*Manual of Psychology*, p. 388.

(18) *The World and the Individual*, 2nd series, pp. 225-6.

(19) Whitehead calls a rock a society of molecules which he regards, I gather, as organisms.

(20) Professor Stout, *Manual of Psychology*, p. 134.

(21) ". . . les matériaux dont dispose l'Inconscient sont en grande partie des réminiscences infantiles."—Dr. C. Jung in *L'Inconscient* (Payot, Paris).

(22) "Le rêve le plus insensé en apparence est infiniment judicieux et ne parle vraiment que de choses psychiques très sérieuses et importantes."—*Ibid.*

(23) "Even the automatic movements that demand little attention (focal reflective consering) are apt to fall away. It is when he becomes particularly absorbed that a writer lets his pipe go out."—Professor Jastrow, *The Subconscious*, p. 57.

(24) *The New Psychology*, p. 142.

(25) Chapter XI. p. 249 et seq.

(26) From the *Candle of Vision*, pp. 92 and 46.

(27) "All personality—the normal, unified, as well as the abnormal, dissociated type—is in a sense an acquisition and an achievement."—*The Subconscious*, p. 373.

(28) *Association and Thought*.—*Mind*, vol. xii. No. 47.

(29) Chapter VIII. pp. 171-2. The Foreword also contains some criticisms of this practice.

(30) Cf. the interesting Hanna case.—Jastrow, *The Subconscious*, p. 394. "Personality encompasses the organic feelings, the vividness and warmth of one's own experiences, the continuity of memories, the consistency of character and much besides; its disturbance may be precipitated or furthered by serious changes in any of these phases of being. If I were suddenly to become subject to wholly strange types of organic sensation, or were to find no familiar landmarks of assimilation, or if I were to lose my experiences and recollections and find myself stranded in a foreign realm, I should certainly be a different individual; and should however realise the change only in so far as I retained some measure of my former self."—*Ibid.* pp. 515-6.

(31) West's reference is obviously to *Psychological Principles*.

(32) Chapter IX. pp. 207-9.

(33) Chapter IX. p. 207.

(34) Chapter IX. p. 191.



DELANE'S ROPE HOLDS A WOMAN CLIMBER ON THE GLACIER
COULOIR OF THE RIFFELHORN
(Monte Rosa in the distance)

CHAPTER XI

ON ACTIVITY, COSMIC FEELING AND VALUES AND OTHER PROBLEMS

"So we are to discuss activity first", began Leslie as we found ourselves on the balcony again after dinner. "Are such discussions promising if, as Bertrand Russell tells us, thought consists mainly 'of inner speech'? (1) We can never attend to more than scraps and tags of this speech at a time, pitiful mumblers that we are. Do you know I feel now, as so often, that much of our intellectual toil may be a mistake; a waste of time when artistic or practical ends are not being served? The cult of intellect has also its victims, its monsters. The very appearance of many intellectuals tells of the excesses, the vices, of 'inner speech' indulged in too freely."

Leslie was speaking in one of his pessimistic moods. He had the poet's hatred of the abstract, of long-drawn-out reasoning that tires the hearer, yet leaves him cheated and fingering a few withered blooms. He was feeling that disgust which sometimes tries us all on finding what a Barmecide's feast awaits intellect; how sorry is the spectacle of the "learned man" ever counting his conceptual bank-notes in order to be sure he has got them, handling patiently the bits of dirty, torn paper and mistaking them for the treasures of the world. In spite of all my once prized university honours I had felt a like distrust of learning, whence indeed my stay now under the roof of a mystic.

D. Leslie wants everything or nothing: he won't accept the limitations of his position as a man; he can't procure a banquet, so he talks as if he were refusing to eat at all. Yet even the arid intellectual life is better than an empty head; one grinds something in the mills of thought—at a price. There is gained some

knowledge of value; some aid too in compassing results of practical use.

L. But, after all, we harvest no results worth the efforts and labour entailed. Are not the semi-barbarous races the happiest and highly intellectual minorities everywhere seething with discontent?

S. Which may be "divine discontent". Well: until we can be in the position of West's gods, let us accept defective intellect and make the best of it. And as to the problem before us now, that of activity, we can at least say this: *Solvitur ambulando*, or rather by thinking—perhaps! But certainly not by way of being ignored. Let us do our best. Since Leslie is not yet the Olympian who conspires directly and has no occasion to think, he will not, I trust, judge our poor efforts too hardly.

A. The laugh may be with Leslie yet. For, if we accept "activity", which seems basic in West's philosophy, we shall be greeting what, according to Bradley, is riddled with contradiction. And maintaining in thought the self-contradictory may prove somewhat of a trial.

W. Bradley is attacking the *concept* of activity, just as he attacks also the concepts of causation and change and the still more fundamental notion that anything can be something else. Yet in the direct having of experience—in the brute presentation of actual conscita—what is given may well be something else, in so far as that something else penetrates and so colours its being. And all things, as the poet sings, "in one another's being mingle"! It is only the thinking about such experience that troubles Bradley, who tolerates no exceptions to the logical "law" of contradiction.(2) But to suppress given fact, to deny ultimate reality to change and causation is to go far and rouses suspicion that a philosophy thus destructive is running amok. Activity, again, seems fundamental, not merely a concept or "category" of thought. "In the beginning was activity," exclaims Faust. "What does not act does not exist," urges Leibnitz. The universe for Carlyle is "an Action, a sum-total of Actions and Activities", as it is for Fichte. How are we to justify this cult of activity? We must find the clue in what appears in our own lives. We may be witnessing there, as James suggests, "what is really the essential process of creation. Is not the world

really growing in these experiences of ours? And, when we predicate activities elsewhere, have we a right to suppose aught different in kind from this?" (3) We have to brave the difficulty that in us the creative conscurring is very heavily veiled. Being men, we cannot sound the depths like a god.

D. No one here will be overawed by logic applied beyond the sphere in which it is useful.

W. Aye, but I don't wish to welter in contradictions just because ultimate reality in certain respects is superlogical. Let us avoid contradictions if we can. Allow me then to dwell a while on the metaphysics of activity, after which I shall have more to say about an allied problem, the "energy" which figures so prominently in science. Interrupt me when my lucidity or insight seems at fault.

West was silent a while, turning over the pages of a book. Then he spoke decisively with that dislike of make-belief and sham which endeared him to Leslie and us.

W. Once more I say it—don't regard me as speaking with authority. I have had opportunities of learning something from better and wiser men, but what do the wisest of my teachers really know? I have to agree with the remark of a modern metaphysician more obscure than Heraclitus but, it is hoped, with more to communicate—I refer to Whitehead. "There remains the final reflection, how shallow, puny and imperfect are efforts to sound the depths in the nature of things. In philosophical discussion, the merest hint of dogmatic certainty as to finality of statement is an exhibition of folly." (4) I have much sympathy with Leslie in his distrust of too high thinking. For the intellect is not adequate to the full doing of the tasks we impose on it. Profound thinking may leave a man aghast at his emptiness; much reading may mar a spontaneity even more precious than overtaxed eyes. The very Imaginism I defend is a makeshift; a mere preparation for a higher conscurring, for the illumination of the mystic who is to grasp reality, with all its qualities, quantities and relations, whole. The high mystic has no use for "propositions" strung on a thread of "discourse"; he has rejected reason for what reason seeks vainly to embrace. There is, withal, no doubt that "finality" crowns our results to this extent—namely, that Divine Imagining is a concept which

stands very well in human thought for the fontal reality. But "representational pragmatists", of whom I am one, are not cocksure gnostics. We think about that Imagining in philosophy only as instructed by Its manifestations in individuals in the particular world-system which we call ours; we have no understanding, save that gained from survey of our own dimly lit lives, of how It conserves and creates additively. But we can know enough about It to guide aright our careers, and that for men such as Leslie must suffice. Do you insist on sounding the depths better? Then win the power to do so. There is no other resource. . . . To my task.

Imaginism is a form of idealism which swallows and digests realism. Its treatment of the problem of activity throws its idealism into relief.

Divine activity is spiritual creativity; not a mere concept or "category" which is a *made* reality, a substitute-fact (a fact, etymologically speaking, is what has been "made" or "done") which arises in the human mind. Activity refers us to the *making* aspect of the fontal power: of Divine Imagining. Hence thinkers who write truly of this power have to record somehow in their thought what they find. They have to think in concepts about what is above concepts. And they do well to proclaim, as Leibnitz put it, that activity is "the essence of substance in general". They assert thus that the real has no stirless background, such as Indian and many other philosophers conceive; no frozen heart like the mythological stuff of which the Democritan atom is compact.

S. Though, since that atom resisted impacts and "persevered in its existence", it displayed, after all, a certain *élan vital*! And to-day we may credit all such agents with a very lively psychical background indeed.

A. What about the contradictions in the concept of activity?

W. If you have trouble with concepts and insist then on denying the reality of change and causation to save a misapplied logical "law", why not take up arms against activity too? You can demand its expulsion from thought as self-discrepant. But is this course worth while? Reconsider the "law" and convert it into a useful "maxim".(5) For, after all, this spiritual activity or creativity seems indispensable to philosophy. And, even while

denying the reality of activity, you yourself will be decidedly active the while!

L. He always finds an answer. By the way, perhaps Anderton will tell us what Kant and Hegel make of activity. Fichte, Schopenhauer and Leibnitz treat activity as basic but the views of the others seem far to seek.

A. They are. There is incoherence to be noted. If Kant's scheme of the pure and pure deduced categories is to be taken seriously, activity belongs to it as a deduced pure category. It is merely a "judging concept" wherewith experience is constructed for finite individuals. But in truth it is much more. "Synthetic activity" underlies the entire "possibility of experience" discussed. Nay, a distinguished interpreter of Kant alludes outright to a "*noumenon acting*".(6) This bears out West's view that activity cannot be treated as a mere category or concept but refers us to the super-conceptual creativity of the fontal power.

Similarly in Hegel's case activity is a category or special type of "thought-determination", but his system presupposes throughout divine activity, which forces itself on our notice as much more than a mere category among categories.

L. Thanks: I had that impression myself when reading the *Philosophy of History*, in which the "cunning" of the IDEA or God is emphasised.

W. A stirless background is absurd; the invention perhaps of tired men in hot countries, men whose love of rest reacts on their philosophy. But what rest is there in the background? Spiritual creativity is presupposed even by what is said to endure without change. The state of being "quiet as a stone" is the state of being sustained by some level or levels of conscurring. Conservation implies creation. The production of novelty—of the new as contrasted with the renewed—is the side of additive creation. In the depths Divine Imagining,

Which wields the world with never-weary'd love,
Sustains it from beneath and kindles it above,

is at the loom of time. But full insight into Its creativity is not for man.

A. Then cosmic activity is just spiritual creativity which,

whether welcome or not to theory, has to be accepted as we accept a colour or a star? What it posits falls under the heads of Conservation and (additive) Creation with the attendant destruction implied. And this same activity, I gather, on natural levels underlies the phenomena which science symbolises as those of "energy"?

W. Yes: and of those shortly.

A. Thus cosmic activity is simply a name for divine consciring itself, for "radiant" creativity regarded in abstraction from what it creates. Such consciring sustains and creates additively all such contents, *creata* or *conscita*, as you class as cosmic. Its initiative derives from its own inner *vis creatrix*.

W. Quite so, and now the value of the term "activity" becomes more evident. For it suggests initiative native to the source itself; and divine consciring *acts from itself*, owing nothing to any appulse outside itself.

A. Whereas in the case of a finite centre of consciring there is initiative, but in a setting of invasive influences of all sorts. In fact, conscious human initiative modifies a field of contents which, in the main, are thrust on it from without.

S. Certain Buddhists, I understand, denied the possibility of self-consciring in such a finite centre, urging that nothing can act on itself.

W. This view is based on perception of physical things in which objects are known from the outside. It is a characteristic feature of consciring that it acts on itself and its *conscita*. But a *conscitum* or "made" reality does not act on itself or anything else. This saying will sound less cryptic when we come to deal with causation. Consciring is the energy of the universe: that which "makes" or creates. *Self-consciring* in us is a milestone on the road of creation. We discussed it this afternoon.

S. Another question. Surely the innumerable finite centres in the universe constitute invasive influences penetrating the field of the divine and so giving the occasions for certain initiatives? Does divine consciring then act wholly from itself?

W. How am I to answer you? In one sense, of course, the finite centres just continue divine consciring, of which they may be styled rays or rills. But they are rills which have courses in part of their own making, *i.e.* their vicissitudes are not all deter-

mined for them by the divine source. They too are self-active in some degree and may launch free initiatives. And you suggest that divine consciring, as it confronts these free initiatives, no longer acts solely from itself. The world-systems, withal, and the individuals connected with them, are fragments of God, but to what extent do they penetrate the general divine life? Some might urge that God not only "sustains" and "kindles" the worlds, but shares with them, while they are being evolved, the throne of reality.

D. You don't connect the activity of a finite centre too intimately with organism, so that on some cosmic level or other death, even after many lives, may close its career?

W. He is anxious about his immortal soul and means us to talk of it. No, Delane's consciring is distinct from his body, although, as Bergson avers, it "must undergo" this body's "vicissitudes".(7) Consciring on certain levels might even grow bodies for itself. But to the business of the hour.

L. You hinted, West, and Anderton took the hint seriously, that consciring shows in the phenomena symbolised by physical science as regions of "energy", kinetic and potential?

S. This symbol "energy" has been introduced also into certain works on psychology. It is desired no doubt to suggest that psychical occurrences in us are, after all, very like physical ones, in no sense embarrassing the exponents of psychology without a soul.

A. But why try to degrade the psychical? The retort is obvious. Physical events are so very like psychical that it is well to call both sets of appearances psychical without further ado.

W. The physical itself is psychical throughout; a fragment of imaginal Nature which shows in the objects of our perceptual knowledge. Incidentally the physical, as taken note of by science, is far from comprising the whole of the vast field of Nature. The physical level of our world-system, as discussed by Jeans and Eddington, is spread out on an astonishing scale, but we do well to suspect that what is unseen may be even more vast. I am referring to levels not tapped by workaday human perception and the inferences supplementing this.

S. We confront portions of an enormous field which is truly of one tissue with the psychical contents filling the soul. And the

concept of "energy" deals primarily with a quantitative permanence said to obtain in this field. Here we have, as West would say, the conservative aspect of "energy". But there is an aspect of transformation, for in the changes which "energy" is said to undergo a literally magical arising and vanishing of qualities is observed. This aspect forces us to look beyond the symbol of calculators and measurers to a power such as is mentioned by our host. The various current views about "energy"—"a capacity for exerting influence or producing change" (McDougall), "a convenient expression of the relations of measurement . . . which adds to them nothing essential" (Cassirer), "nothing but an intellectual point of view, from which . . . phenomena can be measured, thus brought into one system in spite of all sensuous diversity", "a magnificent economic schematic device for keeping account of the functional variations of the surface phenomena" (James), "the name for the quantitative aspect of a structure of happenings" (Whitehead), "capacity for work" and the like—concepts of value to practice, comprise nothing of basic importance to metaphysics. And "action" (=energy multiplied by time quantity), declared to be the most fundamental thing in the world of physics, is equally empty. The much discussed "atomicity" of this "action" tells us little save that some veiled activity concerned manifests in steps of change. But obviously the steps of Imaginism (*imaginatio semper facit saltum*) are suggested, once that we have reached the conviction that Nature is psychical throughout. As we saw in the course of the dialogue on Preliminaries, physics and metaphysics tend to converge in so far as the interpretation of Nature is concerned.

A. The Professor treats the symbolism of his colleagues as both useful and empty, but seems to favour interpretation of it on imaginist lines. And certainly the theory of quanta, in which portions of "energy" are transformed discontinuously by steps or "jumps", lends itself admirably to West's uses. For the qualitative miracles in the transformation-process have to be dealt with by a metaphysics which claims to be adequate. As long as we are concerned only with measuring selected abstract quantities we can ignore this difficulty, but qualitative metamorphoses, which may be phases of concrete imaginal process in Nature, arrest us.

It would be an odd thing were Planck's researches in black body radiation to further verification of imaginist Nature-philosophy as checked, after its formulation, from the side of science. The convergence, noted by the Professor, may leap to the eyes of the coming generation. "Mutations" in physics, chemistry and biology will all be welcome; steps and "jumps" of change bridging gaps not otherwise to be crossed.

S. If it be held that "causal laws" connecting portions of "matter", as we say in science, with one another are quantum laws,(8) and *also* that so-called material objects are in fact psychical complexes in Nature-imagination, West's battle is almost won. And I incline to think that he must win it. For the skeleton statements of science require flesh, blood and a soul, and these he can afford to give.

D. It appears, West, that a so-called material system, in touch with its surroundings, is so by radiating or absorbing "energy", and that then the jumps, noted by the theory of quanta of "action", take place. But what precisely are these "jumps" interpreted in terms of Imaginism?

W. Sudden and discrete changes of content akin to the psychical "adjustments" taking place in our own lives; the creative consciring is at work on all levels, however lowly, irreflective and other. We cannot of course sound fully the depths of which I speak—who would venture to describe accurately the psychical life even of an amoeba? Beware also of too hasty interpretations after you have decided to regard "energy" as consciring, irreflective or reflective. "Energy" is usually discussed as actually or potentially a bird of passage. But does consciring "travel", in the spatial sense of the word, at all?

S. Not every man of science makes the somewhat symbolised by "energy" travel. Thus Bridgman protests that "energy" ought not to be conceived as localised at a point of space or as travelling therein. "Energy" is not an ordinary thing, like a bit of platinum, but the "property of a system as a whole".(9)

D. (reading from a book). "Discard the term 'energy' for activity. What if all activity is at bottom Consciring . . . which is aware of, conserves and transforms, the contents that appear in the world? And these content-transformations, which are of course not mere relations of quantities but qualitative, are they

quite devoid of meaning? Do they not belong to an order in whose changes a teleologic *nisus* towards harmony, constantly being frustrated, is as constantly reasserting itself? In this protean flux there are more or less conservative 'equivalencies' between contents that come and contents that go; the disappearing contents giving place to others just as if a vast cosmic balancing process—an immanent design making for 'divinity of measure'—were at work." (10)

Thus the transformation of "energy" is not blind but reveals, in the kinds and "divinity of measure" of the contents that appear, a cosmos of immanent purposiveness. The "energy" said to be transformed is creative *consciring*; God at the loom of time.

S. West contends that the transformation of "energy" (once called blind and treated as a mechanistic ultimate) indicates a route shaped by purpose. It may well be so. "Energy," the working-concept, is very probably a calculator's substitute for *consciring*. And we can hardly treat divine *consciring* as if it was only a travelling object in the space-time which it has posited!

W. Divine *consciring* no more lodges or travels within space than your *consciring* travels within your dreams of fancy. Take thought in all such discussions that, while space-time and its contents might conceivably pass away, divine *consciring* is not dependent on them and does not pass away.

L. We finite individuals, however, do attend successively to parts even of a dream; and the phrase "wandering" attention gives one pause. Ward in his psychological studies is fond of the adjective "distributable" in connexion with attention or focal *consciring*. To distribute suggests to me a change of place in what is distributed.

W. It is needful to speak of divine *consciring* as active *at*, and *through*, points in space-time rather than as lodging or travelling within it. As regards finite *consciring*, the terms "attention" and "distribution" bank on metaphor. *Consciring* is not a traveller within your dream of fancy, *e.g.* of motoring in Switzerland; your body and car as imagined are only special contents, standing out against a background of other contents, all alike present to, and presupposing, *consciring*. But I have to add that, in the interpretation of "energy" as *consciring*, complications are

inevitable. The trunk of divine consciring gives off innumerable branches and shoots in which it seems continued or prolonged, but which behave largely as if they were independent agents. Whence very complex interrelations, and with these the conflicts of which this world-system is the arena; the disharmony, division and separateness so often deplored. There is creative evolution in which relatively free centres of consciring arise. The old determinism is doomed. But the complications!

L. You menace the upholders even of a *vis creatrix a tergo*?

W. I yield to the pressure of the appearances themselves.

L. Oh! I don't care whether determinism stands or falls. But now more about the term "energy". I observe that some writers have used it freely in psychology.

A. At a price.

D. Yes; at the price of treating it, not as a mere symbol but as an agent not wholly veiled. It is "enjoyed" in our lives from the inside—at least as far as it can be "enjoyed" by us at all. Its character is no longer concealed under phrases such as "capacity for work" and the like. It is found in a psychical setting, and surely it is displaying here what it hides from the physicist who contemplates his domain from the outside.

W. Very good, Delane. Perhaps Anderton will cite cases of this appeal to "energy"—he is better posted in current psychological lore than I.

A. (consulting his notes). According to Jastrow, "stimulation calls for distinction and interpretation, and, to arouse this interest, the interruption must possess sufficient energy of quality or momentum to override its rivals for notice".(11) Now, West certainly would say that "energy" of quality refers us to consciring on whose jet dances this quality; its intensity being one condition at any rate of prominence of the quality in the presentational field. In the case of a sharp prick this degree of support by consciring is marked. Notice of the prick, discrimination of it from the rest of the sensible continuum, are enforced.

W. Degree is a phase of quantity, and quantity in general is a function of consciring. No consciring, no quality, no attendant pleasures or pains.

A. According to Pierre Janet, as referred to by McDougall (12), "it remains open to us to suppose that . . . the bringing

together or synthesising of many impressions in the unitary field of attentive self-consciousness is only effected by the expenditure of psychical energy, the available quantity of which varies from time to time, and that the quantity of this energy is deficient in those states of 'psychical poverty' (*la misère psychologique*) characterised by subconscious mental activities of an abnormal kind". McDougall holds "that a co-conscious personality, a numerically distinct being, may emerge owing to defective control by the soul"; "in the other type we have to do with a mere insufficiency of synthetic energy of the one centre, from which results a temporary narrowing of the field of attentive consciousness [focal reflective consciring] and the automatic or semi-mechanical functioning of parts of the psychophysical organisation. Into this class would fall post-hypnotic obedience to suggestion in spite of lack of all conscious memory of the nature of the suggestion given".(13)

Janet himself holds that to be is to "act and create"; that "*la conscience, qui est au suprême degré une réalité*" is an "*activité agissante*", above all, "*une activité de synthèse qui réunit des phénomènes donnés plus ou moins nombreux en un phénomène nouveau différent des éléments. C'est là une nouvelle création*".(14) West endorses this view, but will add, I think, that it applies more especially to finite consciring. For in divine consciring even the "*éléments*", said to be synthesised, are not "*donnés*" but created; there is no fundamental power behind divine consciring which supplies "*éléments*". Hence creation on this divine or cosmic level is radical.

D. Which carries me back to what West said about the intense "radiant" consciring of God—Divine Imagining.(15)

W. Very interesting, Anderton. When "energy" is the subject-matter of psychology, it presents itself as having a psychical character. It is somehow directly lived; can no longer be treated as a phrase "capacity for work" and the like. There is a passage from the mere symbol of physics to the reality of psychics.

A. Shall I continue? Tansley in *The New Psychology* conceives mind "as endowed with psychic energy just as the body is endowed with physical energy" (p. 59). He considers that "the amount of affect aroused is, on the whole, a good index of the amount of psychic energy discharged in the conation". The

"libido" of psycho-analysis is just "psychic energy attached to a complex and discharging through a conative channel, as distinct from the conception of psychic energy at large, which is not necessarily attached to a complex" (p. 63). This "libido-energy" is a crude makeshift for consciring, fraught with special sorts of contents. To close my remarks—much nonsense has been written about the theory of the "new psychology", but the insistence on "psychic energy" is worth notice. It reveals the pressure of a reality that must be reckoned with. Once more, consciring, as well as content, gives the theorists pause.

L. Well: you are sliding off the fence on to West's plot quite neatly, Anderton. But time flies. I for one have heard enough about "energy" to keep me awake at night. I must admit that this connecting of consciring with energy lends additional force to our host's suggestions. Shall we now pass to the next topic on the programme and consider *Cosmic Feeling* along with some of the allied problems? It may well be that West will throw still more light on what he has said before about consciring.

A. Shall I introduce this topic with mention of the clue found in finite consciring? Consider first the interpretation of a libido-theorist. "Pleasure," I read, "is primarily the characteristic emotional tone of the affect which accompanies the successful discharge of libido along a conative channel and the attainment of the appropriate end. Psychical pain is the opposite tone which accompanies thwarting of the libido in its efforts to attain the appropriate end of the conation. Many of the 'pleasures of the senses', aesthetic pleasure and the pleasure accompanying a feeling of physical well-being, as well as the pleasure associated with an exaltation or expansion of the personality, are to be referred to the libido of the ego-complex whose conations are self-maintenance and self-expansion." (16) And again, "The intensity of pleasure and pain depends upon the intensity of the energy developed in the conation, and therefore of the affect. In the pursuit of an end determined by a great integrated conation, the pain incidental to temporary thwartings may be absolutely neglected, as common experience shows." (17) Some remarks of mine on these passages may be useful in provoking thought.

"Psychic energy" confronts us once more: what ought to be

asserted is consciring. It is by no means clear that feelings consist solely of pleasures and pains, but let this pass. What is certain is that they cannot be derived from the Unconscious, the merely blind, with which, of course, the domain of irreflective consciring is not to be confused. The "libido of the ego-complex", with self-maintaining and self-expanding conations, is consciring, in so far as it comprises the dominant self-content, and need not delay us.(18) The view of pleasures and pains as accompanying successful or thwarted conations is not new but may be true, provided (a) that we are right about the activity to be denoted by "conation", and (b) that we use the term "conation" so as to cover the implicated activity of the body. For some of our pleasures and pains mirror the well and ill being of our bodies, which are psychical existents in imaginal Nature. Am I understood? It is needful to provide for the metaphysics of a cramp or toothache as well as for that of joy in a poem, a good deed or realised ambition. I believe that in making these statements I am in agreement with our host.

West nodded. "Give us more of this—get us others into the heart of the topic before we talk."

A. I don't wish to burden you with a mass of citations from the history of philosophy and psychology on the subject of feeling. Let me present what seems to be the core of greatest value to our special interest—metaphysics, *i.e.* inquiry into the ultimate character of reality. There emerge results such as these. Pleasures and pains stated to belong to the Unconscious are—verbiage. They presuppose consciring, reflective or irreflective. These feelings, again, have no independent development of their own; and, while differing in respect of duration and degree of intensity, lack that variety observable, *e.g.* in colours, joint-sensations and sounds. The contents, along with which they are conscired, furnish the innumerable differences in pleasant and painful experiences of which we take note. Speaking generally, we can support the very old view which connects pleasure with "unimpeded activity", pain with impeded activity; the furthering or thwarting, as West would say, of rills of consciring on some level or levels, which include in the case of man that of the body. Hence statements like the following: "*Laetitia est hominis transitio a minore ad maiorem perfectionem. Tristitia*

est hominis transitio a majore ad minorem perfectionem" (Spinoza). "Pleasure goes with everything that is free from discord, or has merged discord in fuller harmony", whereas pain implies conflict (Bradley). "Whatever is pleasurable tends to further and perfect life, whatever is painful, to disturb or destroy it. The many seeming exceptions to this law of self-conservation . . . probably all admit of explanation in conformity with it, so as to leave its substantial truth unimpeached. . . ." "There is pleasure in proportion as a maximum of subjective activity or attention is effectively exercised, and pain in proportion as such effective attention is frustrated by restraints, distractions, shocks, or incomplete and faulty adaptations, or failures of exercise, owing to the narrowness of the field of consciousness or the slowness and smallness of its changes" (Ward). "Mentally conditioned pains, as distinguished from those of sensations and of the revived residua of sensations, are all pains of conflict; pains accompanying and, in large part, if not altogether, determined by obstruction of mental activity" (Stout). Care is required to note that the whole of the conscious field is penetrated by the feeling-tone which hasty analysis might allot only to particular contents; and that contents, which regarded separately are painful, are not for that always unwelcome. The student of pain may inflict acute pain on himself in order to observe it. Ward holds apparently that such observation cannot take place. "Neither feeling, the one capacity, nor attention, the one faculty of the pure Ego or I, is directly presented." Feeling is not presented as are colours and sounds, but it appears, withal, along with the presenting activity—consciring—which has that veiled character of which West has spoken. Even consciring, however, as West pointed out, may be aware of itself in the "wholeness" of the contents or conscita which it grasps, and along with this grasp arises feeling.

Definitions miss the reality of feeling: "roughly pleasure is a quality which makes you want an experience to continue, and unpleasure is the opposite quality which makes you want an experience to stop", observes Bertrand Russell. Here the make-shift character of intellect is well illustrated: this pale definition and a bereavement or attack of *angina pectoris* lie far apart. And can feelings be said to do more than prompt? "Very great

and long-continued pain inevitably tends to bring about a state in which feelings of quiescence are prominent.” (19) And what underlies our liking and disliking, our seeking, maintaining and repelling? Feelings prompt since they colour consciring. I gather from West that consciring is the veritable *elan vital*, whatever the feelings may be; it is this which may sustain effort in the teeth of pain, tolerating the intolerable, as in the case of the self-torturing fakir or the student who detests study. Another pale definition is Bergson’s respecting pain connected with the body. “Pain is nothing but the effort of the damaged element to set things right—a kind of motor tendency in a sensory nerve . . . a *local* effort.” Pain penetrates all the field of consciring. And what does this quasi-materialistic remark tell you about your toothache? The very core of this experience has vanished.

Pain may have its peculiar value. “In general”, writes Pillsbury of the protozoa, “beneficial stimuli have no effect, while harmful stimuli cause a movement that removes the organisms from their neighbourhood. Certain organisms, the *Stentor* that Jennings worked with, *e.g.*, modify their reactions and thus give the first evidence of learning.” (20) Creative initiative even on this level! And on higher levels pleasurable experiences tend to favour no action save that which prolongs them, while the world-process requires instability, change and unrest. Hence Mephistopheles in Goethe’s *Faust* is represented as on good terms with God. He is indispensable for a world-system in travail.

D. One for you, Leslie.

L. Anderton could not justify pain in this way alone. Of what value to evolution is much or most of the misery of mankind?

W. We are not discussing Evil—wait a while.

S. Anderton mentioned pleasure and pain (or unpleasure as some call it) as the two types of feeling. Ward stresses a more or less neutral state (Bain also believed in neutral feeling), “deviations from which, of comparatively short duration and of sufficient intensity, constitute noticeable states of pleasure and pain”. (21) But Royce considers that there are four kinds of possible mixtures of two types of feeling—(a) the pleasures that are quiescent, (b) the dissatisfying pleasures, (c) the union of the painful and the restless, and (d) the union of suffering and

quiescence.(22) I must also suggest that pleasure does not seem quite a suitable term to denote all levels of well-being from passing pleasures popularly so-called, *e.g.* a bout of champagne, up to happiness as it may obtain in the perfected soul(23) or, as Bradley affirmed, in the Absolute.

A. I cannot attach meaning to the phrase "neutral feeling"; and as regards Royce I suspect that "feelings of quiescence" might be better stated as "conscired" quiescence, if the contents present are devoid of the pleasures and pains that prompt to action. Pleasure, again, is a valuable term but, owing to its associations, is not, I allow, quite satisfactory in philosophy.

L. Why not discuss the Absolute as having a good time and, as Bradley's *Appearance and Reality* suggests, at our expense? Disrespectful? But are we sure that we owe the world-principle any measure of respect at all? It is sovereign of the world but its deeds are dark indeed.

S. Divine Imagining lives even in the jests of Leslie. But forward! The clue to the problem of Cosmic Feeling had to be sought in finite experience. Anderton has been telling us of features of feeling as it occurs in us and the animals. It remains for West to use what has been said to profit—to follow the thread to the needle. We know what he will do: he will pelt us with suggestions, as always, and probably some of the suggestions will hit a mark.

W. What else could he do? He can't expand you into Divine Imagining Itself.

D. That's true. But he can make our ears more sensitive to whispers: the whispers from "setting suns" in the "mind of man" caught by Wordsworth.

W. But be sure that you don't add unwisely to what you hear, as do the votaries of that hundred-tongued gossip, Faith.

The Professor spoke of a neutral state of feeling—I suggest that he shall turn to observation once more. Feelings are "pleasant", "joyous", "blessed", "happy", etc., according to the level of "unimpeded activity" that is coloured by them; painful when the level shows predominant conflict. Are such feelings deviations from a neutral state? I think not. All consciring that is free or furthered is pleasant, all showing conflict

is painful; though the very faintly pleasant and painful may lack sufficient intensity to pass the "threshold" at which consciring that is irreflective becomes reflective. I agree with Anderton that alleged *feelings* of quiescence and restlessness are *conscired* aspects of ordinary content tinged almost invariably, if not always, with noticeable pleasures and pains. Feeling, again, as Anderton justly remarked, is not presented after the fashion of colours; for us mortals it lies on the side of consciring rather than on that of the conscired, which is fully "before the mind", fully objective. It displays, accordingly, an elusiveness which resembles that of consciring itself. This is the aspect of truth in the view that "feeling" and "attention" are not presented (Ward). Feeling does not possess a dynamic of its own, but it colours creativity throughout. Not unjustifiably have men found in "affect", in feeling, what sounds the very depths of the universe. This is precisely, I take it, what the great seer, Blake, has in mind when he calls Energy—the fontal divine activity or consciring—"Eternal Delight". There is a silly philosophical superstition which treats fontal reality as a chill, neutral ground conceived sometimes after the model of a human monster, the mere "intellectual", whose feelings are dull and who does reverence only to a world of "propositions". Take note of it and pass on.

L. Did not Plato say that pleasures and pains are not experiences worthy of divine beings?

A. Yes: because he had in mind some consummation that transcends both.

W. There is no consummation which could transcend Blake's "Delight"; happiness at its highest level. Even Bradley liked to think that his Absolute is happy. And what higher level of feeling could he desire for his universe? Philosophers are better occupied than in gilding refined gold.

I continue with a warning. Psychologists' accounts of the lower feelings, the emotions and the sentiments, are of great interest but apt to mislead us. It is possible, for instance, to regard emotion as issuing from instinct — on the authority of some psychologists even from instinct *raté* or *vieilli*. Instinct, however, is itself a problem in need of a solution. Even animal instinct, wrote Fabre, Darwin's "incomparable

observer", "overwhelms me with its variety"; he was forced, like myself, to make appeal to the *imagining* at work in the world. Such instinct is born of "variations", not produced but tested by Natural Selection.(24) Stabilised in the main as are its forms, their conservatism concurs still with initiative. But, however you incline to solve the riddle of instinct, animal and human, don't make the mistake of trying to derive the higher from the lower. Nothing in the world is derived solely from "antecedents". A fundamental revision of the concept of causation on the lines of imaginism is required. Every step of change includes a gift, a creatum which does not repeat any event in the past. It may include also the appearance of that which, up to this moment, has not been able to show in the world.(25) Consequently it is needful to look on the earlier as heralding rather than accounting for the later; and, when this is done, the fallacy of derivation is exposed and creative evolution, the making of the world-system within Divine Imagining, reigns in its stead.

L. This view implies a really productive or "efficient" causation and is of vital significance. The lower supplies constituents needed for the making of the higher, or needed only to furnish the setting in which the higher appears. We shall watch this statement about causation very closely.

W. Do so. Meanwhile free yourselves from the incubus of "derivation"—from the notion that the higher arises in some occult manner out of the lower—and contemplate the emotional life of the worthiest men and women as it is. Common sense always revolts at the derivation of this from antecedents which seem poor and inadequate; and the revised concept of causation will show that common sense is right. Of course, creative evolution works slowly; the difficulties to be overcome are very great; life is saddened by the failures of impulse, instinct, emotion, sentiment. But life includes risks which, if creative evolution is worth carrying through, have to be taken.

L. If—but no matter now. No one will grudge the cost of a triumph, however long it may be coming. A triumph—that's what we want to be sure about.

S. You can't be, and that is where all of you have to take a risk.

W. Bradley's Absolute is the "identity of idea and existence

attended also by pleasure". It is said to enjoy a "balance of happiness". But we can afford to characterise Divine Imagining with less restraint.

Pleasure (if one must make use of the customary term) colours "unimpeded activity"; free or furthered harmonious consciring. The fuller and richer the consciring, the fuller and richer is the implicated feeling, whereas, when, as in us, habit has lessened the intensity and complications of consciring, the intensity and complications of feeling fall away likewise. Now the being of Divine Imagining is to be active; its creative activity or consciring, as we had occasion to suppose, is radical, indefinitely "radiant" and fully reflective, aware of itself and all contents. (26) Along with this indefinitely "radiant" consciring goes what it seems better not to call pleasure but the supreme affective divine life—the glory of feeling at its highest level. "Energy" on this level is, or rather is saturated with, Blake's "Delight", but to express the truth by one word of the various words marred by petty human uses is impracticable.

D. What about the phrase "God is Love"?

W. Love names for us a sentiment which includes very many subordinate emotions with their implicated organic feelings, all clustering round an object or group of objects; this complex whole has a character not found in its constituent parts and, when intense, abides stably, seeming to pervade our entire being. This sentiment blesses him who gives and him who takes and is the highest form of human feeling, but it remains, nevertheless, ordinarily of limited scope, and, after all, is only one sentiment among many others. God is not anything partial and restricted as the phrase suggests.

Human love, however, at its best delights in, and furthers, the well-being of the loved object whether person or thing. Is there, to use precise language, an analogous affective *aspect* in God? Well, all souls and contents present to Divine Imagining, if delightful and beautiful, are for that adorable as well. The homing mystic has been said to seek in God "the state of love in love"; in the book *Divine Imagining* the divine affective life is referred to as one of "Delight-Love-Beauty". Obviously such verbal expedients are make-shifts, though they accent important points. In future I propose to speak of the divine affective life as bliss-

consciring; avoiding thus attempts to do more than symbolise it. Enough for us that such affectivity marches with the indefinitely "radiant" consciring, and that mere human fancy has no materials wherewith even to symbolise it well. The last stammered word on such a topic enjoins silence.

L. Goethe mentions the "Bond of Love" which "gives direction to the whole". Ravaisson stresses "absolute beauty" which creates for love of what is created. But this affective point of view ignores the ugliness and abominations within the world-systems. What place have you for them? Are they too among the treasures that are adored because adorable? Are Gilles de Retz, a torture-chamber, and a death by hydrophobia present to Divine Imagining? And, if so, what of them in the context of Its other contents?

W. We have glanced at this matter before when considering the standing of the world-systems and what they comprise. Divine Imagining is at once transcendent and immanent. It is indefinitely more than any and all of the particular world-systems that It launches on their careers. On the other hand, disrupted and divided against Itself within each system, It too pursues an adventure and takes the risks—the risks incidental to novel finite initiatives whence conflicts of all sorts and innumerable. Is the zone of risk limited? It may be that these ugly nascent systems are "encysted", "insulated", not penetrating even one another or the bliss-consciring of transcendent Deity at all. They exist thus in what a theologian might call "regions of wrath", and enter only after long-drawn-out progress into the "joy of the Lord".

D. And what is the ultimate guarantee that no evolved system shall fail utterly?

W. Divine Imagining, I urged, is transcendent but also immanent in the systems; the individuals and contents in the systems have budded off from, but remain withal fundamentally, Itself. Itself, Dionysus, is sunk in, committed to, the adventure of a nascent system. Itself as transcendent is the guarantee that in the end all will be well. Allow me to read you something: "All is not well with the world. And, for aught I can say, worse things, even catastrophes on the astronomic scale, might occur. But, on the other hand, all *will* be well. For the guarantee lies in

the character of the Divine Life Itself. As Imagining It can conserve; as Imagining It can create (additively). What is wanted can be brought into being, what is intolerable can be, and is being, destroyed. The pressure of the imaginal dynamic is ceaseless. And that pressure in a plastic system works toward harmony . . . things are not frozen hard in an insane, timeless Absolute. There is no situation, however dread, which creative imagining cannot remould to profit. But the way sometimes may be a long one, and the cost to the implicated sentient grave.”(27)

S. Human standards of ugliness cannot all be taken seriously—except by human societies. Some at any rate presuppose sensory experiences which may be peculiar to man and his like. Thus the “disgusting” is relative to our organic sensations.

A. And I should not care to say that events which, regarded separately, are hideous may not for a long view help to constitute the romance of the individual. A survey of the world-line of an individual during lives covering millions of years might free much from its foulness.

L. But how much?—there’s the rub. Do you suppose that everything offensive in life can acquire charm in this manner?

W. No: we cannot wish to conserve everything even in that “made” reality which is the past. Destruction—purging of the past itself—is unavoidable, the only final remedy for very much. A world-system on the verge of becoming divine has much of its past destroyed lest it stain and infect the universe. A last sacrifice ere entering into the “joy of the Lord”! Unsustained longer by conspiring, the past which has served its purpose, the past in so far as merely foul, vanishes and leaves not a rack behind.

L. Thus you are rid of the burden of Bradley’s Absolute Reality—unchanged and unchangeable, living with its fixed, largely hideous, “appearances” and pretending to like them. All the world’s a stage, it seems to me, in fact as well as in poetry; and perhaps the stage can be freed from Grand Guignol traditions at last. Well, there may be something in it—anyhow we have here a mightily inspiring reflection of West’s.

D. At some far-off date we may wake up to find that we have escaped from a nightmare.

A. It comes almost to that. But now, West, I would like to

have some discussion of the standing of Values. This topic has bearings on our general attitude towards Feeling.

W. Well—set the ball rolling again and we will all dribble it in turn to the goal.

A. Value is not an occult essence sprayed on to objects said to have value. We have to regard it rather as a concept. Now what is it which we label in this manner? Something, it seems, implicated with feeling, present or remote, but not necessarily, as some, accenting the “affective-conative”, have urged, with will. For a sudden revelation of loveliness is classed with “values”, quite irrespective of a preceding process of will in which it was sought. Wordsworth, glancing at a sunset, just finds value there. Will is maintenance or creative realisation of an imaginal field, but often I have not to create a field of beauty but confront it. On the other hand, we very often will ends said to have “intrinsic value”. Since, however, these ends do not follow immediately on desire, they have to be realised through “means” to which is ascribed a courtesy value as instruments, whence the concept of “instrumental value”. Frequently of course the means have a value of their own; I enjoy motoring though the end of my travelling is to visit a friend.

Value presupposes consciring for which it exists. There can be no intrinsic values without feeling, and there can be no feeling in the Unconscious consistently discussed. Intrinsic values, as Sorley puts it, “always require persons as their bearers”. What is borne?

S. Aye, for the person who appreciates a value is not making eyes always at himself.

D. What about divine consciring? Sorley refers only to finite individuals.

A. I have only just set the ball rolling.

W. We shall find, perhaps, therein the solution so many seek.

A. What makes an object worth caring for and constitutes what we call its value? Joad tells us that this characteristic is unanalysable, “that for which we feel a unique emotion”—or, shall we say, that which we *conscire* emotionally in a unique way? There is, of course, no definition like the *intuitiva notitia*, which gives experience to us entire, however incompetent we are

to reflect on it and record the analysis in propositions. Respecting statements "about" value psychologists are not always reticent. "A value", writes Jung, (28) "is a possibility by which energy can attain its realisation" (*épanouissement*), but then, after West's remarks on the *libido*, we shall have to interpret this passage in our own way! "Objets have value for us", writes McDougall, (29) "in proportion as they excite our conative tendencies; our consciousness of their value, positive or negative, is our consciousness of the strength of the conation they awake in us. Hence consciousness of value, like consciousness of meaning, is a mode of consciousness which has no counterpart in the physical sphere; value, like meaning, is a purely psychical fact." But are the "values" of a Swiss landscape, of a mathematical theorem or exposition of logical relations, of Shelley's "Are-thusa", of an idealistic solution of the world-riddle, adequately accounted for on these lines? The phrase "conative tendencies" refers us for more light to consciring, while the nature of the "physical sphere", we must remember, is, root and branch, psychical. We may seem to be scenting our quarry, but the fox is not yet running to view.

The three great modes of value discussed in philosophy are Truth, Moral Goodness and Beauty, of which the last named, in the opinion of some, lies deepest in the heart of reality. It would be interesting to know in what manner our host solves our problem in connexion with these three modes. I begin to stumble at this stage and am glad to hand on the torch to West in order that, standing firm, he may hold it high.

L. In the subtle hope that he may burn his fingers? For it seems to me that "value" is one of the four terms ("value", "relations", "categories", "universals") round which have raged the most unilluminating and long-drawn-out discussions in philosophy, which to the layman appears often merely an arena wherein men, using long words having vague or no meaning, disagree. You will recall Schopenhauer's attack on "university philosophy" which obscured in his day so much that it made its own.

D. Schopenhauer did face honestly the riddle of life as it confronts troubled men; and that is the secret of his hold on us. He made mistakes—who does not?—but he made possible the

victory of pragmatism and forced thinkers to discuss the Real in the light of its appearances.

W. I may burn my fingers, but what if I drop the torch and my hearers, wanting light, suffer? Well, I take one more risk, but remember that I am a mystic, not so much interested in controversy as in the realities round which disputes rage. You ask for my contribution to this discussion—take it.

The first thing needful is to treat “value” consistently as a concept, as Anderton urged. A concept is “made” fact posited by human imagining and, regarded in separation from the mental process in which it occurs, is a makeshift; a substitute-fact standing for, or representing, something else. Your concept of Divine Imagining is not Divine Imagining Itself; your concept of star or state may come and go, but stars and states are other than the devices by which you think of them and they remain. I am dwelling on this contention with a purpose. I shall be referring in the course of these suggestions to Divine Imagining. And I have to repeat that this world-principle is not guided, as a distinguished modern philosopher has it, by a “*conception* of value”. It does not comprise concepts save in so far as It includes finite individuals like ourselves who use them. It is reality directly acquainted with all its activity and contents, and needing, therefore, no concepts or substitute-facts to stand for them. What It grasps It grasps immediately not by concept but conscurring. Plato’s belief in the “Idea or Form of the Good” makes the world-principle conceptual; and the same mistake is pushed into the fantastic by Hegel. Plato, as we saw, had no eyes save for what we call content, and the kind of content which he made ultimately real was—the concept.

It will not be surprising accordingly if the solution of our riddle refers only incidentally to concepts. There are no concepts except in the minds of men and their like. In sounding the depths we have to get beyond concepts.

Let us now consider very briefly Truth, Moral Goodness and Beauty: the famous triad of Values.

Truth, the ideal of knowledge, would be a structure made up of true propositions. But since this structure is not, and cannot be, completed, we have to dignify, by labelling it Truth, the fragmentary collection of true propositions which humanity is

said to possess; and with this sorry makeshift we work. "Divine philosophy" and science lack blood and flesh; for the intellect, as we have seen, dwells in a realm of shades where the light is grey and the objects poorer than those of Plato's Cave. They have value, withal, because they further the interests of practice and they furnish a few contemplative students with knowledge which, while abstract, is better than nothing at all. "The truth to which we assign value is an intellectual harmony between the mind of man and the order of reality," writes Sorley. And this value, in the case of any particular problem of practice, can be measured by contrast of a successful solution with the consequences that would issue from error. The elation, etc., attendant on furthered activity differs considerably from the discomfort or disaster imputable to error! But do we conscire (don't say "feel") Joad's "*unique* emotion" in achieving a value of this kind? The value is what *avails* us, and many concurring pleasurable sentiments, emotions and organic feelings may crown success. But *novelty* appears with each new synthesis. The value of the contemplative (or theoretic) intellect, again, consists mainly in its preparation of us for experience that is higher; experience that cannot be ours during our present lives. The joys of the contemplative sage seem to me pale and poor, and I envy no man who takes, or tries to take, all intellectual knowledge as his province. In this region toils Faust with a great weariness of the flesh. And, in fact, it is the unsatisfactoriness of intellect and Truth that prompts the sage to become the mystic. Plato's "Spectator of all time and all existence" must get beyond the limitations of mere Truth.

L. So that Truth is not an "eternal value", as we have been assured so often?

W. Assuredly not. As long as there remain finite individuals who need it, Truth will be desired for the reasons just given. Truth implies a measure of agreement or harmony between knowledge and reality. It is a phase of harmonious living of use to the practical and theoretical interests. But in what Tennyson called the Divine Event, towards which creation moves, Truth will give place to something higher. God, *i.e.* Divine Imagining, is above Truth, with its parade of fragmentary abstract knowledge and its contrast of this knowledge with the real.

D. There is one way in which Truth might be accorded an "eternal value". It belongs to the history of creative evolution and as such may be conserved in the "made reality" of the Past.

L. Like a back number of a magazine in a lumber-room.

W. It has its place in the world-epic; it can claim no more. I turn now to the subject of Moral Goodness, which clearly has value, yet not value that is eternal for us. For Moral Goodness also must pass into something higher in the Divine Event. It is indispensable, withal, as phase of the vast cosmic harmonising process which mediates that event.

Truth is the ideal of knowledge; the goal which knowledge strives vainly to reach and which, were it reached, would be unsatisfactory. The ideal of Moral Goodness is perfect conduct in respect of ourselves, other individuals and things—some add God. Bradley describes it as "the willed reality of its perfection by a soul", which mere egoism or altruism, of course, would mar.

The morally good promotes well-being and in some cases nears, or is, the beautiful, as the popular exclamation, "what a beautiful thing to do"! reminds us often. Philosophers have remarked this. Hence the morally good and the beautiful were closely connected in Greek thought (*τὸ καλόν* could mean both moral loftiness and beauty, and Plato refers in the *Republic* to virtue as a "kind of health and beauty and good habit" in the soul). Even in modern philosophy an attempt has been made to include ethics in aesthetics. But actually the morally good and the beautiful collide very frequently; the struggle of a man against lust or drink is moral but hardly a thing of beauty which is a "joy for ever".

There are, nevertheless, attitudes and actions, ordinarily called moral, which are beautiful now both as lived and contemplated. They satisfy the working definition of beauty which I am suggesting shortly.

The fundamental value, then, of Moral Goodness is that it is a phase of the harmonising process requisite to the coming of the Divine Event. It *avails* us to better life and conditions the "homing" towards Divine Imagining. Its field is creative evolution; it presupposes conflict in which evil is overcome. It exists in and by the conflict, and, when the conflict shall end and Mephistopheles has completed his work for God, it is

to pass into what is higher. We shall profit at this stage by dwelling awhile on the third of the time-honoured triad of Values, Beauty.

L. Divine Imagining is not morally good—in fact like the “One” of Plotinus, *ὑπεράγαθος* or supermoral?

W. Yes; but we must be careful to give the “super” full weight. Divine Imagining creates with such artistry that a perfected world-system constitutes the Divine Event. And this making implies that the individuals connected with that system shall be perfected (= “thoroughly made”) as well. Thus, as far as we are concerned—and we are ourselves Dionysus committed to, and sunk in, a world-adventure—all is being shaped for the best. “All the world’s a stage” and the players will be such as the Great Day requires.

D. And the different characters in the play?

W. Ah! once more you want to anticipate our later discussions.

S. The value of Moral Goodness is, therefore, in part instrumental—a means to the attainment of an end of intrinsic value that is very remote? I refer to the bliss-consciring, the “Love-Delight-Beauty” which beacons on the heights.

W. Yes; and when remote ends are lost sight of, when men are sure that they perish with their bodies, Moral Goodness wanes. A bolchevised humanity, fed with materialism and like creeds of despair, would fare badly. The comedy-drama of life would not be worth playing and Leslie’s pessimism in the long run would capture common sense. I pass now to consider Beauty.

L. Tolstoi, writing on Art, states that the attempts to define Beauty have all failed. They either define nothing at all or include too little of the beautiful. The outlook for you is hardly promising.

W. I recall well the many definitions that have failed. Here again in the case of the single beautiful object *intuitiva notitia* succeeds; the admirer conspires immediately what is there. But admirers and the objects called beautiful are many and it is not easy to suggest a definition which is sufficiently wide, which at once denotes all the objects and connotes usefully what they have in common. The difficulty was noted by Mill,⁽³⁰⁾ who held that the objects ordinarily accepted as beautiful have nothing in

common "except the property of agreeableness". But a definition based on this property fails, since not all agreeable things are beautiful. Hence Bradley's definition of Beauty as the "self-existent pleasant" is unconvincing. Now there is only one way out of this fix; we must frame the best working definition we can after an appeal to metaphysics.

A. Do you take account of Expressionism?—I mean the view that Beauty is successful expression on the part of the artist; the mere reader of the poem, the admirer of the statue or picture being credited with an impulse to expression akin to the artist's.

L. And the poet being supposed to invest Nature with all the beauty it is said to possess.

A. Yes; there is an obvious subjectivism in this view which I mention merely because it is held by many.

W. What is the meaning here of "expression", which, considered etymologically, suggests the "squeezing out" of something, like juice from an orange? In one form of this doctrine all beauty is said to "express" emotion, but how can *mere* feeling extrude what is not there—*e.g.* *Paradise Lost*? The orange contains juice before it is squeezed, and it yields nothing but this juice. Will you appeal to creative imagining and its magic? What more plausible? Finite imagining, however, has no power to transform *mere* feeling into a concrete whole of beauty.

L. No; it cannot make bricks without clay. There is a form of the doctrine which gives finite imagining its clay, *i.e.* contents, besides emotion, to work upon. So far, so good. But we are still told that Beauty has no degrees; that every successful expression is as beautiful as another; also that the man who looks at a statue experiences Beauty, because for him too there is successful expression as in the case of the sculptor.

A. This view won't stand criticism, I grant. Brilliantly creative artists don't swarm in this fashion. It is clear too that the plain man often finds Beauty without debt to "expression" at all. The savage finds glaring colours beautiful; the civilised man may find a sunset, a diamond, a Chinese shawl and many other things beautiful—just as they come to him. A rainbow may be beautiful to the tourist, though it "expresses" nothing, fascinating only with the charm of hues and curve. Visual and muscular contents contribute directly to this aesthetically pleasant whole.

Clearly the artist who makes and the man who takes may stand quite apart.

S. And, my dear sirs, you have overlooked what, in view of our present topic, is the worst blemish of all. Even were Beauty successful expression, would that knowledge reveal what Beauty is? Creative imagining works in artistic production as in the constructions of science, but what is the nature of the experience, however produced, which is conscired as beautiful?

W. Very good, Professor. And now I can intervene perhaps usefully; the ball has been dribbled into a scrum near the goal.

A. May I have a last kick before yours? We have been considering a subjective point of view; what of an objective? For Plato Beauty is objective, not issuing from the artist and appreciative man. Must we seek aid from the *Symposium* and postulate archetypal Beauty to which the various objects, called by us beautiful, point and for the sake of which so much is endured: the Eternal Beauty of Diotima αἰὲς ὄν καὶ οὔτε γιγνόμενον οὔτε ἀπολλύμενον? You shake your head. Evidently you won't hear more about Abstract Forms; have no use for concepts thrust into the "back of Beyond"! Still, on the lines of Imaginism the cosmic reality suggested may be much more than a Platonic "Form".

W. Better and better: I see that the dialogues are bearing fruit. Yes; Beauty can be discussed in a cosmic regard without reference to a Platonic "Form" or even an Imaginal.(31) There is no Abstract Beauty any more than there is an abstract idea of value in general—save in human heads. But, recalling what I said about the bliss-consciring, you will note that my solution is in respects reminiscent of Plato's. It belongs, withal, to that concrete metaphysical outlook which Imaginism provides.

Beauty cannot be discussed to profit unless we bethink ourselves of the cosmic "Delight-Love-Beauty" or bliss-consciring of which mention was made to-night. This bliss-consciring is nothing else than Divine Imagining considered in a dominantly affective regard. *Once more it is by climbing to the top of the ladder that we come to grasp the significance of its lower rungs.* Even Mill's beautiful things, which seem to have nothing but agreeableness in common and which consequently puzzle the definer, become amenable to treatment. These finite instances of Beauty fall

away more and more from the glory of the bliss-consciring until at last it is hard to say whether they ought to be called beautiful or not. Further, the opposition of "subjective" and "objective", absent on the divine level, is a feature of this fall.

It would be easy to make a list of things comprising the very beautiful, the beautiful, those which some men call beautiful and some not, and those which very many would reject as merely agreeable or "nice". There is conflict of testimony on these lower levels. You and I to-day find much, which once we thought beautiful, indifferent or ugly. There are savages who regard as beautiful glaring colours and noises that we detest. And, even among the competent, tastes, as is notorious, differ. Chateaubriand thought the Alps ugly; eccentric artists (as I call them) assert that cubism is an advance in beauty. Common speech dubs "beautiful" the taste of a vintage port or Château d'Yquem, while artists in general tend to robe Beauty, rather arbitrarily, only in visual and auditory contents which are often significant, of course, in a high degree.

D. What about the working definition of Beauty as we and our like experience it?

W. I am feeling my way to that warily. Let me first take note of a few differences which obtain between the divine bliss-consciring, the cosmic "Delight-Love-Beauty" and that mere aspect of human life which comprises spots of beauty. (a) In Divine Imagining there are no unreconciled oppositions; there is no field for hard contrasts of our world of division such as subjective and objective. There is radiant bliss colouring inexhaustible content; content inseparable from the "unimpeded activity" or consciring; harmony of infinite variety, penetration of each divine society and its sentients and of each content by all the rest. Pure bliss-consciring (of which Plotinus has written) is what the "significance" or "symbolism" of human art seeks, but most imperfectly, to attain. On God's level there is no "expression", since there is nothing but the divine life itself in evidence; there is nothing behind divine reality to be "expressed". (b) There is no one-sided emphasis of contents such as, in our human beauty-experience, accents the seen and the heard. This preference is forced on us by the psycho-physiological conditions under which sensible content is perceived and

recalled. In practice it cannot be observed strictly. A beautiful woman, landscape, temple, involve aesthetic harmony in which tactile, muscular and organic sensibilities have a share. And poetry tends to ignore the limitation altogether. It goes, by the way, without saying that divine consciring has present to it contents of which the kinds we know are as a few sand-grains lying on a beach. (c) The bliss-consciring is beyond the level at which conflicts impair delight. Here is no ebb-tide. With us the beautiful occurs in patches and much of it is marred by its setting in the squalor permeating terrestrial life.

And the working-definition of Beauty as we earth-dwellers experience it? You ask much of me and I am not sure that my reply will please you.

It might be said, from the human point of view, that any whole, combining variety in unity, is beautiful if I can conscire it awhile (for the beautiful object is not always a "joy for ever") with delight fully satisfied within the limits of the whole.(32) And when the whole is very beautiful, even the duality of "subject" and "object" may tend to vanish; nothing save the delightful whole, enriched with "significance" drawn from mind, stands out clearly. The retort may be that this account covers even certain experiences of the debauchee. But finite beauty is often evil just as truth is often ugly; and the retort is countered by acceptance of the facts which it cites. Meanwhile a resource has been found for dealing with Mill's problem, viz. that only the property of "agreeableness" is common to all the objects called beautiful. The "agreeableness" ascribed to port, a fine day, a fair woman, a chess problem, a mathematical insight, cosmic order, etc., etc., is shared by a vast variety of wholes and you may assign rank to its instances as you find them. But there is a further consideration which you may care to make use of.

D. You mean that we can regard these instances as suggesting with different degrees of success the archetypal beauty—the bliss-consciring.

A. Yes; for, while the bliss-consciring is more than merely beautiful, it is at any rate Beauty at its highest.

W. When we confront an agreeable whole of a banal sort, e.g. a pretty dress or "revue" at a theatre, we are sure that we

are sounding nothing deep, nothing which mirrors the divine. But, as aesthetic wholes rise in importance, there seems to be penetrating them a reality that is literally divine. We cannot say at what grade in the hierarchy of these wholes it makes its entrance first. But we can urge this. When *e.g.* the great poem or symphony is sufficiently potent, it may occupy us in such fashion that we are in touch with what ordinarily is unknown to us. Shall we speak of a step in "reflectivity"? A vague, faint intuition of the bliss-consciring, "like glimpses of forgotten dreams", stirs us when immersed in the nobler aspects of Art just as when we gaze on a Swiss landscape.

D. Or when we sound the depths of the great religions.

W. Aye, as we had occasion to suspect before. But even in philosophy the idealist can reach God through contemplation of a flower or stone.

A. Hegel regarded God (Cosmic Reason) as manifested in the limited phenomenon of beauty.

W. Everything in a manner—in fact the entire world-system—hangs by a golden chain from God. But at the end of the chain occurs very much which assuredly is not divine. And not all beauty is divine. There are positively evil, nay infernal, forms of beauty; and never for us is experience of the beautiful quite unmarred. Hegel would have done better to say that in a world of distorted contents, God shows through some of the less distorted forms of the "agreeable" as beauty. How does that appeal to you as a poet, Leslie?

L. (laughing). Greatly, my dear friend, as all the rest of your thought, which, if not the truth, is at any rate evilly beautiful! You stir me profoundly, I must admit, but I reserve judgment. Meanwhile some more light on the path. You suggested in a former talk that our nascent world-system may be "insulated"; you dreamt also great dreams about the Divine Society which is connected with it. Why not suppose that the bliss-consciring of this Society—the supreme finite god emergent from our world-system—is glimpsed dimly through the higher forms of beauty? Why import the bliss-aspect of the *universal* Divine Imagining which sustains, on your showing, both this and innumerable other world-systems?

W. I don't say that you are not right. But is not this Divine

Society in the very bosom of God? I am unable to say more, being too ignorant.

L. He always has an answer. And now let me say frankly that I am still baffled by his statement about Cosmic Consciring;(33) I can't see the way out of it which suits my thinking. However he has yet to explain how the grim actual world issues from his God of "Delight-Love-Beauty".

S. My inclination and, as I gather, Anderton's is to accept provisionally West's results. But, before we take leave of these topics of Cosmic Feeling and Values, I should like to enter my objection to the use of the term "value" in modern philosophy. Why make use of this term which unquestionably aids and abets obscurity of thought? Why not recur to our old friend "goodness", of which moral goodness of course is merely a form? We shall benefit by plain speaking, and we shall have no need of coining such disastrous phrases as "negative value", "disvalue", and the like.

A. Hear, hear.

W. I accept the criticism; I have conformed to the ruling fashion and perhaps wrongly. *Peccavi!* I will avoid the term, as you desire, henceforth.

D. One more question. In the case of an unanalysable feeling of pleasure which colours a taste could you speak of a "value" or "good"?

W. Call it a "good". It colours the activity present in the body; and it occurs also in the soul in a manner that we shall consider in its place. The physical body, as I insist once more, is a psychical complex psychically actuated. There is this to be added about the pleasure of the taste. The fundamental reality is the consciring which is robed thus with feeling. The "good" on this level is a sign that the consciring (the "psychic energy" of some writers) proper to a part of the nervous system is creating well, that is to say, in a manner free from obstruction, conflict.

There was a pause during which West relit his pipe.

A. We have dwelt long enough on these topics of Cosmic Feeling and Values. Shall we pass on to another topic which is to interest us to-night? Time flies and Leslie is yawning, impatient, I fear, to snore in the lap of his beloved Unconscious.

L. What adventure is to dispel sweet sleep?

A. We are to consider briefly what comes under the head of *Conscita*, *i.e.* objects in the widest sense of the word, comprising all those aspects of the known which are posited by “conscience-énergie”; by divine consciring or the consciring of finite centres on the lower levels of which are the minor powers active in the small-scale happenings of Nature.

L. West has evidently not spoken in vain. Anderton is now quite at our host’s point of view.

W. I don’t think that this inquiry need delay us long. *Conscita* include the Imaginals . . .

L. Definable as?

W. Well, call them provisionally what Plato and Schopenhauer have referred to as the “Ideas”; others as “eternal objects” and “universals”, as to the nature of which opinions, as we know, differ. Imaginals are of importance and will require our attention ere long. I continue. *Conscita* include these Imaginals and, of course, the particular things with which external perception acquaints us along with their qualities, quantities and relations. There are many levels of external perception besides the physical level with which we are familiar. This physical level is a mere fragment of Nature. I use the word Nature to denote the domain which appears in the objects of perceptual knowledge; that which penetrates us in the shape of sensible content, colours, sounds, touch sensations and the rest. We share these penetrating objects with other percipients, whence indeed belief in a “common world”. Introspection, again, (which is a form of observation and is treated as such by Kant’s phrase, “the inner sense”), confronts so-called internal objects. These are said to appear only to the particular sentient who experiences them and are discussed as private to him. Thus, ordinarily at any rate, I can regard my fancies, resolutions and reasonings as private to myself,(34) and, like the diplomatist, may use language so as to make guesses as to what they are. Still it may be that objects of this kind are not screened from all percipients! The independent standing of certain internal objects has been stressed by occultists, mathematicians and others. And, speaking generally, I shall urge that objects which we make or find—create or merely discover—in our so-called private lives tend to persist independently of their makers

or discoverers. This fact of Conservation has bearings on philosophy, psychology and "psychical research". It will not be forgotten during the course of our inquiry into the nature of the soul.

A. Anything in short which may appear to finite consciring is an object, though it is not of course always a physical nature-object such as a waterfall or a tree. A sport of fancy, a subtle mathematical construction, which seems to exist beyond the last outpost of sense, is also an object in the wider meaning of the word. Quite so, but now about Nature? The earth, for instance, on the lines of your definition, is a natural object. And the Borderland and the various undiscovered countries into which souls may pass after death belong also to Nature. But where precisely does Nature begin and end?

W. It has no clearly delimited frontiers and the working definition which I have given must be used for what it is worth. All that the term Nature covers is merely a portion of the contents that hang from Divine Imagining; a portion with which *we* are acquainted by way of external perception. Such perception is the lot of undeveloped centres of consciring; centres allied with bodies set amid surroundings which penetrate them from without, "by way of the senses", as the saying goes. This penetration is arbitrary on the physical level but, it seems, less so on others. I can only alter a landscape by pushing and pulling objects, stopping and slowing their movements; all the mere wishing and attention the plain man is capable of will not stir even the needle of a compass. Thus Nature on the physical level, not responding directly (save in some cerebral tracts of the nervous system) to our volitions, is regarded as indifferent to us, often as hostile. The blinkered materialist may even describe Nature as "omnipotent" moving matter whose redistributions constitute events. But this to joke, not to think.

S. You said before that, properly speaking, there are no objects (*ob-jecta*) for Divine Imagining; the contrast of "subject" and "object", forced on us, but even by us occasionally transcended, cannot hold on that level. There is merely Experience which *we* discuss as having two aspects—consciring, conscita—such Divine Experience being best described as Imagining.

W. You follow me admirably. Ah! Leslie is awake and looking aggressive.

L. But what is the position of the divine societies and finite particular individuals—or shall I say sentient?—who also belong in some way to Divine Experience? For they are centres of consciring and not merely conscita. And what is the position of feeling—is it also among the conscita?

W. The divine societies are nearing that harmony which is beyond the contrast of “subject” and “object”; the particular sentient, in whom, as in us, the contrast is normally strong, belong to the levels of division and conflict. They are separate rills of consciring, bearing fragments of world-content as they flow. Nevertheless they continue, but with initiatives that are novel, the consciring which is their source. There is no problem. In respect of feeling there is. I have nothing, however, to add to my former statement.

S. Which was that feeling, if we are to discuss contrasts—as from the human point of view we must—lies on the side of consciring, is the “robe of consciring”.

A. And feeling thus lies for us midway between consciring and ordinary conscita. That is why Ward found it so elusive and denied that it is “presented”. It belongs to the sustaining or additively creating activity rather than to the objects “made”, and yet it is not entirely removed from our observation. Otherwise should we be discussing it?

L. Or rebel against depression or toothache? True, true.

W. I overlooked by the way a somewhat important point. Consider a colour, sky-blue, which, there being no conflict in the implicated neural activity, is pleasant. The blue derives ultimately perhaps from an Imaginal, but the pleasantness implies no imaginal in the shape of a reservoir of feeling; no special “universal” or “eternal object”, if you prefer these terms. The pleasantness is the affective aspect of free or furthered consciring which, as operative in Nature and my body, is called “energy”. It belongs to the consciring itself.

A. Ah! that is definite enough. But, if now we consider things in respect of their qualities, quantities and relations, shall we be forced to allow for “universals” or Imaginals in connexion with all these?

W. Consider first qualities, the colours, sounds, etc., which furnish the terms said to be related in what we perceive. These qualities belong, perhaps, to Imaginals. It might be urged that what is presented consists of related sense-contents variously quantified and nothing more. This is quite a plausible supposition and, were it accepted, would allow us to dispense with sense-imaginals and simplify the list of conscita. Possibly the welcome given to imaginals in the book *Divine Imagining* has been too warm.(35) On the other hand, sense-imaginals are not perhaps the only ones meriting our attention and, in considering the Initial Situation out of which our world-system was evolved creatively, we shall recur to the matter. Nevertheless, go warily. This is one of the spheres of inquiry in which certitude may be far to seek; and, according to warning in the course of our first dialogue, when I am unable to establish a truth I merely state one or more truth-claims. Confronting alternatives without power to prefer one of them, I leave you to keep your minds open or take your choice and the attendant risk. I don't believe in anything in philosophy merely because I am in a hurry.

Quantities do not refer us to imaginals. They concern the manners in which the world-system is possessed or occupied by the agents and things said to have quantity. Quantity, except in the shorthand of abstract thought, is always quantity of an agent, thing or aspect of a thing. Zero quantity, asserted of a colour, signifies suppression of that colour; the colour must have a certain degree of intensity, show more or less of what Jastrow calls "*energy of quality*", in order to appear to us at all. And this fact suggests that quantity in space-time appearances is a function of consciring; a view which a glance at other examples of quantity "protensive" and "extensive" will serve to strengthen. The "more or less" of quantity is often measurable, but, *e.g.* in regard to the intensity of our feelings, often not. A passion for measuring, apart from practical aims furthered thereby, animates many inquirers with nothing else to do.

A. Plato said that when a man's desires "set strongly in one direction" they "run with corresponding feebleness" in others.(36) This answers to the modern saying (Ward) that concentra-

tion of attention in one quarter implies excentration from another. Focal consciring, shifting its field within me, might be called by a Martian physicist, observing the brain, "a redistribution and transformation of energy; the quantity of the energy remaining constant".

S. And, perhaps, all the redistributions of so-called energy in the world-system are explicable on West's lines. It may well be so. And now as to the thorny topic of relations. . . .

W. Yet not thorny, resembling rather a nettle which, grasped boldly—so I am told—does not sting. Set the ball rolling, Anderton.

A. Some writers, like Carveth Read in the *Metaphysic of Nature*, deny that relations can be defined; a relation is just "the ultimate form of cognition". Definable or not, they have been the subject of endless controversy; and it seems strange that, though they permeate our experience, they can escape being noticed accurately. Is it that we are only in the early stages of reflective consciring, insufficiently aware of what our centres of consciring hold? In the case of relations, however, practical interests make us attend ordinarily more to the terms related than to the links between them. Anyhow we find that philosophers, in discussing this topic, disagree even more noisily than is their wont. At one extreme idealists discuss relations as if they were the world-secret, lifted high above the lowlands of sense; these experts seem to have the wish, though not the power, to derive everything from relations. You will recall how men like Green tire the reader. At the other extreme you have the writers, like Huxley, who stress "impressions of relation" and others who dwell on "felt differences", "feelings of relation" and the like, no doubt with the aim of bringing back relations to earth; down to the level of the empirically given content said to be related. But, as West would say, don't misuse words, write "conscired" for "felt" and "consciring" for "feeling", and a problem, which has been evaded, reappears.

S. Relations have been discussed by some as if they were couplings or ties and, again, as "relating" or "ordering" entities. But, getting down to bedrock, we find this. A relation independent of two or more terms is a figment; it has no separate reality in its own right and it is not an agent. Moreover,

relations and terms together leave us still in a realm of shades. For both alike are abstractions torn from what comes whole. As Cassirer observes: "The question can never be how we go from the parts to the whole, but how we go from the whole to the parts". It follows that the attempt, made by certain lovers of the abstract, to build up reality out of relations and terms is quixotic.

S. Does not Bradley criticise this attempt rather forcibly?

A. He considers a relation and its end-points or terms. The relation and terms are treated as entities or existents in their own right. Well and good. It is now urged that the relation has to be related to the terms and that the additional relations required have themselves to be related and so on. The call for connecting relations cannot be satisfied; an infinite number of relations has to be assumed. What a quaint way of supplementing experience in thought! And so unnecessary. For the terms and relations are not entities in their own right but abstractions: aspects of wholes which interested attention singles out for notice. To build up any concrete complex of fancy or perception out of such analysis-products is impossible.

S. Oh! I see that—we are always apt to take analyses too seriously. But what of these relations, mere aspects of wholes, as you call them so rightly?

A. (to West). Your turn now.

W. Always discuss abstract problems, when practicable, with an eye on cases. I will consider accordingly the simple but important relations of Difference and Likeness. I begin with that of Difference.

The particular differences in the known are surely not instances of a universal of Difference *ante rem*, of which they are manifestations. We need not make philosophy more nonsensical than much of it is. Our *concept* of Difference, sometimes called a universal, is *post rem*; that is to say, we framed it after having had experience of—after having conscired—different phases of objects, not themselves of conceptual origin at all. Now to *conscire* such differences in a relation is at least to find or bring them together. Hence Locke's view of relation, namely, that it is a "way of comparing or considering two things together"; and, though this saying accents unduly the importance of reflec-

tive thought, it throws the essential of togetherness into relief. Alleged unconnected differences are nothing of which philosophy could take account. On the other hand, differences which are "together" imply always on some level or other, finite or divine—consciring. The definition of relation has been reached.

Relation for man is the manner of compresence or appearance together of terms to consciring. Relation, for divine consciring, involves more. For not only contents, but the inter-related finite centres of consciring with their contents, are, or may be, compresent to divine consciring.

The relation of Likeness, cited to avoid too abstract talk, requires nothing more than two terms called blue. The terms are compresent to consciring in this manner; in the relations of coexistence and succession terms are compresent in other manners.

A. Suppose that two so-called utterly different terms—if such are to be found—are compresent, they share at least one feature in common, the compresence. In this regard, I take it, they might be called like or even identical?

W. Even so. But entirely different contents will be far to seek. Speaking generally, identity, like continuity, in the universe lies on the side of consciring.

A. You spoke of the relations of Difference and Likeness—there are really as many such relations as there are cases of difference and likeness?

W. Assuredly, for each case of compresence is in its way unique. Get rid of attempts to unify to excess the manifold within Divine Imagining.

D. What about the internal and external relations one reads of?

W. If relations are what I have explained them to be, is there any advantage in discussing them as external and internal? Shall we not rather ask whether related terms penetrate, and so modify, one another or not? The most plausible case for belief in related terms which do not modify one another concerns mathematics.(37) But, whatever we think of these, the great majority of terms certainly penetrate one another. In the world-system penetration is the rule; even on the lowest physical level of Nature the reality symbolised as "electron" is said to

have no merely local habitation, but, like Faraday's "force-centre", to be wherever its influence works, to pervade in this way the system of space-time. Everything is its "other", in so far as it is penetrated in this manner.

S. Enough has been said about relations and I have no objections to offer. Let us close the symposium with a few words about number, for we visitors must be going.

W. A layman in mathematics I should be sitting at the Professor's feet, were we dealing in metaphysics, with all the amazing developments of the number-concept. But we are not here to enjoy the triumphs of any special science, however beautiful. Indeed, as far as metaphysics is concerned, I cannot add usefully much to the remarks made in the book *Divine Imagining*.(38) But I will say something.

Numbers are regarded by Dedekind (*Essays on Number*) as "free creations of the human mind; they serve as a means of apprehending more easily and more sharply the differences of things". Psychologically speaking, they originated for our ancestors only when they were wanted. The consciring, and later the concepts, of the unit and of degree of plurality or number commonly so-called, had reference first to the domain of perception, in which practical interests compel men to attend to—to conscire focally—certain content as units and groups of units. Arithmetic (and geometry) ministered first to the wants of the plain man.

He took up a book lying on the stand beside him and turned an electric torch on its pages:

"The notion of plurality is involved when attention is paid either successively or simultaneously to objects, each of which is subsumed under the form of unity. The notion, at first indefinite, takes the form of definite plurality when a collection or aggregate of objects is attended to. Such a group or collection is then regarded both as a single whole to which unity is attributed, and also as a definite plurality, consisting of a set of objects each of which is regarded for the particular purpose as one . . . the earliest conception of number, as a degree of plurality, probably arose as the result of immediate intuition of the differing qualitative characters of very small groups of objects. Thus a pair of objects can be intuitively recognised as qualita-

tively different from a group of three objects without recourse to the process of counting. . . . All further development of the concept was made in connection with the process of counting, or tallying. For this process the two notions of order and correspondence are requisite.”(39) Numbering originates thus under pressure of need by steps or jumps of change, not at all startling at first but leading, novelty after novelty, to the astonishing creative development that confronts us to-day.

The account just given treats the first units as differentiated out of the perceptual sense-field. But take note that “there are units which conspire and units which are ‘made’ by conspiring. . . . Nature, inflowing as the presentation-continuum, comes at first to us unbroken; and what are called unitary objects of perception are carved out of this ‘felt mass’,” *i.e.* conspired field.(40) The centre of conspiring, with its differentiating attention, is the basic condition of the intuition of number. It decrees also whether objects are to be taken as single or many. I perceive x as one heap or as many apples. I perceive y as either two and two or as four apples as my purpose dictates. There is no axiom which presides over the “addition”; there are alternative ways of conspiring the same units.

S. I see your main point. Though we carve units often arbitrarily out of the presentational field, we cannot increase or diminish likewise the carving units—the centres of conspiring that “attend”. These carvers are units in their own right and only require to become reflectively aware of the fact. A stage in their reflective conspiring has to be won.

W. Precisely. I stress the point because we have here, perhaps, justification for the time-honoured cult of number. If the world dances on the jets of conspiring, the number of these jets and of their proximate sources becomes of enormous significance!

S. Even for many physicists to-day all Nature is backed by what is called the “atomicity of energy”; or, as you will put it, certain numbers of “jets and sources of conspiring” are implied. There is certainly on your hypothesis something to be said for the cult of number, though not in the form taught by Pythagoras.

L. You don’t attempt to profit by all the current number-lore amassed by mathematicians?

W. I have no need of it. I have no use, for instance, for the definition of number as the class of all classes similar to the given class. One-one correspondence between members of groups furnishes a test of equality, though in the cases of small groups equality is intuitible. But in the realm of empirical objects it is the particular intuited unit and group of units which are of primary concern to metaphysics. A solitary intuited group of ∞ in the universe would already be number. And, in the regard of the actual, I incline to define number much as did Euclid as a plurality of units conscired together, allowing also for 1, the unit, and 0. Cardinal numbers are what I regard as numbers in the full sense of the term. I must add that the words "aggregate", "collection" are not always helpful in this discussion. Numbers are often asserted of realities which are not "aggregates" nor even aggregable: *e.g.* of my emotions or of the centres of consciring of which we made mention just now.

A. Aristotle, if I recall aright, urged against Plato that there is no number save that which is made up of units.

S. It would be ridiculous for those not mathematically minded to legislate for mathematicians, whether the latter are serving under the flag of practice or that of theory. Within the limits of their science mathematicians please themselves. They may even try to make the science completely deductive and, in this special context, to represent the natural numbers as reached "only after a long journey".(41) Man passed from perceptual experience, from concrete to abstract in the history of mathematics, but his mind is free. He finds a case of $2 + 2 = 4$ a truth of inspection in no way hanging from logical proof. But in the interests of reasoning he may wish to connect deductively particular cases with principles; for, after all, we mortals can inspect little directly and we want the means of inference perfected as much as possible.

The meaning of number has been extended slowly, in the teeth of severe criticism, until, in the extreme case of transfinite numbers, we reach what some writers deny to be number at all. Our host may have no use for, no interest in, this science of transfinite numbers. Still it has its place in the sun.

W. I have no use, as a metaphysician confronting this actual world-system, for such a science. The world-system is finite in

all respects; and finite numbers, accordingly, would serve me well. But I have a great interest in the science itself. It exploits brilliantly a contradiction: number which is no number. It shows that writers of imagination thrive within science as in the realm of belles-lettres. Rich initiatives add beauty to the "treasures in heaven" and, perhaps, in imaginative creation of this sort lies one of the redeeming merits of mankind. We are not mere beneficiaries, abject takers of the "dole", in the universe; we contribute in our way somewhat to cosmic wealth.

L. A handsome tribute! And we are not mere takers of the "dole"! Yet the mass of men resembles an ugly plant, the worth of which is—occasional flowers.

W. But what if flowers are to appear later in all quarters? However we can't follow up this thought now. Well, friends, we have said all that is necessary for our purposes on the subject of number; and to-morrow is the ramble up the Gorner glacier. All together at ten at the Mont Rose Hotel *en route* to the snout.

West lingered awhile in the garden after the three, carrying their lanterns, had left us.

W. And now, Anderton, you see how far we have progressed since cosmic creativity was found to imply radiant consciring.(42) We reach in thought the fully reflective Divine Imagining. And still we fare onwards.

Radical creativity has enforced belief in radiant consciring. Such consciring, being "unimpeded activity", has, as aspect of itself, Joy or Bliss. But joyful consciring, both sustaining and innovating on the cosmic scale, suggests purpose; hence we are free now to interpret in philosophy the many signs of purposiveness which the world-process contains. The world-process, as purposive, is creative realisation of an imaginal field. And what is the outstanding feature of this purposiveness? Not just the "play of love with itself", not the construction of titanic world-systems of mere content, wherein Divine Imagining conscires things which are not conscious of themselves. More is required than characters which, like those in *Hamlet*, exist not for themselves but only for the artist. The supreme artistic triumph of evolution is the making of conscious individuals who, passing at long last into the divine life, are to swell and diversify Joy.

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

- (1) Russell, *Analysis of the Human Mind*, p. 152.
- (2) Really the *Maxim* of Contradiction. Cf. *Divine Imagining*, p. 124, and Chapter II. of this work, p. 24.
- (3) *Some Problems of Philosophy*, pp. 214-5.
- (4) *Process and Reality*, p. 10.
- (5) *Divine Imagining*, p. 124; Chapter II. p. 24.
- (6) Professor Mahaffy in *Kant's Critical Philosophy* (new edition), vol. i. p. 322.
- (7) *Creative Evolution*, Eng. Trans. p. 284.
- (8) "All genuine causal relations between different bodies, we may suppose, involve this process of sudden loss of energy by one body and its sudden acquisition later by another body."—Russell, *Analysis of Matter*, p. 331. And here may take place the balancing compensations required for maintenance of cosmic "divinity of measure".—*Divine Imagining*, p. 17.
- (9) *Logic of Modern Physics*, p. 153. It is "not a physical thing, but rather what we would call a property of a system as a whole. If this view of energy be granted, the whole energy argument for light as a thing travelling, and also for the existence of a medium, falls. I believe that similar considerations apply to any arguments from the conservation of momentum."
- (10) *Divine Imagining*, p. 17.
- (11) *The Subconscious*, p. 415.
- (12) *Body and Mind*, p. 368.
- (13) *Ibid.* p. 369.
- (14) Cited by McDougall, *Body and Mind*, p. 368.
- (15) Chapter VIII. pp. 185-6; Chapter X. p. 217.
- (16) *The New Psychology*, pp. 67-8.
- (17) *Ibid.* p. 68.
- (18) Chapter X. p. 232.
- (19) Royce, *Outlines of Psychology*, p. 189.
- (20) *Fundamentals of Psychology*, pp. 18-9. Cf. also, on the influence of pain on the origin and progress of purposive action, Ward, *Psychological Principles*, p. 278. Pain stirs most efficiently.
- (21) *Psychological Principles*, p. 278.
- (22) *Outlines of Psychology*, "The Feelings".
- (23) "An energy of the soul in accordance with its highest excellence", as a follower of Aristotle will say.
- (24) *Divine Imagining* (Appendix), pp. 245-9, "Instinct and Imagining".
- (25) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 122-56. Also Chapter XVI. of this work.
- (26) Chapter VIII. p. 186; Chapter X. pp. 216-8.
- (27) *Divine Imagining*, p. 105.
- (28) *L'Inconscient* (Payot, Paris), p. 81.
- (29) *Body and Mind*, p. 329.
- (30) *Logic*, book iv. chapter iv. § 5.
- (31) "On the Imaginals", cf. Chapter XV.
- (32) This is the position taken up in *Divine Imagining*, pp. 102-3.
- (33) Chapter VIII. pp. 185-6.
- (34) "Ordinarily", because in certain cases, e.g. those of telepathy, these objects may appear also to other human percipients.
- (35) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 172-7.

(36) *Republic*, book vi.

(37) External relations hold "only in abstract mathematics, in which the terms can be ranged side by side and united by a sign, which symbolises their relation, without in any way modifying them".—Aliotta, *The Idealistic Reaction against Science*, p. 337.

(38) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 242-5.

(39) Hobson, *The Domain of Natural Science*, pp. 103-5.

(40) *Divine Imagining*, p. 243.

(41) ". . . in a synthetic, deductive treatment these (logical) fundamentals come first, and the natural numbers are only reached after a long journey."
—Russell, *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy*, p. 195.

(42) Chapter VIII. pp. 185-6, and Chapter X. pp. 216-7.

ADDENDUM BY WEST ON THE DEFINITION OF GOOD (CF. P. 276),
WHICH REFERS US ONCE MORE TO THE BLISS-CONSCIRING

"For Plato the Good is 'that at which all things aim'. What for Imaginism is the supreme good: the consummation 'aimed at' in the case of any particular world-system? It is the 'thorough making' (perfectio) of this cosmic imaginal field. This is the major perfectio, from which minor intrinsic goods, such as we evaluate in reflective thought, fall away; in their depths lie the gratifications of mere sense-appetite. The 'thoroughly-made' world-system has happiness as an aspect. This feeling, which attests triumph, has now an authority which man, seeking to better reason and fearful of error, has perforce to deny it."

CHAPTER XII

WEST AND I VISIT MONTANA

THE "Fiat" car, dodging a cart carrying a drunken peasant, slowed awhile in crossing the bridge over the Rhône on the outskirts of Sierre. I looked aside at the stony bed of the river, in which a mere brook replaces the broad stream known to travellers of yore, and turned to West.

"Aluminium works at Chippis", said he, "the river-god has to work for a living at last. You will remember that we passed the lock of a canal at Loèche. This is all the water that industrialism leaves to the old bed."

Our chauffeur accelerated in order to take the slope beyond easily "on top", and in a minute we were floating into the dull but sunny town of Sierre, reached the court before the Hôtel Bellevue, the transformed fastness of a family great in the Middle Ages, and were turning to the right on the climb to the heights on which lies Montana.

It was the day after the tramp up the Gorner glacier, one of the ordinary off-day jaunts of the mountaineer which need no chronicler. I had received a letter from my young friend, the consumptive, whose welfare had been considered so generously by West, and, leaving Zermatt by the mountain railway, we had met the car ordered for us at Viège and were now enjoying the drive from that village to Montana. I was to call at the sanatorium where young Bentley had decided to stay, wishing to have a word or two with the presiding doctor. West was an unexpected and very welcome companion; he recognised in the brilliant invalid one of the few who could not lose a body, *i.e.* die, without loss to the world; and he had sympathy too for a young man of good-will and talent hampered in his life-work by the obscene frailties of the flesh. We had left the Professor,



A PARTY BESIDE THE SNOW-CORNICE ON THE TOP OF THE
RIMPFISCHHORN (ZERMATT)

Delane and Leslie to enjoy the ascent of the Zinal Rothorn; an outing which in this perfect weather would present no grave difficulty.

We crawled through a mean, narrow street and swung round into the first zigzag of the long climb; the car on "third" and Sierre in the hot, dry valley opening out picturesquely as we rose. Across the valley I descried the gap of the Val d'Anniviers with the sharp turns of the mountain road that leads to Vissoye. We passed next through a foul village, set among vineyards; a place where the stench of manure-heaps and the ugliness of close-set, ramshackle houses marked a sore on the smiling face of Nature.

"What piggery", said I, "how can men mount the ladder of progress when the four D's—dungheaps, drink, drudgery and disease—bulk so formidably in their lives? One sees here, as in so many places, that something has gone wrong in the evolution of the planet and its history. Man, owing to the conditions of his existence, is born to suffer. And with what a poor creed the priest, apostle of ignorance, tries to console him here! As if earth was not bad enough, he invented Hell."

"You have caught a microbe from Leslie, so have a care. Still you are right to seek a solution. Meanwhile, admit that you are enjoying the general picture. And perhaps even this glaring defect in it can be accounted for."

Behind the bounding mountains across the valley were rising into view some of the great peaks which overlook distant Zermatt. We continued to round zigzag after zigzag, both too interested to talk further. The car, running easily up gradients of one in ten or more, passed on our right a great sanatorium in process of construction and reached a street—we were in Montana, the Mecca of the unfortunates whom a defective world, pestered by a bacillus, afflicts with defective bodies. The human body, to my thinking, even at its best is a prison of clay, the standing of which, regarded as an aesthetic object, leaves much to be desired; when diseased it becomes repulsive. Yet armies of workers start their campaigns with bodies that impose defeat. Reflecting thus gloomily I left the car at a garage and we walked to the sanatorium where my young friend was to stay.

The sanatorium, a long three-storey building, where we saw

patients lying out on the sunlit balconies, had a small villa near it, the abode of the doctor. He was a pale, tired-looking man who seemed hardly immune from consumption himself. He was an expert whose contributions to pathology are famous, had the air of one who bears himself manfully in his grim station but is secretly full of disgust for the filth, folly and futility that vex mankind. He was not, I suspected, even sure that he was helping the race. Every year Montana sends forth its luckless to the cemeteries, its "cured" back to their tasks and ordeals in the busy world, very many to be parents of the unfit who make woe for generations unborn. As he talked I felt the cold rage of a Leslie, hating awhile the world, the evil of which had driven me to this interview. My young friend, an original thinker of promise, was harried absurdly by malady. And, perhaps, after wasting months in idleness and tasking others to tend him in vain, he was to go down in a squalid struggle that closes only with the grave. And this was to occur at the end of the golden chain on which the world-system hangs from Divine Imagining. The gibes of our "pagan poet" at Zermatt made me wilt.

I described the case to the doctor, adding that it was not of long standing. There had been no haemorrhage; and not much weight had been lost. He seemed pleased.

"If only our patients would come soon—then the prognosis is in their favour. Your friend is losing no time. No need for anxiety if your account of his condition is accurate."

We took our leave and strolled back to the garage where the chauffeur was in waiting. A short distance below the village we stopped at a bend, ran the car on to a bay of grass and, producing provisions and a thermos flask, sat down to enjoy at leisure the spectacle of the long valley and its bounding mountains.

"You are not quite yourself to-day, Anderton", said my companion at last, "Montana stirs a kindly heart and propounds problems".

"Problems not all soluble, I fear, however keen may be our interest in them."

"Most, perhaps, admit of treatment to the extent needed for the ordering of our lives here and now. Not one, however, is illumined in the manner in which a higher consciring than ours would take joy. You will recall the words of James: ' . . . our

normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness, as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness, while all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there are potential forms of consciousness entirely different'. Well, complete solutions are for different types of consciring, much superior to the 'rational'. And this consideration brings me to what I want you to make clear to our circle. I have been discussing at some length the problem of problems, that of Divine Imagining, and, whether my suggestions have borne fruit or not, I have to say this. I have stated the hypothesis with a fulness sufficient to make appeal to the unsophisticated thinker of insight. And henceforth I shall be concerned, not with Divine Imagining in Its essential being, *i.e.* as the ultimate ground presupposed by any and every possible world-system in the universe, but as the Power active in the origination and evolution of the particular world-system in which we live. Have I made my meaning quite plain?"

"Oh! quite. This will be to the taste of the Professor. Speaking for myself and Delane—the Professor is about to fight under this flag as well—I think that you have made out your case for belief in Divine Imagining. In fact, your suggestions, working all together, hold me in such fashion that a 'fighting alternative' is not to be found. The metaphysics of the Unconscious is bankrupt. I don't know whether Leslie's seconds are to throw in the towel, but their champion is reeling about the ring with not a punch available for serious mischief. He may hit you yet but he won't win the fight."

"He is waiting for a clinch, *i.e.* for the discussion about Evil. And it remains to be seen whether your belief in Divine Imagining will survive that pummelling. You find the world just now pretty bad? Your walk to the doctor's was a wading through gloom. Don't be anxious. The young fellow will weather the storm and play his part on the stage of thought, though he may not, perhaps, live to be an old man."

"You build cheerily on the doctor's hope."

"But I ought to add that you did not describe the case to him quite accurately."

"How so?"

"Your protégé had an alarming, though happily not grave,

attack of haemorrhage last night. But, as I say, he will recover his health and fare well."

"What do you mean?—you cannot know", I cried, jumping to my feet.

"Then treat the statement as one of my familiar suggestions", replied the mystic with a smile, "but in this case the fancy may prove verifiable. . . . No, not a word more on the matter now. . . . With respect to the dialogues that lie ahead of us, I want to indicate, in a very general way, how our particular world-system emerged from Divine Imagining; and why this system, and more especially that part of it called Nature, is, as Blake said, a 'disorganised immortal' and in no sense, as Leslie contends rightly, a perfect mirror of the divine. I shall need, above all, among my hearers Carlyle's 'man with an eye'. The mere scholar, guzzling in the larders of other men, is, like the condor, often too heavy to fly after his feast. Leslie, once freed from his bad metaphysics, might intuitively essentials that the paladins of official philosophy miss. It is these insights, not erudition, that matter in the direction of our lives."

"And our colleague, the Professor, with his fat books on science? Will he count for nothing?"

"He will bridle our vagaries, furnish many of our facts and be master of those by whom verification is sought. Yet even he, as you know, can miss essentials; and he never could attain that grasp of reality at which he aims. What he strives to compass with symbolic concept and mathematical shorthand would not be prized by a great mystic. What does he get for his pains? A complex of arid relations at best. Whereas the great mystic has present to him, directly conspired, fully concrete reality itself. He could not share his treasures with the Professor; indeed, were he cross-examined by our friend, he might possibly be called a dunce. The mystic might seem ignorant, having no use for conceptual schemes. I am not, however, bidding you to become a mystic but to allow for the possibility that full illumination awaits only the man who has soared above truth."

"So far you have treated Divine Imagining as the most important issue with which metaphysics has to deal."

"And necessarily. We human thinkers cannot hope to give a satisfactory account of reality by confining outlooks to

'analysis' in the narrow sense favoured by Bertrand Russell, to official science and the 'Borderland'-facts which interest spiritists and votaries of psychical research. The conceptual ghosts of science, the dull ghosts of the séance-room, are not enough for the 'spectator of all time and all existence'."

"Still you at least won't smile at the 'Borderland'—you know well that the supernormal facts, cited by spiritists and others, occur."

West seemed amused—perhaps at this renewed attempt to make him communicative.

"The facts occur, but how very little is known about what they mean. And the revelations alleged to come to us through this channel—how poor, how insufferable they are to men of depth. And remember that it is not enough to survive the death of the physical body and endure on 'the other side' happily or, it may be, unhappily for a long while. The pessimist is not answered so simply. All turns on whether the universe is such, in Delane's words, as to be 'safe for souls'. Otherwise anything may happen in the remote future and the final outcome of evolution be disastrous for the individuals concerned."

"True. Still I hope that you will have something substantial to tell us about the human soul. Insignificant as is man, from the numerical and all points of view, he remains very interesting to himself; and a universe in which his good is not to be realised seems to me, I avow, hardly worth while. Man, however, is not a helpless puppet of Fate. If in the centuries to come he is at once enlightened and disillusioned, he can take Schopenhauer's advice and go on strike. There is no need to continue a useless struggle."

"No philosophy, penned by man, is worth study unless it deals competently with the problem of the human soul. This being my conviction, you can rest assured that our debates will be stirring. But they lie far ahead."

We passed an hour in our eyrie and then, rousing the chauffeur, who had gone to sleep, floated in that delightful fashion known to motorists in the Alps, down to Sierre. We were to stay two nights at Loèche-les-Bains under the Gemmi pass, returning thence to Viège on the way back to Zermatt. During our stay I renewed my attempts to penetrate my companion's

past, but without success. He countered my wiles with a geniality that disclosed nothing. Meanwhile he was busy with correspondence and seemed to have interests which parted him awhile from philosophy.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the Chalet des Soldanelles. A letter from England was awaiting me. It was from Bentley's doctor. I found that my host's information was correct! The patient would be leaving for Switzerland as soon as prudence permitted.

Leslie strolled in later—he was now staying at the Riffelalp Hotel just below us—full of the story of the climb up the Zinal Rothorn. When he had had his say, I informed him of West's statement and the letter.

"Don't mention the matter again to West", he said, "you won't get anything out of him, and will probably feel rather small. He is not a man to be cross-examined. Try Delane, who has known him for many years, though this, I believe, is the first place at which he has heard West talk philosophy. You are to climb the Matterhorn with Delane? Well, pump him as to his experiences after dinner *en route*—he has a weakness, he loves a good listener. As to your friend, are you quite sure that West had no telegram? West made no claim that there was a mystery in the business?"

"No, no; he merely made the statement you have heard, leaving me to account for it at my liking. A telegram? Nothing came up to us since the afternoon before our trip. Besides, the boy, he and the doctor don't know one another. Odd, isn't it? On the top of your Paris adventure too."

"Subtle man, you want me to suggest that West is a Zanoni. But, that being your view, be bold and take the responsibility of saying so yourself. And for further information apply to our globe-trotter."

"How did you find the Professor on the climb?"

"As heavy as his books—I shall have a respect for the force of gravity *in saecula saeculorum*. And on the rock-face after the traverse. . . !"

"Well, you young men need a sobering influence. Want to see West? You will find him in the library with *Space, Time and Gravitation* on his knees. See you again later."

CHAPTER XIII

WITH DELANE ON THE MATTERHORN

THREE days later I was lounging alone on the balcony after lunch, not altogether pleased with events. I had the satisfaction of having stayed for half an hour on the top of the Matterhorn, having got there roped between Delane and Kaufmann more easily than I had expected. Regarded from the Chalet, or indeed from any point on the Riffelalp, the Matterhorn presents precipices which seem almost too steep to hold snow and bad enough to deny the best climbers a passage. Yet the route by the Eastern Ridge is relatively easy; as far as the Shoulder at any rate the difficulties are no worse than those awaiting the man who crosses the Trift Pass which links up Zermatt with Zinal. The "Matterhorn Couloir" on the Riffelhorn and our traverse of the Gabelhorn ask much more from the rock-expert. However, an odious question: "Have you been up the Matterhorn?" had lost its sting; and I was well content. But in another respect my Matterhorn venture had failed. I had been unable to make Delane say much of interest, and the story of his meeting with West was still untold.

We had walked down to Zermatt in the afternoon and begun the grind up the Staffelalp path about three, reaching the Belvedere hostel on the Hoernli Ridge at half-past six. After dinner Delane and I sat out under the stars at the very base of the rock where the real climb begins. Two parties of three and four were starting, like ourselves, at two the next morning. We looked down the peak-sentinelled valley, threaded by the Visp, and across it to the lights of the Chalet des Soldanelles which is set only a little lower down, it seemed, than the hostel, and wondered what new problem was being discussed on the balcony. Then I gave over dreaming and passed to the evening's

business. After three cocktails and more than his share of a bottle of Pommard, Delane, I felt sure, was in the mood for talking. I began by dwelling discreetly on the strange experiences which had befallen Leslie, the Professor and myself in West's company. He listened eagerly.

D. I could tell you an adventure of mine quite as startling as Leslie's and which reveals West in a very unfamiliar light. As to your latest puzzle—why was the information about your protégé given at all? Obviously it was not obtained in an ordinary way. But why should West tell you what you were sure to know in a few days? Certainly not to make you gape.

A. Perhaps to soften a shock; he knew, somehow, how fond I am of the youngster.

D. Hardly; his work is not to save you from shocks which are part of life. He is fostering your suspicion that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of by university-philosophy and the sciences that feed it. You and the Professor are great students, but you have before you nothing but the objects observed by ordinary men aided by mathematical shorthand, telescopes, spectroscopes, microscopes, electrometers and the rest. Such men deal only with surface-phenomena connected with a fragment of Nature. You are stirred somewhat by the results of "psychical research"; a record of odd incidents to be enjoyed in an idle hour. West, however, believes in metempirical levels of Nature much more extensive and important than that world of mingled observation and inference with which you dons deal. And, perhaps, before he has said his last word you will believe in them too.

A. Hamlet is teaching Horatio by letting facts speak?

D. At first in whispers.

A. It may be so. But about your own adventure. . . . I don't like to seem inquisitive, but was it a matter of life and death like Leslie's?

D. It was; and I will tell you more when I have the right to. . . . No, I have said quite enough (he added somewhat stiffly as I was about to press him). And now I am off to bed, which is better than the straw of some huts. Turn in likewise: the climb is not hard but fatiguing, and five hours of sleep will do you no harm.

We started, according to plan, at two in the raw morning, Kaufmann, who led, carrying a lantern. So far as I could judge, the only risk lay in crossing a gully which is occasionally swept by stones, but it must be remembered that my position on the rope made my task easy. Guideless work is the test of the mountaineer. The climbing, as Delane had said, was not hard but tiring. With dawn came the compensations so dear to alpinists who, cold and morose at the start, become warm and enthusiastic by five o'clock. Snow and verglas on the Shoulder were countered, fortunately for me, by stanchions and cables. By nine we had reached the top; by half-past nine we were descending. Six hours later three tired men, one with very sore fingers, were returning on their own tracks to the Riffelalp. There was a touch of futility about it all. . . . But I had been up the Matterhorn!

I was gazing contentedly at the great pyramid when West strolled on to the balcony.

W. Well, you left that chair for the crest and you are now in the chair once more. And the profit and loss account? Shall we allow for a gain in character as compensation for overdraft on the body?

A. Don't forget the sop thrown to vanity; henceforth I can speak of a "nice outing", omitting to add with whom, or at what point on the rope, I enjoyed it.

W. And then those glorious views. Yes: I think the credit side of the account is satisfactory.

A. Still, my dear West, I could see even more by doubling the peak in an aeroplane and escape in this way sore fingers and feet.

W. Though you might end that experiment with a sore head or possibly with no head at all. Not that it would matter. For in the long-drawn-out romance of the soul even the salt of adventure has its savour. Perhaps what is called disaster is better than banal drift.

A. Then Delane must be working well at the loom of time! You have known him a long while, I gather.

W. I met him seven years ago, not to see him again till he turned up at Zermatt this year.

A. Of his own initiative?—I mean you didn't write and invite him.

W. I met him in the village to his great surprise.

A. And to yours?

W. Anderton, you might have done admirably at the Bar. I suppose you have not forgotten to cross-examine Delane.

I laughed a trifle uncomfortably. "He is not a good witness. . . . Don't think me too inquisitive. Am I not the recorder and annotator of the dialogues: the potential Boswell of the Riffelalp?"

W. I could have wished you a kindlier lot, for your difficulties appear to be serious. Did you get nothing out of Delane?

A. I wanted to hear under what circumstances he met you; and he sent me empty away.

W. In fact, he was not the easy victim you looked for. And, knowing his antecedents, I am not surprised. Well, the next time you want him to talk mention that I raise no objection. . . . And now to work. What about to-day's dialogue? Are you four in agreement as to procedure?

A. We welcome the statement you made at Montana: namely, that you intend to deal with the birth of our particular world-system. Big problems, not yet confronted, will make their appearance naturally as the discussion proceeds. We suggest accordingly that you should open the debate and hold the floor throughout, allowing us to intervene whenever difficulties arise.

W. By all means. Then I shall begin by considering what has been called the Initial Situation,⁽¹⁾ that is to say, the fundamental conditions which rendered possible the birth of our world-system—of this particular drama of creative evolution of which we form part. And I shall pass on to indicate in what manner this birth actually took place. In doing so I shall take over from science any discoveries of sufficient generality which lend themselves to my needs. It would be foolish to dictate to astronomers, chemists, physicists and others, but it may be useful to state an all-inclusive world-hypothesis in which successful hypotheses in every domain of thought can be caught up and harmonised.

A. Excellent; I could ask for nothing better. But a moment's halt; here they come. (In a few minutes all five of us were at ease on the long chairs and I was explaining, for Delane's benefit, the procedure favoured by our host. Pipes were lit, and, with

listeners on both sides, West took up his burden and began to speak.)

W. Creative evolution is a history within Divine Imagining, therefore it has to be explained without recourse to factors such as the classical mechanics and the materialism based on it discuss.

In evolving a world-system Divine Imagining achieves on the great scale what man achieves imperfectly and indirectly on the very small. A process of creative human willing is realisation of an imaginal field which is called the "end". We "realise our ideas", as we say, by altering reality, which may include the minds of men, into conformity with them. A boy's dream of being President is realised after years of effort during which public opinion is shaped after the heart's desire. The boy, of course, encounters reality which is other than himself, which does not ask his leave to exist and persist. Divine Imagining is not thus "cabined and confined". It has no independently posited "other" over against it. It is not an island in the ocean of the infinite; It is the infinite ocean Itself. The eddies of "self-will", of the finite sentients active in the many worlds, occur, after all, within this ocean. There is nothing there which resists permanently the universal power; the power itself tolerates the eddies. On this highest level too there is creative realisation of imaginal fields—the "Will of God" manifest on the cosmic scale—but this process within Divine Imagining is not thought *about* reality; it is the process in which reality itself is being made.

S. We are nearing the point at which space, time and causation problems assail us. With respect to process, you accept time-succession as real, but have yet to discuss the time-difficulty in full. Meanwhile a query respecting process, time-succession or flux. For the mediaeval followers of Aristotle this flux was the transformation of "potentiality" into "actuality". For you the transformation is an imaginal process; creative evolution expresses an aspect of Divine Imagining. How far are these statements congruent?

W. All depends on how you interpret "potentiality". As you know, the use of this term (as of "virtual" and "implicit") may be misleading. When we call a newly-laid egg a "potential" chicken, we ought not to mean that the "actual" chicken is, in some occult manner, latent as such in the egg; we mean that

some very important conditions requisite to the appearance of the chicken are given in the egg, but that others are still absent. The "potential" chicken is not the "actual" chicken hidden from view; the "actual" chicken is generated only when all the conditions are complete. Similarly this "actual" world-system does not exist until the creative or "transforming" process provides its full conditions. It does not emerge from Divine Imagining as a film-record, already made, reappears on the screen. Novelty is its very life-blood.

Imaginism, however, can give "potentiality" a meaning. When I "realise an idea", *e.g.* of being a poet or statesman, I do not merely bring to light what existed occultly when it was first imagined. My poetry was unborn, barely "conceived", at the outset, and I have to achieve the "actual" creatively. Similarly in the realisation of the cosmic imaginal field what is achieved implies a filling-out by way of creative evolution, by the making of novelty. Nothing issues, Minerva-like, from a static Absolute. "Potentiality" refers us to the inchoate imaginal situation into which creative imagining is to thrust new "forms", *i.e.* novel manners of being. The earlier situation is being described with the later, which it serves to mediate, in view. Thus the Initial Situation, in which our entire changing world-system took its rise, is "potentially" what its complete development will make it. And so is any later situation, major and minor; *e.g.* a cooling nebula may be called "potentially" stars, planets and the happenings therein. For the word "potentiality" suggests that the earlier stage of world-imagining is continued into a further stage, of which it is the indispensable prelude. The continuation, withal, is a gift of additive creation.

S. I see. You give "potentiality" a meaning in terms of creative imagining. And this, of course, compels you to discuss—not that you will object—natural causation on imaginistic lines. I am not in error? Good. Then the "potential" passing into the "actual" chicken will be an instance of creative imaginal transition even in Nature. All this is most interesting. I observe, however, that you are crediting time-succession with an importance which the Middle Ages, I opine, would have denied it.

A. Yes: men were more interested then in their sterile "logic" than in the passage of time big with novelty.

L. Obviously for imaginists of both schools the time-flux is of cardinal importance; while logic is merely a science invented in the interests of finite minds that reason; a crutch for rickety weaklings. It is precisely in the time-flux that the innovating aspect of the world-principle, of the all-embracing Imagining, is displayed. To be is to be active, as Leibnitz said, and the time-flux reveals what the fontal power *is*.

D. Great Greek thinkers believed in world-cycles that recur and recur; an appalling outlook. Imaginism gets rid of a mad world of this kind. As Leslie says, Imagining innovates, and in this truth lies our main hope as meliorists; we look forward to the coming of the fair and the passing of the foul. Let "made reality", of much of which we are well rid, rest in the past. We don't want tortures, cancers, plagues, filth, Bolshevism and the Trojan War repeated insanely in recurring world-cycles. We salute the progress towards "Delight-Love-Beauty", the Bliss-consciring; we dethrone the "finished" Absolute of Greek, Indian and German thought, glorying in a God of romance whose triumphs can never end. The Absolute resembles a dull old "rentier" who drowns on his capital and has investments of which he cannot get rid. Divine Imagining is the live artist who from the summit of a realised ideal sights yet higher peaks that are to be scaled. His earlier climbing is not repeated, belongs to a past, parts of which may vanish utterly.

A. But the Middle Ages accented teleology in their account of the passage of the "potential" into the "actual". Does Leslie still hold that the world-principle is blind?

L. If West is right in urging that Divine Imagining conspires with full reflectivity, and, further, that this reflectivity is aglow with feeling, it goes without saying that I must capitulate. For in that case a teleological view of creation orientated in the direction of the Good imposes itself. I shall defer my reply till I have heard what he has to say about Evil—it is this, as I have always maintained, which makes me sceptical as to overruling cosmic purpose. Account in a tolerable way for Evil and I shall be content. For West's Divine Imagining is satisfying beyond cavil to the student of Art, the lover of the beautiful, mere glimpses of which delight man here and now.

W. Well said in the spirit of an honourable sceptic. And now

I will feel my way cautiously towards the discussion of the Initial Situation of which I spoke: the situation which is "potentially", i.e. through the way of additively creative evolution, the world-system in which we mortals arise and, schooled by suffering, turn to religion and philosophy as to-day.

What then is the world-system? Did it begin? How did it pass into the time-flux, the domain of conflict, division and change? What is the fundamental secret of what may be called the Metaphysical Fall? What is the nature of the urge manifest in creative evolution? These are some of the questions which we have to confront. The solutions cannot be of that simple-minded character which satisfies the man in the street. They will be complex and, perhaps, not easily grasped. And, once more, never forget that everything takes place within Divine Imagining. Ignore accordingly figments of human fancy such as we discussed in our first dialogue: "matter", "force", "energy", "mass", (the physicist's) "action", "things-in-themselves" and the like. These are not cosmic agents, but dodges or devices of men who, being unable to intuit on the great scale, have to think. We too have to think, but we can do so more closely in touch with the real. Thus in the light of Imaginism the worlds of mathematical pragmatism vanish from philosophy. That of the classical mechanics has served well the men who measure, but was exploited absurdly by certain metaphysicians. In Burt's *Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Science* their victims are revealed in a parlous plight. "The world that people had thought themselves living in—a world rich with colour and sound, redolent with fragrance, filled with gladness, love and beauty, speaking everywhere of purposive harmony and creative ideals—was crowded now into minute corners in the brains of scattered organic beings. The really important world outside was a world hard, cold, a world of mathematically computable motions in mechanical regularity. The world of qualities as immediately perceived by man became just a curious and quite minor effect of the infinite machine beyond." This fantastic conceptual world was rejected by us during the first dialogue and there is no call to consider it again. It was the precursor, withal, of an even more uninviting "geometrical world" prominent in the science of to-day. This also is sometimes taken too seriously.

It is of value in respect of certain mathematical relations that are stressed. But in other respects it shows ridiculous beside the world present to Shelley and Peter Bell. And for the higher mystic, who conspires things whole, it possesses, of course, hardly any interest at all.

We have to learn once more how to become aware of the world of romance in which we live. Our particular world-system is one of the adventures of Dionysus—of Divine Imagining. And we are about to ask: Out of what did this system emerge and how was it—or rather that portion of it with which we terrene folk are acquainted—evolved?

When I refer to that out of which was evolved creatively the actual world-system of division, separateness and change—the world-system, a mere glimpse of which is present to us, Plato's miserable denizens of the Cave—I shall speak of the INITIAL SITUATION. This INITIAL SITUATION is that of the system as it pre-existed to its present phase of development within Divine Imagining. It is the stage of *Being*: of a divine poem which contrasts with the *Becoming* consequent on the Metaphysical Fall. My task is to indicate in very general terms the main features of this Situation and the manner in which it passed into the ever-changing additive time-process which astro-physics, chemistry, geology, biology, psychology, universal history, etc., confront.

I shall begin by discussing the INITIAL SITUATION—the world-system as it pre-existed to the Metaphysical Fall, its standing, complexity, finiteness, harmonious beauty uncorrupted by the Becoming or what we call "evolution"—World-Rhythms, violations and re-establishments of Equilibrium, the very important topic of Penetration, essential to an understanding of causation, and other problems. I shall deal then at some length with Conservation and Creation, the "laws" or uniformities stressed by science, with Imaginals and the *crux* of "universals", Causation and Chance, the roots of Space-Time, and furnish the beginnings of the solution of the riddle of Evil.

Having dealt with these topics separately, I shall make use of the results of the discussion. I shall try to suggest how, out of the Initial Situation, is born the concrete world-system—or rather the part of it—which science confronts and which Leslie and the pessimists condemn. Do you approve of this method

which lessens considerably my difficulties in making all clear to Leslie and Delane?

D. Entirely. And you open the discussion at once?

W. No: to-night after dinner. Meanwhile, if any aspects of our recent talks were not settled to your liking, dispose of them at once. Henceforth we are interested dominantly in the problem of the origin of this particular world-system which we have agreed to call "ours".

S. You break definitely with the 'Nature' of d'Holbach and his followers in mechanistic invention? You restore Nature to its place in a poem?

W. Yes: Nature for Whitehead is the "locus of organisms in process of development". Agreed. But the "locus" is even more interesting than the "organisms", as will be clear later. He complains justly that the abstract scientific scheme provides no organic unity of a whole "from which the organic unities of electrons, protons, molecules and living bodies can emerge. According to that scheme, there is no reason in the nature of things why portions of material should have any physical relations to each other".(2) In the metaphysics of the book *Divine Imagining*, purposive structures, which include the simpler organisms symbolised in physics, are differentiated creatively out of a whole during the process discussed as the Metaphysical Fall. In the account of this Fall, which is at once a descent from the more to the less perfect and yet indispensable to creative evolution of a world-system, the poet, as well as the philosopher, must have his say. The so-called "locus" of Whitehead is a poem in which art, transcending anything to which we aspire, is displayed on the cosmic scale. All the world's a stage, and the play and the players alike originate in the imagining of God. Nature, as Blake averred, is imagination. At the outset there is unbroken unity; the discrete agents requisite for fecund division and conflict are unborn. It is practicable to suggest quite clearly how all the later storm and stress came, and still comes, to pass.

S. And, while fulfilling your promise to robe Nature in poetry, you credit naïve realism with its core of truth.

W. The poetry is obvious, as this passage from the book *Divine Imagining* attests:

"Nature, like other aspects of the world-system, presupposes Divine Imagining. As known from the outside by mere human experients, it enters perception in condensed, abbreviated and very defective forms, sufficiently rich in content, withal, to guide our actions. The sun and a grain of sand conceal indefinitely more than they reveal. Considered, however, as a phase of the world-system, Nature, even at this instant, is a radiant splendour; the 'disorganised immortal' of Blake, wonderful indeed, and yet giving birth to 'screaming shapes' and 'Urizen's army of horrors', included in which are the creatures who 'reptilise on the earth'. Blake has sighted the 'immortal' in the disarray of the Metaphysical Fall; in what F. C. S. Schiller has called the corruption of Being in the time-process. This corruption, seen by us as through a glass darkly, shows very much, however, in which an artist can take joy, and is even welcome, if believed to be the mark of creation in travail. It may be that the 'army of horrors' will be demobilised, and that in a remote future will dawn the reign of beauty and joy. Vindication of the natural order is not to be achieved here and now; it must be looked for in the reality which may declare itself in the divine event." (3)

So much for the poetry. There is also enrichment, not rejection, of the natural order as believed in by the realist. What of realism? Professor Stout, referring to the system of "things and events which exist, endure, change and interact independently of the conditions which make them perceptible to us through sense-experience", calls this realistic system the physical world.(4) In the sense that it accepts this physical world, Imaginism is realistic, and it accepts many more things and events than are allowed for by current science! It regards subjective idealism as absurd. But who will defend subjective idealism to-day? The Nature in space-time, which feeds our perceptions, is certainly real in the sense that Stout's system of things and events is real, and it is also incomparably richer than the phantom-world in which an *insufficiently realistic* man of science believes.

D. Well, that is a clear statement. You enrich the world of science and yet you leave idealism intact.

W. Since fundamentally there is nothing which does not find its home in experience, divine or finite. "In the beginning

was activity." The eternal activity, the spiritual world-ground above personality, God ineffable, is Consciring, and on this truth, unshakeably secure, philosophical idealism is set. This Consciring has effluents: the finite centres of consciring, sub-animal, animal, human, superhuman which are evolved in connexion with "real" worlds of content which in the main they do not make. These centres are not all properly called "individuals" since the lowest of them are mere psychoids on a level below, perhaps, that of reflective perceptual consciring—they perceive without knowing that they perceive. And the highest centres are not discrete individuals, insulated from one another, such as you and I. To exist is to "stand out" among the sentients and contents of an indefinitely varied imaginal universe. Alleged existents or subsistents, independent of divine and finite creativity, are merely fancies of certain philosophers, private to themselves. Such fancies, being unverifiable when offered as truth, call for no further notice.

L. About Nature—the "disorganised immortal" may have fallen, like Lucifer, never to rise again. Was the victim pushed over the precipice? And do such calamities promote our faith in the universe?

A. I have a growing suspicion that your pessimism, Leslie, will be shattered. The problems of the birth and differentiation of this world-system and of causation interest me even more. I want to hear something too about the Imaginals.

S. The space-time riddle will require a side-glance at Relativity; and I am curious to see whether the psychics at the back of symbolic physics, chemistry and other sciences will be discussed. Man cannot, of course, get far in such inquiries, still I am hopeful that we shall learn something to our profit.

D. And I want above all to understand how individuals—I ought to say, I suppose, finite sentients or centres of consciring—originate and develop in connexion with those portions of Nature called organisms. Let me state my difficulty clearly. Nature, considered as present to Divine Imagining, is surely at the outset a complex of contents or conscita and nothing more. Yet philosophers like Royce and West talk of the time-flux as if it were a psychical stream, every molecule or proton of which conscires. Royce indeed calls Nature a "vast society". But I

take it that primordial Nature existed before any of the finite sentient beings appeared in alliance with its organisms, subatomic and other. If Nature, in Whitehead's words, is the "locus" of the development of organisms, it is needful to consider how these organisms became, and become, allied with relatively insulated and independent centres of conspiring. It seems that Nature, though hanging by a golden chain from God, is in great measure controlled by these agents which work in its parts. How is this situation brought to pass?

W. You want to know how your so-called "individuals" arise. We shall be dealing with this problem and many others. Have patience. I will close this present talk in hopeful vein by suggesting that our prospects of finding satisfactory answers to all questions of basic importance are good. In a universe of Imagining the best imaginable solutions of all problems of creation are reached by the Power that shapes cosmic ends. We have to search for a philosophy which is in harmony with this fact. What encouragement!

D. The "best imaginable" belongs to the universe of Divine Imagining. That ought to be our consolation even when we appear to be experimenting with ideas in vain.

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

- (1) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 168-84.
- (2) *Science and the Modern World*, p. 104.
- (3) *Divine Imagining*, "The Evolution of Nature", pp. 185-6.
- (4) *Mind*, Oct. 1922.

CHAPTER XIV

THE INITIAL SITUATION AND ALLIED PROBLEMS

"If then . . . any given physical process, as we know it, is also a mode of enjoyment, it may be urged that there are qualitatively different modes of enjoyment in vapour, in liquid, and in solid; and that there is a specific water-enjoyment, as contrasted with an oxygen or hydrogen enjoyment."—Prof. LLOYD MORGAN.

"Nature, in a fashion whose details are still only faintly hinted to us men, constitutes a vast society."—Prof. ROYCE.

"Although every resolution of a complex uniformity into simpler and more elementary laws has an apparent tendency to diminish the number of ultimate properties . . . yet . . . the farther we advance in this direction, the greater number of distinct properties we are forced to recognise in one and the same object, the co-existence of which properties must accordingly be ranked among the ultimate generalities of nature."

—JOHN STUART MILL.

"We can be content with a provisional realism in which nature is conceived as a complex of prehensive unifications. Space and time exhibit the general scheme of interlocked relations of these prehensions. . . . Accordingly, Nature is a process of expansive development, necessarily transitional from prehension to prehension."—WHITEHEAD.

AFTER dinner under the cold stars.

W. The Initial Situation is a name for the conditions presupposed by the process of creative evolution; the process along with which our own empirical world-level of division, change and conflict began. I have to indicate these conditions in a very general way and do not intend, am unable to, push the analysis of them far. We are stuttering mortals who must accept our limitations, not trying, on the stilts of language, to walk above our own heads. We cannot contemplate the factors of the world-system in that fulness in which they appear to an exalted god; our makeshift intellects toy with mere concepts, pale and thin. And let us not overstress conceptual unity; in this field under survey no great simplification is to be achieved. The fallacy of

simplicity was condemned in *World as Imagination* and must be avoided now. Simplicity was the ideal of men of science, and even of some metaphysicians, after the classical mechanics came into being; a false simplicity demolishing the world of poets and plain men. Enough has been said to expose and explain the cult.(1) In point of fact, the ultimate laws of Nature—for those who believe in such rigid laws—cannot, as Mill observed, be less numerous than our “distinguishable sensations or other feelings . . . those, I mean, which are distinguishable from one another in quality, and not merely in quantity or degree”. And, if so much irreducible complexity shows to mere human ex-perients, what of the complexity of the entire world-system, fragments only of which are revealed to us? Imaginism, of course, favours the complex. It reclothes Nature in that glory of qualities which the abstraction-mongers took away. But in the domain of science itself there are those who look askance at simplicity to-day. “It seems to me that as a matter of experimental fact there is no doubt that the universe at any definite level is becoming increasingly complicated, and that the region of apparent simplicity continually recedes,” urges Professor Bridgman.(2) Can we say that, during creative evolution, a world-system which was originally very complex becomes necessarily more complex still? Even this satisfaction is denied to the follower of Spencer; a strangely arbitrary arrangement obtains. “. . . a study of the fundamental changes in the main body of the star (Sirius) suggests . . . an evolution from complex to simple—from the complex lucid atoms to simpler atoms and radiation. Such chemical evolution as we are acquainted with on earth, that of the radio-active elements, is in the same direction. This is the opposite direction to biological evolution, which proceeds from simple to complex.”(3) To attempt, however, to “derive” the more complex from the less complex would be to overlook, as we shall see, influx from the imaginals and additive creation. The simplifier would like to extract novelty in some way from its antecedents in the time-order. His toil is vain. The new in our experience never emerges merely from the old. Need we shy then at Poincaré’s hint that our ideal of conceptual unification in science may possibly not work; that “we shall be submerged by the ever-rising flood of our new riches and compelled

to renounce all idea of classification—to abandon our ideal and to reduce science to the recording of innumerable recipes”?

D. Those born in an imaginal universe must learn to appreciate its wealth.

S. The difficulty is for the man of science who wants to record knowledge and further the manipulation of Nature. Hence the importance ascribed to great strokes of generalisation, whether regarded as convenient devices of instrumental thinking or as more.

L. You assert that “our” world-system which you are about to discuss is and *was* very complex. Our simplifying is ingenious but unsound. But what of the other world-systems, for you hold, if I recall aright, that these may be indefinitely numerous?

W. Such systems may well exist. Bertrand Russell agrees: “perhaps the whole contents of the space and time in which we live form only one of many universes (world-systems), each seeming to itself complete. And thus the conception of the necessary unity of all that is resolves itself into the poverty of imagination.”(4) And Professor Mackenzie urges that “. . . it is possible that there are not merely other worlds than ours, but other universes (world-systems). Thus there would seem to be ample scope for every conceivable variety of conditions, all affording scope for creative activity and the realisation of beauty.” The “poverty of imagination”, which for Russell narrows human outlook, does not limit Divine Imagining Itself! “Perhaps no numerable collection of systems could express fully the overflowing into creation of the Divine Life. What one system has to exclude another displays. These simultaneous, but initially insulated, systems recall thus one of the functions of time-succession within our own limited world-system: they render compossible within creation orders and features which must be parted in order to appear at all.”(5) There is infinite variety native to Divine Imagining, though each particular world-system is finite throughout; a unique imaginal flower unlike all other flowers that blow. These incompatible finite world-systems, all equally present to God, are held provisionally apart, coming together at long last in a succession of harmonising Divine Events, each more glorious than its predecessor. Can

we quash this suggestion? Or does the fancy haunt us, bringing thought perhaps closer to reality?

L. It must haunt all who accept Divine Imagining; and yet it is clear that such fancies cannot be verified.

D. Except in a fusion of Divine Events, which consummation would satisfy even stressers of "experience" like Bacon or Hume.

L. Wait and see! But let us ignore these world-systems which ignore us and turn to our own home. You affirm, West, that this one is finite. In every respect?

W. In all respects save one. It presupposes Divine Imagining and, since it cannot be severed from its conditions, it leads us beyond the finite into the infinite. But, if you regard it as a mere flower within Divine Imagining, it is finite assuredly throughout. In respect of space-time it seems finite even to science. The Professor will correct me if I am misinformed.

S. Hubble's radius of space is 10^{11} light years. He holds that space extends about a thousand times as far as the farthest telescopically visible nebula. Eddington favours the view (based on observed slowing down of "light vibrations") that "the radius of space is of the order twenty times the average distance of the nebulae observed, or say 100 million light years".(6) There is thus no lack of room for movements. And there are also very many objects which move. Thus, discussing the number of stars, Sir J. H. Jeans writes: "The same number of grains of sand spread over England would make a layer hundreds of yards in depth. Let us reflect that our earth is one millionth part of one such grain of sand."(7) But, while numerous, such objects could be counted.

D. Are not such calculations speculative in the extreme?

S. Disputable assumptions about space are involved. But, whatever value their figures possess, these inquirers all contemplate a world-system held to be limited in space. And in some way, about which we may be able to agree, it will be needful to limit our drafts on time. In fact, Sir J. H. Jeans, considering the "ingredients" of the world-system (symbolically) as "matter and radiation", and noting that "matter" is passing into "radiation", asserts that "everything points with overwhelming force to a definite event, or series of events, of

creation at some time or times, not infinitely remote".(8) The "fortuitous conception" of the system is untenable. But I agree with West that it is not in terms of symbolic physics that we can discuss how the world-system actually began. And, if he can guide us toward a richer vision of the truth, I, for one, shall be well content. I accept in short⁴ the view that in some sense our world-system began. I want to know how.

L. The calculations you mentioned concern only the observable physical order. And West has referred more than once to vast superphysical levels of Nature, which are not sampled in our normal perceptions at all. What about these?

W. They also are finite aspects of a world-system which is finite throughout. I shall be referring to them in the present dialogues incidentally and vaguely—no more. Bear in mind that you are observers whose perceptions are exceedingly poor: you are moles about to discuss the spectrum and optics. Be cautious, and above all remember that the mole-runs are not all that is.

A. We need not be troubled by Kant's Antinomies in discussing space and time. Space-time refers us to certain relations. And relations, as you said during a former talk, are manners of compresence, of appearing together of contents, of "terms" to conspiring.(9) These terms are indispensable: no terms related as coexistent, etc., no space-time. I take it then that the space-time of a world-system is finite because the contents related in these ways exist only in finite quantities. Thus space cannot be greater than the contents, said to fill it, allow; cannot be infinitely divisible because there are minimal bits of content which cannot be divided. Similarly the time-flux of this world-system had a beginning with changing content, and, again, is not infinitely divisible, showing discrete "steps of change", not a mathematical continuity in which there are no "next" terms. *The contents decide; we need not discuss abstract forms.* And the contents are what they are because the world-system is organized purposively on a finite scale throughout.

S. This view frees us from considering space-time as if it was a reality in its own right. And it justifies Bertrand Russell's protest against the "prejudice" which compels many to believe, without evidence, in the "infinite extent of space and time."(10)

W. This aspect of finiteness controlled by terms, by relatable contents, *e.g.* colours and sounds, available only in finite quantities, is readily grasped. But we shall have to dwell more patiently on the general space-time problem anon. . . . And now, leading up to my account of world-genesis, I am about to consider certain other topics separately. When I have said enough about them, I shall try to indicate how the harmonious complex of conditions within God was followed by the Metaphysical Fall, and how the empirical world of time-succession, division and conflict, the world of Blake's "screaming shapes", came into being. And in the course of this task I shall deal with that problem of Evil which looms so darkly on Leslie's thought.

And yet a moment's halt to take joy in some progress. . . . We have seen that the manifestation, outgoing, *πρόοδος*, of Divine Imagining in connexion with the particular world-system we call ours is not simplifiable but very complex; that the phase of manifestation named Nature is akin to imagination in ourselves, though richer and more complex; and that science, which ignores so much, overlooks this truth. Even "a physical disturbance, such as a light-wave, must be regarded as much more complex in reality than in mathematics", as Bertrand Russell points out.⁽¹¹⁾ The glib, popular discussion of such periodic processes as mere "vibrations" cannot stand. In the world-imagining lie the qualities—which include varieties of light—quantities and complicated psychical relations implied; there is no simplicity save as a dodge, shall we say, invented for the use of mathematical shorthand. We have seen too that our world-system is not, as some style it, the "universe" but an island in the indefinitely greater "universe" posited by God's imagining; by the divine *consciring* which, in human thought, is contrasted with its *conscita*, *creata* or contents. It is one among innumerable world-systems of uttermost variety. It is finite throughout and, were it not thus finite, a special facet of God's glory could not exist. In the story of its evolution nothing but *consciring*, conservative and additively creative, along with the destruction which creation may entail, is concerned. Yet we glance around us and moral evil, falsity, ugliness and acute pains suggest that something has gone wrong. Leslie clings still to his view that a basic Unconscious Imagining

originates and sustains indifferently the fair and the foul. But this explanation is not really required by the facts. A much more plausible solution presents itself.

I have now to consider separately the topics of which I spoke. I have then to show how the harmony of the total Initial Situation gave place to the Metaphysical Fall; how a divine poem was transformed into the troubled and in many respects evil world-system, the "disorganised immortal", which dismays Leslie and the pessimists to-day. I have also to say something about the origin of finite sentient life. You follow me clearly? . . . Good. Then I commence by considering one of the most important of the topics preludial to my forthcoming account of world-genesis.

I have to stress first THE INITIAL STATE OF BEAUTY AND HARMONY of the archetypal world; of the world-system as yet uncorrupted by the Metaphysical Fall. Creative evolution and its changeful time-process date from this Fall, in which stable, restful Being is followed by Becoming, with its attendant host of ills. Yet remember this. Though there is a Fall from Beauty and Harmony to ugly and discordant Becoming, nevertheless this very descent mediates an ascent to a level which will be far higher than that occupied before. You will grant this, I think, without question as the discussion proceeds.

Our world-system of Becoming—the system parts of which science is studying to-day—is the outcome of this descent. It issued from a content-whole ordered according to plan and sustained conservatively within Divine Imagining. The source of our troubled world was not a domain of additive creation; had it been this, it would have been in the travail of Becoming itself. It was not a changing whole. It illustrated that other form of creation which is conservation: the conservation whereby things, connexions and behaviours endure. If God, as Descartes urged, ceased to be active, to conserve—if, as imaginists put it, divine conservative conscurring, *per impossibile*, were to fail—all objects would vanish, leaving no rack behind. Such sustaining or conservative creation is eternal miracle; miracle exemplified even on this physical level in the enduring of the leaf or grain of sand. This conservative side of reality, as it shows in the time-process, is explained by some as due to "laws". Governing "laws", how-

ever, are inventions of the prolific imagining of man. Nay, within the time-process of Nature and finite sentient life there are not even the strict "uniformities of coexistence and sequence" in which Mill himself believed. There is more or less iterative conservation of the old allied with more or less additive creation of the new, so that all cases that could be pointed to as instances of uniformity differ, however slightly.(12) Rigid "laws" of causation are, in fact, artistic products of our creative imagining, though, of course, the world-dynamic that tolerates their invention is not.(13) "There is no strict causal behaviour anywhere," urges Eddington, reaching by the route of physics and mathematics the conclusion vital to the book *Divine Imagining*.(14) The governing "law", like the concepts discussed in our first dialogue, is a man-made device useful in the adjustments of life, *e.g.* in predicting what will happen when we bring together chemical agents or make an experiment in politics. It works well enough in the rough to be accorded respect.

The archetypal content-whole in God, presupposed by the creative time-process, is not, as I said, a domain of *additive* creation. This stable or conservative whole, while not generating, not being invaded by, novelty, is, however, "by no means a frozen immobility: it is like a composition, as Mozart heard it, when that gifted musician was aware of all its contents, including its successions, together. Sustained thus by divine concurring, the Initial Situation is a harmony of compenetrative contents . . . a radiant splendour present to Divine Imagining as part of Itself. But take note that it is present only as content, just as a poem might be present to human sustaining fancy. It comprises at first no sentients. It will comprise indefinitely many. And on this change will hang other changes of enormous significance; in fact, the beginning and continuance of the differentiation of the phenomenal order. Nay, the entire imaginal dynamic, whence causation in Nature, presupposes the arising of these sentients, which become active in the contents of every fragment of the system."(15)

He laid down the book he was reading from and glanced at Delane and Leslie, as if interested to note whether these less expert philosophers were following his thought.

4. The conservation of this content-whole, uncorrupted by Becoming, illustrates Aristotle's *ἐνέργεια ἀκινήσιας* on which

Schiller laid stress in his fascinating *Riddles of the Sphinx*. But was the content-whole conserved thus without a beginning?

W. Ah! I am not the treasurer of God: I warned you that I don't push my retrospective analyses too far; I am considering this content-whole merely as the proximate source of the empirical world. I don't inquire whether or no it was without a beginning; for all I can say it may have been imagined at a stroke in the immemorial past. Which of these alternatives pleases you most? For myself I hesitate to make my choice, being too ignorant. But I can at least say this. Whether this content-whole had an origin or not, its standing in God was that of a divine work of art, and, as such, it was perfect after its kind; no *imaginable* betterment of it is possible. It resembles in this respect—to compare the great with the small—a human masterpiece of poetry or music which is perfect, *i.e.* “thoroughly made”, after its kind and which is conserved even by us in the state of an unchanging whole not needing alteration.

L. Then why is the divine work of art altered by way of the additive time-process?

W. The work of art is perfect after its kind, but recall that it is essentially one merely of content. Nothing in it exists for itself, but *only for the Artist*, for God. It is altered to compass a novel perfection on a higher level. As I said before, the greatest triumph of creative evolution is the rise of individuals ultimately passing into a consummation beyond themselves. Take this suggestion to heart.

D. “What were all thy happiness if thou hadst not those for whom thou shinest?”—as Nietzsche says to the sun.

S. If “those” are the last word! If the entire system is to conspire with full reflectivity within Divine Imagining, and even as Divine Imagining Itself, this opposition too has to be overcome.

W. Leave something for later dialogues.

L. One moment—how do you know that this present creative phase of our world-system, which includes finite individuals or, as you call them, sentients, is the first? May not the system have passed through many phases of restful conservation and creative evolution? And may it not have evolved in past phases individuals who reappear in the present adventure? I find this complication somewhat formidable. It is also possible, I suppose, that

the other innumerable and ordinarily insulated world-systems, of which you spoke, may occasionally have relations with ours.

W. The complication has been noted; I will deal with it in the words of the book *Divine Imagining*. (16) I shall have something to say shortly about World-Rhythms such as you have in mind:

“This present creative phase of our world-system may be its first; or it may be one of many like prior adventures which have alternated with rest-phases. This consideration, unfortunately for our convenience, cannot be ignored. For, if the system has gone through prior creative phases, it has had time in which to evolve superior orders of sentients, and possibly that very exalted society of sentients which constitutes a limited or finite god. And these powers, entering into its present creative phase, must be making a vast difference to it. On the other hand, if it be a young system in its first creative phase, it may possess as yet no adequately evolved higher sentients of its own. We know that, in the cases of our own and animal bodies, the organism begins and evolves for a long while before a conscious agent shows through it. Does Nature similarly precede god, the finite god of the system who arises and matures at a late stage in the process of the suns? There remains, withal, the suggestion that god (finite), and the superior sentients might come from beyond the system, the higher levels of which may not be so rigorously insulated or ‘encysted’ as the lower. It seems that a human sentient may appear in a plurality of lives. Might not a god appear in a plurality of systems, continuing his evolution on the great scale? At any rate such reflections have to be mooted.”

I cannot add anything of value to this statement. But what would you? The Macrocosm has its secrets. And inhabiting a world-system, whose physical body alone has a radius of space of 100 million light years, and in which centuries pass by the million, I grow wary. I can suggest much, but neither I nor you can verify the suggestions. I allow that an imaginistic metaphysics compels us to believe in innumerable other world-systems besides ours, but it urges also that in the main they are insulated. To be an agnostic is often the mark of a moral man. Why speculate about systems which may not resemble ours?

D. You hesitated to say whether the archetype of our own world-system had a beginning or not. It might have had no

beginning or have been called into existence—imagined on that level where the imaginal and the real are the same—by God “at a stroke”. But not out of sheer nothingness?

W. No—out of the Imaginals, about which anon. As to the standing of the archetypes, perhaps they all had a beginning as you seem to think. But these primary Imaginals belong to the foundations of reality; they are basally conservative features of Divine Imagining without a time-origin, without an end.

A. If I have to come to a decision, I should side with Delane and believe in the time-origin of all the world-archetypes. You speak, West, of Imaginals which, I understand, are what answer in imaginalist metaphysics to the Ideas of Plato and Schopenhauer. Holding that the primary, the basic Imaginals, can have no time-origin, we might solve the problem of world-archetypes thus.

All archetypes are constructed out of the Imaginals and some archetypes were created thus in an indefinitely remote ‘past’. But it is not necessary that every archetype should have a long history without change within Divine Imagining before it suffers the Metaphysical Fall: the storm and stress which creation in the time-process involves. An archetype might be created to suffer the Metaphysical Fall at once. In this case the name “archetype” would stand merely for the first stage in the creative evolution of a world-system. This world-system, once launched, will sail through many seas ere it comes to port and enters into the “joy of the Lord”. An account of its history could avoid mention of the word “archetype”. What do you think?

W. You intervene most effectively. Yes, I incline now to side with you and Delane. Only we must allow fully for the archetypes being of different ages; some may have been created so long ago that measurement of their duration in years would dizzy us; others may date back only some trillions of years, while others are formed, perhaps, as I speak. . . . Yes, this is quite a plausible view and accents, of course, the additively creative side of Divine Imagining, a consideration interesting to the imaginalist. With regard to the word “archetype”—it seems to me that archetypes that merely await the Metaphysical Fall, sustained conservatively the while within Divine Imagining,

are appropriately named. But what of Anderton's case in which there is no conservation of a changeless whole and the archetypal stage so-called passes directly into the creative time-process? I suggest that here too the word "archetype" is of value. It suggests to us the harmony and beauty of the first stage, which is to vanish in great part during the Metaphysical Fall.

L. I find Anderton's remarks most helpful. The vista of these archetypes, a plurality beyond number, flashing into being throughout the immemorial, nay infinite, past, stirs me. And in this poetic setting of Imaginism which makes the entire universe a romance!

D. Hardly the romance of an artist who is unaware of his art and himself.

(Leslie ignored the obvious challenge and, after a pause, the Professor observed.)

*S.** Clearly none of these archetypes are above time; even when sustained conservatively as wholes that do not change, they endure, and the aspects of their complex contents—assuming that there are no internal successions—are simultaneous. Time-determinations leap to the eye. What they cannot comprise are jets of novelty. We are approaching a formidable problem. It seems to me that some account of space-time in general is overdue.

West nodded, and then Leslie broke in.

L. There was a statement in the passage West read to us which interested me greatly: to the effect that organism pre-exists to the alliance of a conscious agent with it. Thus the organism of the fox has a long history before the fox-consciring lights it. And, according to West, the organism of the world-system is being constructed during aeons before its finite god—the Divine Society (17)—is evolved. West and the writer cited agree that no full-blown god issues directly from Divine Imagining to rule the new system from its beginning.

S. Like the mythical Logos or, again, the "first existent from" the Absolute of the Vedanta.

W. A world-system at its very birth may be controlled by a Divine Society already evolved through coalescence of individuals, at once, in Hegelian language, abolished and preserved.

Such a world-god is not an individual issuing, Minerva-like, from Divine Imagining; all the indications suggest that he is superindividual: has been evolved slowly in connexion with creative time-process. The main truth seems stateable thus. Divine Imagining sustains a budding world-system at first merely as content, *i.e.* as that which is conscired. But regions of this content become—how we shall understand later—also “for themselves”, that is to say, centres of consciring which are relatively independent of their source. Thus are born myriads of rills of individual life flowing through the time-process to form at long last a vast river. This river is the Divine Society; the supreme finite god of any particular world-system.

S. Minor gods might be held accountable for some of the errors and mischief of which Leslie and the pessimists complain.

A. Plato in the *Timaeus* gives the junior gods work in the creating of us and other living things. One hears a lot about gods from the old mystics—from Proclus and the Gnostics for instance—but I fear that philosophical gossip is no better than any other. It is well to say, however, that, if such gods err and behave as badly as man, miscreation and even malevolence must count for much in the story of our world-system.

D. It comes to this—if souls endure and grow in knowledge and might, the evolution of such gods is only a matter of time. Any individual sufficiently wise and powerful could be called a god. I am forced to believe that these powers exist. On the other hand, I know no more about them than did Plato or Proclus, and very much less than these myth-spinners pretended to know.

L. You spoke, West, of a harmony of “compenetrative” contents when describing the Initial Situation. I should like to be quite sure about your meaning.

W. Can I convey it more neatly than does one of your poets—Shelley?

All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle,

so that a flower is not stirred “without troubling of a star” as yet another bard sings. Green, the historian, writes that the voice of Cranmer is still heard “in the accents of the English Liturgy”. The battle of the Marne penetrates, and alters, the

whole career of this planet, natural and spiritual; a long time hence it will be disturbing spiral nebulae in the depths of space.

“Nothing can act but where it is: with all my heart; only where is it?” asks Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*. Physicist and philosopher alike have made answer. Max Drossbach’s atom “fills from its centre the whole infinity of space, through the mutual interpenetration of all atoms”, (18) while Faraday’s force-centre (consciring centre for me) extends to all quarters where it makes a difference, “yet always retaining its own centre of force”. Bergson’s continuity is “at once the multiplicity of elements and the interpenetration of all by all”; (19) and similarly, Whitehead avers that “each object is in some sense ingredient throughout nature”. (20) In the book *Divine Imagining* mention is made of “tentacular fact”, at once within and independent of my perception, *e.g.* the Matterhorn, which, penetrating my brain, is literally there as well as located in the surrounding world. Is it not clear that an old riddle in the theory of external perception is solved; that I can perceive in sense-data the alleged transcendent object which they prolong? (21) Once more let me turn to poetry. When Endymion saw the moon:

she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul
Commingle with her argent sphere did roll
Through clear and cloudy.

The moon was remote in space, as customary description has it; it was also in Endymion's brain and soul. Similarly, the sun is in the green grass; the stars kiss the dimples on the face of Lake Leman.

An electron's *influence* on another electron is literally its "inflowing" or penetration. And this penetration, which modifies spatial diversity, bears witness to a fundamental truth: the persistent organic unity of the whole which suffers the Metaphysical Fall. The view which breaks up the world into "terms" connected externally and impossibly by "relations" is part of a practical attitude which men adopt for workaday ends. Commingling or compenetration derives from the primeval unity of the world-archetype as conspired by God.

L. Thanks, I follow you. But you have missed a vocation, West; you are talking just now like a poet.

W. I am a trifle "god-intoxicated", perhaps, like Spinoza, and I love the divine poetry that gave birth to the world-process. But read the text discriminatingly. The first book of this epic is perfect, but so much of the rest is marred by other authors that one may well turn from it, like you, embittered.

S. The limits of penetration, I suppose, are the limits of causation. There is no causal dynamic—in whatever way that occurs—save in regions where penetration takes place. Thus, if one stellar group influences another, it first penetrates it, and shows thereby that it belongs to the same world-system. If the nebula in Andromeda is to be perceived by me, it must first penetrate in some manner my brain. My perception clothes penetrating content with imaginal content drawn from my soul, as when I perceive a red light, seen against the dark, as a fire. In the case of West's "encysted" or "insulated" world-system there is no penetration of the content of other systems, which on their part do not thrust invasive content into it.

W. Quite so. And in a coming dialogue the standing of penetration in the regard of causation will be made fully clear.

A. On the level of Divine Imagining the commingling, I gather, is such that the opposition even of whole and part is overcome? Thus a great conscious power, homing to the infinite, is at once whole and part; a thought which occurred to Plotinus. (22)

W. In all respects we and our surroundings bear the mark of the Metaphysical Fall. Compenetration on this level is defective. I shall have more to say anon.

D. West—an idea! If the mere "electron" in some manner pervades space-time, my soul also, which is allied with the very many "electrons" and other organisms of the physical body, does the same, only carrying richer content with it. Space-time also penetrates my soul and body. Thus there is always a question of what I might be aware of, if the Threshold of reflective consciring could be shifted, and what are now buried phenomena of irreflective consciring brought to light. If we take interpenetration seriously there are possibilities which are startling. "Telegnosis" is one of them. Becoming a highly reflective centre of

consciring (23) I might be a seer, no longer rationed on meagre sense-data such as were discussed by Locke and Hume, and aware of all my lines of penetration into the world-system.

L. Outdo Earth's greatest souls, shift the Threshold and report to us on the sequel! But don't be too sanguine. For, if interpenetration is defective on this physical level, you won't tap reality so freely after all. The sun influences your body and soul but you receive very little of its contents. You influence Tokio when you send a telegram there. But very little of you is prolonged into the far-off event.

W. Still, take note of the bearing of Delane's suggestion on "Telegnosis", a useful term which we owe, I believe, to Broad. Much may pass at times from the domain of irreflective into that of reflective consciring. The nearly blind spider at the centre of its web may sometimes find distant portions of the web flashing into view. You follow me? Our webs are far-flung indeed, but we spiders have senses that reveal little of them. Rupert Brooke wrote well when he described us as "blinded by our eyes. . . ." Well, we have said enough about the "compenetrative" to satisfy Leslie, I trust.

L. Carry on.

W. I have said something about world-archetypes. Let us now consider the RHYTHMS characterising world-systems and all that in them is. Our particular world-system fell into the time-process of creative evolution (*non est factus mundus in tempore sed cum tempore* holds good of its time) from an archetype-stage, a stage of conservation which, in respect of additive creation, may be called one of rest. The physical level of our world-system, questioned by astro-physics, reports that it had a beginning, as Sir J. H. Jeans says, "not infinitely remote", (24) though for me this appearance of the physical events of Nature marks a late stage of the Metaphysical Fall. There are higher and more enduring levels of Nature than those which telescope and spectro-scope explore. And the physical domain, which issued from them, is revealed even now as slowly vanishing; in the symbolism of science the "protons" and "electrons" which fix "energy" are being destroyed, the mass of the sun is shrinking on a vast scale every minute; "eternal matter", in which materialists and the original founders of modern theosophy alike put their trust,

is passing into "radiation". We are like polar bears, as Sir J. H. Jeans picturesquely puts it, on a melting iceberg. The "radiation" in question consists of qualitative periodic processes; the symbol must not be interpreted in terms of consciring divorced from content. But what is noticeable is the re-ascent of parts of the physical world-system from the lowest point reached in the Metaphysical Fall. We are "such stuff as dreams are made of", and so too are the "great globe" and star-systems which are being "dissolved". The vision of the *Tempest* is justified. But what would you? We belong to a world-system whose "insubstantial fabric" is upheld in Divine Imagining. Fifty years hence Prospero's saying will be accepted as truth and the romance of the "melting iceberg" understood.

Our world-system had a beginning, so far as the additively creative time-process is concerned. It has also an end, teleologically speaking, which is being realised and will have an end, chronologically speaking; and these ends refer us to the Divine Event. This re-ascent to harmony and beauty will crown achievement. The Divine Event may be called a rest-phase but only in respect of additive creation. Is this rest-phase eternal in the sense of having no end? Much more probable is a rhythmical series of rest-phases and phases of additively creative evolution. For Divine Imagining is both conservative and additively creative; and a system, which is sustained by It, is hardly to be stabilised finally after one passage through the Becoming wherein are generated dark vicissitudes and yet enormous gain. The ultimate destiny of a world-system, you may urge, lies beyond these phases of rest and creative evolution: it is to enter at last, finally and completely, into the "joy of the Lord". With all my heart, but this crowning glory is not to be won in a trillion years. World-system, at first insulated, may have to unite with world-system, and systems of these, again, with super-systems through aeons of cosmic integration which seem "eternal" to mortal mind. And it may be that expectation of a final rest will vanish at last unregretted. For the "joy of the Lord" is the bliss-consciring, (25) and His joyful being is just His activity; activity which is conservative but which innovates ceaselessly as well. We must not allow the human experience of "tiredness" to sway us when there is discussion as to the likelihood of a finally static

Divine Event. The cult of the static in philosophy may spring from the thoughts of men *who get tired*. The static Vedantist Absolute promises much to the weakling on the hot plains of India; the Hegelian IDEAL, "perfect and finished", is attractive to students sick, like Faust, of books. But be wary about this cult of the accomplished. Creative activity is delightful to the fortunate and strong, in any domain of theory and practice. Creative divine concurring, conservative and innovative, wears the robe of bliss.

A. These phases of rest and additive creation are hardly the Cosmic Nights and Days of the East?

W. How can there be alternating Cosmic Nights and Days? There is the eternal Day of Divine Imagining which sustains world-systems in different phases, and unchanging archetypal systems existing aloof from creative evolution. Divine Imagining is only as It conserves and creates additively. Its noontide concurring is presupposed by every system that exists. A Cosmic Night would be childless.

A. Plato held that creation of a world involves a descent to the less perfect, but no one could call appearance out of Cosmic Night a descent! We confront then in your philosophy something like the neo-platonic *πρόοδος* and *ἐπιστροφή* (outgoing and ingoing), but these concepts, I gather, apply only to particular world-systems and particular groups of such systems. Scotus Erigena, the first great schoolman, who inherited from neo-platonism, mentions a double movement whereby our system issues from and returns to God, Who is to be all in all, the sole reality. Considered as issuing from Divine Being, this system of ours presents difficulties. I am not myself prepared to reply to Leslie when he asks why and how the "corruption of Being" by Becoming came to pass.

L. I am not a captious critic but I want a solution that leaves none of the uglier difficulties overlooked. I am not the paying occupant of a pew, taking meekly what he gets—I wish for an hypothesis such as would have satisfied Leopardi or Schopenhauer.

W. It shall be stated—in its place.

S. To return to our rhythms—we have been told of the ebb and flow of concurring as displayed in the great phases of a

world-system. Some men might stress the phases of an electron which, they say, does not pursue a continuous path in space but shows and goes, occupying discrete positions in successive durations. Larkin called the electron a "mentoid"; and this mentoid could be regarded by West as a minor centre of consciring whose physical bodies are 'repeatedly formed and re-formed.

D. Imaginatio semper facit saltum. Again the "steps of change"! Perhaps we have here Nature's first hint of what, on a higher level, is called the plurality of lives. A human centre of consciring, allied with a succession of physical bodies in different lives, might be described by a god as behaving just like the electron. Its space-path on the physical level would be representable not by a line but by a series of dots.

S. Delane's fancy is adventurous and would carry us too far. . . . I continue. The famous Tyndall (*On the Constitution of Nature*) writes that in all regions there is oscillation "from tension to *vis viva*, from *vis viva* to tension". The expressions "tension" and "*vis viva*" belong to mechanistic symbology but are interpretable so as to yield all that West requires. In biology to-day "alternating periods of stability and transformation in the history of plant and animal species" are being mooted. Is there any serious objection to be countered? Well, motion, which is a form of change, gives us pause. Rhythmical as are all the motions described by Spencer in *First Principles*, sensibly continuous motion, as we perceive it—say that of a gliding balloon—presents a difficulty. But not for long, for the sensibly continuous motion may result from condensation of contents which occur discretely—in creative pulses—in Nature. Continuous motion, as Bertrand Russell observes, may be only a convenient "symbolic device for dealing with the time-relations of various discontinuous changes".(26) The rests and leaps in motion echo, West will say, the large-scale alternations of the total world-system, and science cannot object. Motion throughout its entire domain may well consist, like change in general, of "steps"; *creative steps*. But here the remark in the book *Divine Imagining* is relevant. Motion, as present to the world-imagining, is not only discrete but continuous. The continuity refers us to consciring (whereby is possible the *compenetration* we

were discussing just now); the discreteness to the plural contents concerned.(27) Motion is compact of events in a spiritual world-system; and explanation of it dares not overlook this truth. And there is some mystery about it still with which our host, I hope, will deal.

W. I am glad that you emphasise *consciring*. James described concrete humanly perceived motion as a "continuous feeling". This way lies the abuse of a term. Content is accented to the prejudice of *consciring*. The motion-contents are not "felt" but *conscired* as a continuum, though they are of finite number, posited one after the other in a series having "next" terms. "Feeling" used as an equivalent for "*consciring*" is the same device that I noted in connexion with Bradley, Bosanquet, Stout and Whitehead. This point is of capital importance; I offer no excuse for drawing attention to it again.

S. The following by-truth is of genuine interest. "Erdmann and Dodge," writes Pillsbury, "proved that the eyes in reading do not move constantly and smoothly, but go by a series of short movements with rests between." Here also the great is echoed most remarkably in the small.

A. Experiment shows that "attention" is not unbroken; that even at the focus of human *consciring* there are relative rests and restarts. And psychologists hold that in the general working of mind, as of body, there obtains a rhythm of "energy-tension" and "release": expressions of the symbolic order but readily interpreted in the context of Imaginism.

S. Even an atom emits light discontinuously, giving off waves and then taking a rest, that is to say ceasing to emit waves for a while.

L. What can you say about the plan said to be embodied in the world-system?

W. Ah! Now you see how well it is that we are discussing such points separately before plunging into the creative time-process. For as yet our preparations are very far from being complete.

The Initial Situation—the archetypal stage of our world-system—is a harmony; the state of conservation of that which, considered as a whole, does not change, which is not penetrated by contents originating beyond itself, suffers accordingly no

disturbances and requires no creative innovations whereby its harmony is restored. This is the domain of the imaginal static, contrasting with the imaginal dynamic, saturated with novelty, which is characteristic of Becoming or Evolution; of a world-system which is being altered in the additively creative time-process. Using mechanistic symbology I may speak of Equilibrium, of which there are no violations initiated either within or outside the whole. This Equilibrium endures, or rather is conscired conservatively by God in such fashion that it endures. It may seem to you as secure from alteration as the Absolute of some philosophers. But take note—it is not above time as is the hypothetical Absolute; it endures, has simultaneous aspects and may even comprise (like a symphony or poem which, taken as a whole, does not change) successions. It may be subjected to further determination in time. It may begin to change as a whole. But how? That is the question to be answered in the account of how creative evolution—the Metaphysical Fall, the Becoming—came to pass.

This archetype or poem, sustained by divine consciring, is a perfect work of art after its kind. I say “after its kind”. It comprises, however, no individuals, no finite centres of consciring. It exists only for Divine Imagining as my poem exists only for me. But it could exist in another and a higher manner—at a price. Finite centres could be generated within the poem who will exist not only for Divine Imagining but for themselves. Disturbances, born of their free initiative, will violate the harmony. Pain will colour innumerable modes of consciring that “energise” the conflicts. And yet, if these adventures are tolerated, we may suspect that the end is worth the risks and disasters entailed. Divine Imagining does not weigh alternatives; It sustains and innovates in the direction of the best.

The Initial Situation, the Archetype, is best described as an harmonious rest-phase rather than as “equilibrated”, but there are some whom a mechanistic symbolism may help. The rest-phase expresses statically an immanent design, the differences, quantities and relations of its contents contributing harmoniously to the unity in variety of the divine work of art. Or, to state the matter otherwise, plan is realised in the “divinity of

measure" in which the chosen content-aspects of the archetype are related.

L. Chosen?

W. Not all the indefinitely many Imaginals are exemplified in one particular archetype.

S. The term "equilibration" has its value. The concept of a long-drawn-out series of violations and re-establishments of equilibria is attractive, especially to those educated to look on Nature from the outside as a field of molar, atomic and sub-atomic, mechanics.

W. Use it then, but be ready to turn rapidly at need to what is symbolised; namely, the conservation, disturbance, reattainment, as it may be, of harmony. For all phenomena in the familiar empirical world are psychical events; part of the imaginal dynamic which is called "causal" and will have to be noticed by us anon. A mechanistic symbology works, almost but not quite, smoothly in physics and chemistry; it begins to cheat us obviously in biology when problems of "adaptation", "life" and so forth are being discussed, while in psychology and sociology it becomes ridiculous. What is the good of symbols when the reality symbolised stares you in the face?

S. That is so. However, retaining the term "equilibration" and using it with discretion, I might say a good deal. I might urge that violations of the equilibrium usher in creative evolution; that there ensue changes making for restoration of the general equilibrium and minor equilibria, followed by further violations, and that this process goes on ceaselessly. There is a tendency in every physical system to reach an equilibrium or state of stability. When this state is disturbed, "there will ensue"—I read from one of Stout's works—"a series of changes which, in the absence of further interference from without, will terminate in recovered stability. These changes will partly consist in readjustments within the system and partly in readjustment to environing conditions. But whatever share the environment may take in it, the process is self-determining in so far as it follows on loss of balance and is directed towards recovery of balance. . . . So long as the end is not attained, the process goes on spontaneously; when it is attained the process ceases." (28) Even the neural accompaniments of human conscurring illustrate the pro-

cess. "What in its physical aspect we call the direction of mental activity towards an end, is, on the physiological side, the tendency of disturbed neural arrangements to equilibrium." Thus I could conduct the Philistine along this route of thought and explain to him later the full meaning of it. Strong meat for men!

A. But don't keep them on babe's diet too long. Even during the interaction of organisms with their environments there occur adaptations which Bergson calls very properly the *solution of problems*, and these cannot, even for our convenience, be conceived in terms of mechanics. As West would say, the evolution of the eye bears witness to creative imagining in Nature. Turn to psychology, sociology and the history of man and your difficulties with the symbolism become intolerable.

W. The harmonious Initial Situation passes into a system rent with conflicts. The so-called equilibrations are harmonisations achieved by creative imagining. The unrest of conflict is inevitable and indispensable to evolution.(29) The "imaginal solution" of the entire world-problem, harmonising all conflicts, is found only in the Divine Event. Mediating this consummation is the Imaginal Dynamic, which is offered in place of the old Hegelian Dialectic alike as concerns the philosophy of "Nature" and that of "Mind", but to dwell on it at this stage were of no service.

L. There is the suggestion of Avenarius.

W. About the vital series? Yes; he calls the violation of equilibrium the "vital difference", and the process of recovering it the "vital series". But what is gained? Let me quote again from the book *Divine Imagining*:

"Is the achieving of harmony, after the initial disturbance of the Minoan civilisation, understood the better by being called a 'Vital series'? Is the restoration of the balance of exports and imports in a country's international trade, the production of water, protoplasm, an eye, 'Adonais', or a State made clear to us thereby? Or was Avenarius, like Bergson with his similarly vague 'vital impulse', unable to see what, in some quarters, stares him in the face?

"When my blood is not properly oxygenated, the 'divinity of measure', needful to the well-being of the body, is menaced: the conscurring of minor sentient in the medulla is quickened and

actions ensue which tend to restore harmony. The world at large is the place of harmonising compensations of this sort: describable not as 'vital series', but as changes in an imaginal whole moving towards harmony; a whole which, despite the incessant disturbances incidental to creation, preserves, in the highest degree possible, the 'divinity of measure'. . . . The disturbances, which break harmony, at once set in motion agencies which conspire to reinstate it. And this power of recovering from disturbance reveals, in very satisfactory fashion, the sanity of the dynamic that works in the heart of the world." (30)

There was a silence as he set down the book and took up his pipe.

L. There is nothing obscure about these suggestions. Design is said to be embodied in the harmony of the archetypal world-system; and during the storms of the creative time-process this harmony, so far as is possible, is conserved. It is this harmonising process that permits us to use the "equilibration" symbolism with a certain degree of success. Quite so. Divine Imagining furthers harmonious evolution with creative solutions of conflict of maximal value. . . . Yet, 'tis a mad world, my masters!

"There are madder people in it," put in Delane bluntly. "Leslie would wreck a planet to save a pug-dog. The great harmonisations must take place, whatever be the incidental mischief done to man and beast. We have heard about equilibration; well, geological equilibration has to occur even though Messina perishes. Take it from me—the world-system is like a ship bound for a very distant port. And we, who are members of the crew, ought to make the best of her."

L. If she is unseaworthy, abandon her. But, of course, if Delane. . . .

W. Enough said, fight it out later when we consider Evil.

S. The design or plan immanent in the archetype has been explained. The static Initial Situation is one in which end or aim and realisation coincide. Divine Imagining recalls in this regard the happy man whose heart's desire is for the wife whom he possesses. But what of the passing from static beauty to the Divine Event?

W. The archetype, as I said, is a perfect work of art "after its kind", but this reservation is emphatic. In the Divine Event it

will have changed into what exists in an altogether different manner. It begins as a mere content-whole, a complex of conscita without any conscious life of its own, just as your dream of fancy has no conscious career apart from you. It is to become a content-whole lit throughout with full reflective consciring. What was at first a *thing* is to be transformed into a god—not a god of the petty man-like sort, the non-natural personal agent of most sacred books, but the consciously glorious world-system itself. What is the harmonisation process, in which myriads of finite sentients like us play their parts? This is what enriches and diversifies the experience of the god, until at length, after perhaps many rest-phases and phases of additive evolution, the possibilities of the archetype have been realised. Vast as these are, they are not inexhaustible. For the archetype was built of such and such Imaginals, of limited quantities of contents; and no infinite variety was to be achieved with the material. An adventure of Dionysus is finite, we saw, in all respects.

D. But the adventures are infinitely many.

W. It would seem so, but, after all, can we check this saying? Still, for us here and now it is all the same whether there are only 10^{10} world-systems or world-systems beyond number.

S. West won't tolerate "infinite numbers" when asserted of other reality and perhaps he is right. And now a last word. The archetype is a realisation of no more than the beautiful, since it exists only for Divine Imagining. The god of the Divine Event, regarded in his affective aspect, is Love-Delight-Beauty or the Bliss-consciring, existing not only for Divine Imagining but also for himself. A transition of stupendous moment. It inclines me to suggest that the immanent aim or end of reality is just this: a carnival of joy, fruit of the innumerable and indefinitely different adventures which we call the world-systems. What a symphony of wondrous variations within Divine Imagining! New and ever more new forms of ecstasy are that "purpose of the universe" in which the plain man, with thoughts outsoaring words, believes. Nothing in the way of pain in this world of ours matters very much. "God's in His Heaven."

We glanced in genuine surprise at the Professor, who was now sliding off the fence. Even Leslie was impressed—for the moment. West said nothing but looked radiant.

D. Divine Imagining leads the dance and Its guests are also Itself. (Then he whispered mischievously to Leslie.) This consummation is worth the sacrifice of the pug-dog!

L. "So you say," retorted that incorrigible jester, "still I should like to hear the opinion of the sacrificial victim as well."

W. We have got through enough metaphysics to-day; I am off to bed. But I will first try to answer a question raised by the Professor some while back. A certain mystery, he thinks, invests motion. Our discussion of harmonisation—or, if you prefer the term, equilibration—renders a suggestion apposite.

There are those who give motion short shrift. "Change is perceptual, motion is conceptual," urges Karl Pearson, "objects change and we, in the field of conception, invest them with motion." (31) Such a view abolishes vulgar motion, the travelling *thing* of popular thought which flits from object to object, transferred and redistributed. On the other hand, it goes too far. It is subjectivistic, banishing the object that moves from Nature. Common sense is right in holding that the fox-terrier chasing the cat really moves. Whitehead insists in company with common sense that motion is a fact in Nature, that it presupposes rest, nay, in some sense a theory of absolute position. Our later statement about space-time will provide such a theory.

Bertrand Russell's view is that "before we can say that one piece of matter has moved, we must decide that two events at different times belong to one 'biography', and a 'biography' is defined by certain causal laws, not by persistence of substance. Consequently, motion is something constructed in accordance with the laws of physics, or—we might say—as a convenience in stating them; it cannot be one of the fundamental concepts of physics." (32) It might be objected that, according to Eddington, no strict causal behaviour obtains anywhere, or, as I say more bluntly, that there are no governing laws of Nature at all. But a more radical difficulty confronts this "event"-theory. It is the fashion nowadays to resolve not only motion but the electron, all the facts of Nature, into "events". In all these cases account is taken only of conscita; and conscita, as we saw, are not self-posed, do not exist of and by themselves. They presuppose always consciring on some level or other. And consciring, as is obvious in the cases of the dog and cat, provides

that continuity and sameness which would be lacking to "events" of the sort contemplated by Russell.

D. What do they mean by these "events"?

W. Spatio-temporal happenings. Whitehead calls the event the "ultimate unit of natural occurrence" penetrated by all other events: a "grasping into unity of a pattern of aspects". Now the grasping, the creative intermingling of the aspects so as to form the pattern, refer us to consciring; the aspects themselves are drawn from the Imaginals. I am endorsing the conclusions reached in the books *World as Imagination* and *Divine Imagining*, which appear to me to be correct.

D. And it is this too frequently overlooked consciring that underlies the so-called "felt unity"?

W. Of course; consciring is the secret of what Whitehead calls "prehension". Further, each creative mingling, it matters not on what level of reality, realises what some discuss as "value".

D. Because it is imaginal achievement aiming at the *best* possible?

W. Yes, but remember that on low levels the situation responded to is a very limited one. Hence the "value" may be evil when regarded from a central point of view or from the points of view of groups of finite sentients injured thereby. This important consideration will be relevant to the debate on Evil and Chance. Leslie will be very interested indeed, I can assure you.

L. You don't draw the feeling-aspect of value, pleasures and pains, and neutral feeling if such exists, from the Imaginals?

W. No—no; feeling is the robe of consciring as unimpeded or impeded activity. If consciring is unimpeded, even our recollections of pains may be pleasant. Imaginals are eternal features of Divine Imagining but pleasures and pains colour the creative consciring as it creates.

S. All most interesting, but at this rate you won't get to bed. Are we not wandering a trifle from the topic?

W. No, we are prepared now to deal with the mystery you find in motion. My solution runs as follows:

Quantum phenomena did much to shake belief in the continuity of motion; though metaphysics, with its "steps of

change", had spoken before the physicists had their say. The ground therefore has been well prepared for the imaginalist view that all motion implies imaginal "steps" and that each such creative "step" has its aspect of "value".

But what is the meaning of cosmic motion as it occurs in the creative time-process regarded as a whole? Well, its "value", as subserving immanent purpose, is at last, I venture to think, obvious. Motion is a feature in the harmonisation-process which mediates the Divine Event; a kind of change characterising violations and re-establishments of harmony in space-time. Positional changes are events within the conservative and creative imagining objectivated in Nature. Psychically actuated events are indicated; a full understanding of them implies a true metaphysics of space-time.

L. You include all motions among the violations and re-establishments of equilibrium which is ceaselessly disturbed in general and in detail? What about the kicking of ballet-girls?

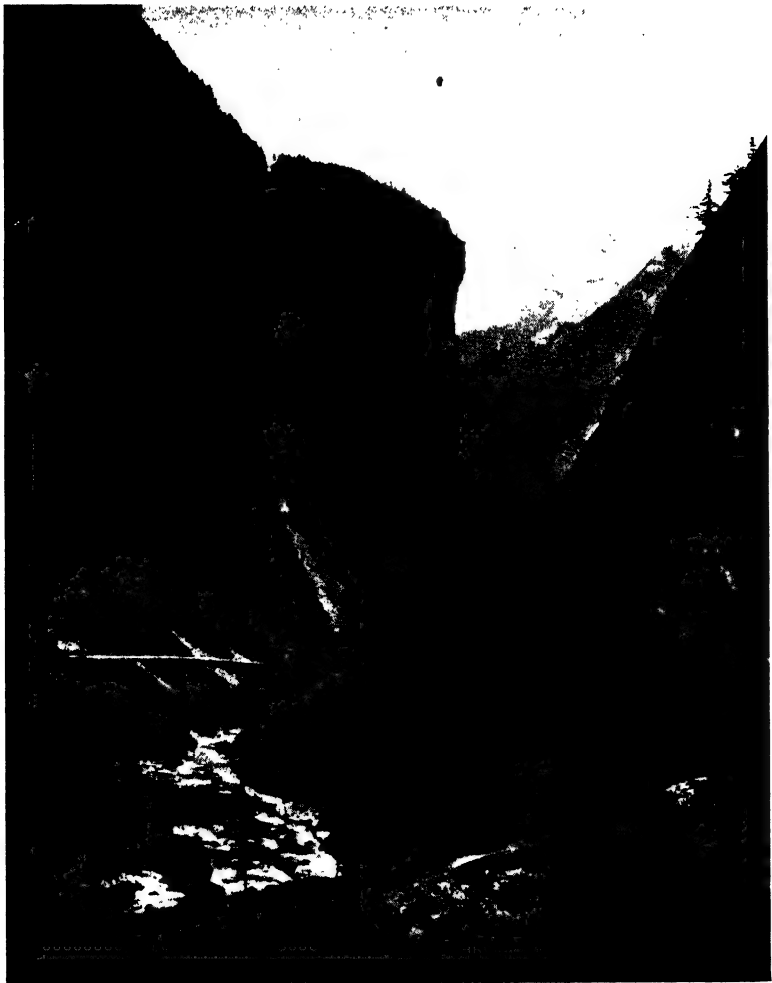
W. (laughing). I include all, from the motions abstractly discussed in physics to the wagging of a dog's tail, the dancing of gnats and ballet-girls, the coming and going in London streets, the gestures of an orator—any motions you care to suggest. Don't forget the remark cited by the Professor from Stout, namely, that in the physiological accompaniments of our quest of "ends" you have neural arrangements, which have been disturbed, tending to equilibrium; don't forget also that violations of equilibria are going on everywhere and that many of these complicate the main harmonisation-process.

S. You are giving us an opinion as to the *nature* of motion, which the mere mathematician, interested mainly in *measuring* it, is apt to ignore. You are rescuing motion from the sphere of inexplicable brute fact. These psychically actuated events having "values", not all furthering the main harmonisation-process, fall well into an imaginalist Nature-philosophy. Your further statement about space-time will be welcome indeed.

Our talk was at an end. West rose from his chair and left the balcony, Delane following. Then I stretched my limbs, gave over thinking and fell asleep.

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

- (1) Chapter II. pp. 33-41.
- (2) *The Logic of Modern Physics*, p. 205.
- (3) Sir J. H. Jeans, F.R.S., in *Eos*, p. 69.
- (4) *Our Knowledge of the External World*, p. 9.
- (5) *Divine Imagining*, p. 160, and *World as Imagination*, pp. 416-7.
- (6) *Nature of the Physical World*, p. 167.
- (7) *Eos*, p. 21.
- (8) *Eos*, p. 55.
- (9) Chapter XI. p. 283.
- (10) "We have no reason except prejudice for believing in the infinite extent of space and time, at any rate in the sense in which space and time are physical facts, not mathematical fictions."—*Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy*, p. 140.
- (11) *Analysis of Matter*, p. 264.
- (12) Bergson makes the true type of logical universal the "relation of an abstract statement to examples which repeat its tenor wholly without variation". But these latter exist only in men's heads.
- (13) Cf. Chapters XV. and XVI. on Conservation and Causation.
- (14) *Nature of the Physical World*, p. 309. Cf. also Chapter XVI. of this work with its contention that causal behaviour includes freedom and chance
- (15) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 169-70.
- (16) *Ibid.*, Chapter VII. pp. 166-7.
- (17) Chapter IX. of this work, p. 199-208.
- (18) Ueberweg's *History of Philosophy*, Eng. Trans., vol. ii. 335.
- (19) *Creative Evolution*, Eng. Trans., p. 171.
- (20) *Concept of Nature*, p. 146.
- (21) *Divine Imagining*, p. 21.
- (22) Consider this passage from Plotinus about the "intelligible" world: "In it every being contains within itself the entire intelligible world and also beholds it entire in any particular being. All things there are located everywhere. Everything there is all and all is each thing; infinite splendour radiates around."—*Enneads*. v., K. S. Guthrie's Trans.
- (23) Chapter X. of this work, p. 220 on reflectivity.
- (24) "Everything points with overwhelming force to a definite event, or series of events, of creation at some time or times, not infinitely remote."—*Eos*, p. 55.
- (25) Chapter XI. of this work, p. 262.
- (26) *Analysis of Matter*, p. 380. Cf. also J. S. Mackenzie, *Elements of Constructive Philosophy*, p. 418.
- (27) *Divine Imagining*, p. 204.
- (28) *Analytical Psychology*, i. 149-50.
- (29) On Equilibration, cf. *Divine Imagining*, pp. 178-84.
- (30) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 183-4.
- (31) "Objects appear, disappear and reappear; sense-impressions alter and modify their grouping. Change is the right word to apply to them rather than motion. It is in the field of conception solely that we can properly talk of the motion of bodies; it is there and there only that geometrical forms change their position in absolute time—that is, move."—*Grammar of Science* (3rd edit.), pp. 268-9.
- (32) *Analysis of Matter*, pp. 355-6.



THE GORGE OF GONDO IN THE SIMPLON PASS

CHAPTER XV

IN THE GORGE OF GONDO

LESLIE and I, seated at an iron table in the garden of an hotel at Brigue, were enjoying our "vin du glacier", most delicate of the Valaisan wines, after lunch. Leslie, with thoughts too light for words, was glancing at a fair traveller who seemed about to smile—encouragingly, if faintly. Outside the garden under the plane-trees was his two-seated open Fiat car which had borne us at high speed up the valley. Forgetting awhile the lure of the high peaks, we were bound for the gorge of Gondo, most picturesque portion of the Simplon Pass, where, so West had assured us, a dialogue could be enjoyed in a nook amid surroundings after the heart's desire. The others had chartered a second Fiat driven, by Delane; they must have been delayed by tyre or engine trouble—an accident, with Delane at the wheel, was most improbable. Losing patience at last we had made the long wait tolerable with lunch.

The chief interest of Brigue to the railway traveller from Montreux up the Rhône valley, or from Berne over the Löschberg, is that it is the last station before the Simplon tunnel is reached; to the motorist, that it lies at the foot of the Simplon Pass. In August it is a hot, stuffy meeting-place of trains at which the man in the car glances and passes on, leaving his dust-trail contemptuously in his wake. It has some cause, withal, to be proud of a Château which has survived the wild local struggles of the Middle Ages.

"Would you care to see the Stockalper Château?" I ventured.

"I think the garden is much more interesting," whereupon I observed that the dawn of the anticipated smile was breaking.

"Well, let us loaf then; these laggards must be here soon. What did you think of the last dialogue?"

"It pleased me about as much as it pleased the Professor, but I'm fighting in the third-line trenches still. Besides, my special difficulties have to be met."

"You mean those one refers to as the riddle of Evil?"

"Of course, and here's a case. While I was hanging about a village this morning, I watched a funeral procession. I made inquiries. A girl of eighteen had died of tubercular meningitis after a desperate struggle. She ought to have been drugged to death. But a stupid Roman Catholic doctor left her to 'bear her cross' and held his hand. So you are in face of two evils: that of the 'unweeting' senseless power which ensouls the frail body, and that of man's vice or folly in keeping the body alive too long."

"Oh! as to an easy death in such cases I am with you. The superstitions of the slave-religions are not worth discussion. Educate! Educate! But as to your 'unweeting' world-power—a word. I am now convinced that, in West's language, Divine Imagining conspires and with full reflectivity, aware of Itself and of all that It conserves and creates additively." (1)

"Then why the mad streak in the occurrences and beliefs of this world? Shall I recall the lunatics' religion of the Aztecs? Or shall I regale you with the story of *gonococcus* and *S. pallida*, the majority of whose victims are the innocent and which sow misery throughout the planet? Why were such miscreations possible? Is your god malevolent or amiably incompetent?"

"My dear fellow, you can keep me guessing as long as you like—I don't pretend to be able to solve your problems. Still, take note of this. Your main argument is too naïve. Appalling tragedies and defects mar this world—agreed. To account for them you, like Schopenhauer, suppose that the fontal power is unconscious—'unweeting will'—and that this fontal power is the sole creativity. You have not considered the view that very many agents, relatively independent of their source, may be concerned. 'God's in His heaven', but all's *not* right with *our* world which, in some manner yet to be suggested, has freed itself from central control. That is the rod which West has in pickle for the pessimist, if I mistake not."

"The rod may have no sting."

"I don't think you will like it—at least at first. Meanwhile I

must remind you that your refutation of West's case for Divine Imagining, for the God that conspires with full reflectivity, is not forthcoming. You have had plenty of time in which to formulate it and I must infer that you have nothing to say. Or rather you dodge the main issue, repeating that our world is full of evils, and putting me questions as to how these evils came to pass. Well, very shortly you will be able to heckle West."

"West's metaphysics may be unanswerable, at least by amateurs such as I; am I to triumph where dons fear to tread? But I have a right to say that all the features of this painful world must be dealt with; that there shall be no whitewashing of reality in order that the hypothesis of Divine Imagining may live. You understand me; I am a poet running amok, not a trained thinker, but I voice in your midst the sorrows of millions. You hold forth on divine conspiring; I am more interested in the man who dies screaming. Show me that those screams don't foul God and I will sit at the feet of the metaphysicians and enjoy their wisdom."

"And they will be lucky in being able to talk to an honest man. But, hallo! here's one of the gang."

Leslie, forgetting altogether the mysterious lady, leapt to his feet as Deiane, bareheaded and wearing a light motoring coat considerably the worse for use, rolled up to us with his hands in his pockets.

"Wine-bibbers and loungers, do you realise what a job we've had on the road—a valve went wrong in the second cylinder forward; just look at my hands. I must have a wash. No, we shan't stop, had all we wanted on the way. The others are outside in the car."

Within five minutes Leslie and I were making the pace up the long and easy zigzags or "lacets" that lead from the hot valley-bottom into the great notch of the Simplon Pass. The gradients are easy since the route was made to secure Napoleon's military communications with Italy and horses could not be tasked satisfactorily up steep slopes. Our 30 h.p. car was climbing mostly "on top". We reached *Bérisal*, set in its woods, without meeting another vehicle of any sort, threaded some dripping galleries and came to rest before the hotel of the *Simplon Kulm* at a height of some 6300 feet above sea-level. Waiting for our

friends we enjoyed to the full the grand outlook on to the Rhône valley and the mountains of the Bernese Oberland. Not far away was the *Hospice du Simplon*.

"I got stuck up there last year on the 30th of May," commented Leslie, pointing to the *Hospice* as we sipped our lemonade, "when coming up from Lake Maggiore. They were cutting through the winter snow to clear the road and the snow-walls were some fourteen feet high. I had no chains on the back tyres with the usual result—spinning wheels."

"How did you get clear?"

"Hunted up the foreman of the road-gang and distributed francs; fifteen men pulled and pushed; the wheels bit occasionally, and the bad patch was passed somehow. Ah! here comes the luggage train—hot too, in fact making steam far too freely. What a crock they've got hold of!"

The "crock" stopped to cool the radiator and take in water. Ten minutes after we had passed the *Hospice* and were descending through *Algaby* towards the famous gorge of Gondo. Another and a long gallery and we had reached our destination. We left the cars and, profiting by West's local knowledge, settled ourselves cosily in a delicious nook.

We were lying on the flower-spangled grass of a small clearing. Sixty feet below us boiled the torrent which has excavated one of the finest of Alpine gorges, the brown-black walls of which, topped with pines, rose precipitously for hundreds of feet into the blue; in the far distance a great, rounded, snow-topped mountain, draped with haze, loomed athwart the mouth of the defile and closed the view. On our left the white line of the road, breaking with its regular curve the sombre wall of cliff, fell away down towards Gondo and the Italian frontier. We were not going farther; we were merely resting awhile in one of the temples of Pan and in the late afternoon should be on our way back to Viège. But what a setting for a dialogue!

L. Splendid, West. We must each be responsible in turn for outings of this sort. After all, on the big peaks there is no time for talks except in the huts. . . . Well, to work. We have been hearing of the aspects of the archetypal world-system and I suppose that we shall be discussing allied topics to-day.

W. That is so. I shall begin then by offering some remarks on

Conservation and Creation, which will involve reference to the problems of "law" and of the Imaginals. I should like to add something about the *cruz* of causation, but time has to be considered, and our dinner at Viège is ordered for nine o'clock.

L. Nothing about Evil?

W. You miss your customary fare? No—not yet. Evil will be explained by indicating its place in the world-system and we cannot as yet find that place.

D. Leslie thinks he holds all the best cards and is longing to throw them on to the green cloth.

W. He will need a better hand than he holds. . . . But to our task.

We found that conscurring posits conservatively and additively. That is destroyed which is not, or cannot be, sustained actively. Conservative activity—the *ἐνέργεια ἀκμῆσις* emphasised by Schiller in *Riddles of the Sphinx*—may sustain with complete absence of novelty, as in the case of the archetypal world-system, in so far as it endures stably prior to the Metaphysical Fall. In this case there is no imaginal field to be realised; what is sustained and what is sought coincide; the immanent end is achieved without call for a transformative time-process. The fundamental Imaginals too are conserved eternally, whatever else is destroyed. The form of creation called conservation reveals the nature of Divine Imagining, though only a side of it.

D. It is the over-emphasis of this side which gives rise to the belief in Absolutes, Indian, German and other, said to be "above" change?

W. That and the wish of tired men to rest in the accomplished. I continue. In this empirical world of ours conservation concurs with additive creation; it is the world, not of Being but, of Becoming. And yet there are islets of pure conservation in those minimal causal events which constitute the "steps" of change: in those fragmentary contents which endure without internal lapse. Observe too the accomplished in art. "Adonais", the Iliad, the symphony, the cathedral, are generated in the time-flux and are, nevertheless, said to be conserved. Their conservation is less complete, however, than it seems. Thus "Adonais" retains its verbal form, being repeated so far accurately in very

many events, but its imaginal re-creation by each reader entails, in fact, novelty. The verbal form is only the invitation to us to imagine; hence "Adonais" with its varied instances undergoes considerable change.

D. The ordinary "things" which are located everywhere around us seem to me like attempts at conservation—at Being—even in the very lap of Becoming.

A. But unsuccessful ones, since a "thing" may be discussed plausibly as the series of its different appearances. The "thing" is surely our creation, subserving purpose: the invention of that which conspires. The "identity" of the ordinary "thing" is like the light of the moon which is borrowed from the sun. But, on the other hand, certain series of appearances in Nature may be the outward signs of centres of conspiring. You call your car a "thing" but you would not say that it conspires; its "identity" is of your making. You may plausibly hold that the organism called an electron conspires—even if only irreflectively. In that case it is a "thing" whose identity depends on itself, not merely on you.

S. But even then it is identical in spite of change; it is unable to conserve itself unaltered, to reject all novelty within the Becoming.

W. It is like a stack or skerry which you see on broken coast-lines. It stands apparently secure amid the yeast of waves but is altered from instant to instant. The stack, however, is a "thing" whose identity derives from us.

In considering conservation you have to allow for the unsounded depths within God which exist, like world-archetypes, aloof from additively creative evolution. And in respect of the fundamental eternal Imaginals you have the connexions or relations implied. Don't suppose that Divine Imagining is "above" relations, as Bradley would have said; the sentiments and contents which It grasps must be compresent to It in certain manners, *and that is the fact of being related*. I must insist, however, that these relations are not properly called "logical". In themselves they have nothing to do with that human reasoning and its logic about which so many books have been written. They are manners of compresence within ultimate reality—no more. Once grasped by us they can be treated as premisses for use in our

reasonings. But that is our affair. This topic was dealt with long ago; I can pass on.

If you desire to emphasise conservation, you might try to conceive Divine Imagining as refraining from additively creative adventures and resting—though such rest also is activity—eternally without novelty. It would then resemble the immobile, accomplished Absolute of so many idealistic philosophers. But in fact Divine Imagining only is in so far as It is active, and, as active, It shows in full character, which is not merely conservative but also additively creative—hence processes of evolution are taking place, without pause even during a stage when trillions of world-systems are at rest.

S. Conservation covers the “made reality” of all the pasts of all the world-systems?

W. In so far as those pasts are not destroyed. Nothing which cannot contribute to the Bliss-consciring is conserved. But all fair achievement, in our mathematics and poetry for instance, is conserved, being part of the harvest which is grown and reaped by finite individuals. God creates through us as we create largely through God; the far-flung myriads of finite sentients are God creating in special ways. But the risks of miscreation!—read the unlovely pages of history in which Winwood Reade saw the Martyrdom of Man.

L. Hegel writes that what eternal wisdom intended is actually accomplished in mere Nature and the story of sentient life.(2) Put not your trust then in Deity.

W. Certainly not in the Moloch of Hegel. But no digressions. Well, respecting conservation in general, we can appreciate Spinoza’s saying that existents need God’s power to last as well as to begin. Is it necessary now to point out how conservation is illustrated in the more or less steady events of the empirical world? Nature shows many enduring aspects; “most phenomena,” writes Mill, “are in their own nature permanent; having begun to exist, they would exist for ever unless some cause intervened having a tendency to alter or destroy them”.(3) The famous “inertia”, in virtue of which a body tends to persist in rest or movement, describes a conservative feature of reality. The causal postulate is that “like conditions give birth to like events”, but, failing conservation of like conditions, it would be of no use to

us. (4) Stability must not be endangered by novelty; and the rates of alteration and destruction of phenomena are of first importance. In the domains of astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, biology, etc., conservation and additive creation conspire admirably to the achieving of purpose. And yet we cannot, except for convenience, bridle Nature with "laws".

S. The red strand of conservation runs through all phases of Nature, psychology, social and political life. Even the weights of the stars, as Sir J. H. Jeans tells us, do not vary much from that of the sun, despite differences of size and brightness. Stability concurs effectively with innovation, and the fact is so obvious that we need not dwell on it. (5) We are not, however, living in a perfect world; hence conservation can be useless and may be most mischievous. Thus biological structures, (6) regeneration, (7) habits, customs, absurd creeds, enactments, etc., often show how conservation overstressed makes for ill. No doubt West will include such riddles in his discussion of Evil. I waive the point accordingly. I wish to put now a very important question. An allusion was made to "laws". What is West's attitude towards what are usually called the "laws" of Nature and Mind?

W. Let us ignore the conventional contrast of Nature and Mind, for Nature is a complex of contents posited by Divine Imagining; though independent of us, it is compact of imagination. But as regards the "laws" it is time to make a statement.

Karl Pearson calls the "laws" of science "products of creative imagination", in the sense that they are imagined by us. They are made with a certain artistry. Do these "laws", creatively generalised by us, stand for rigid uniformities of co-existence and sequence in the domains of which we assert them? Our fancies, as notably in the case of a famous version of Relativity, are built into them. "What are the crude deliverances of sensible experience, apart from that world of imaginative reconstruction which for each of us has the best claim to be called the real world?" asks Whitehead. (8) This much is certain—the world private to each of us is the "world as imagination". But are rigid uniformities present, not only in our thinking, but in the domains about which we think?

L. Push the pragmatism home.

W. The "reign of law" about which we heard so much in the days of Kant, Mill and Spencer is no longer regarded as universal. And yet men, somewhat absurdly it must be allowed, used to call the law of causation axiomatic. "There is, so far as we know," writes Bertrand Russell, "a complete absence of law in certain very important respects. Where we know less, the laws may be purely statistical . . . there is no conclusive reason for believing that all natural occurrences happen in accordance with laws which suffice to determine them, given a sufficient knowledge of their antecedents." (9) "Perhaps the electron jumps when it likes; perhaps the minute phenomena in the brain which make all the difference to mental phenomena belong to the region where physical laws no longer determine definitely what must happen." (10) And Eddington, as I noted before, asserts that "there is no strict causal behaviour anywhere". (11) I shall be dealing later with the topics of causation and chance; I am merely warning you to be ready to hear the imaginist account of this matter. I don't wish to shock Delane's common sense.

D. You won't shock me at this stage of my thought, but you will be startling many simple-minded people. For instance, the theosophists, in championing "Karma", have talked much of "inflexible" laws of Nature. And armies of crude agnostics and determinists have tried to smother human initiative with "law".

L. They spoke too soon and must be prepared to look ridiculous. They have treated a conceptual instrument as if it were a ruling power.

W. That is so. The laws in question are statuted by man, not by Divine Imagining; are useful inventions justified only by their success in aiding predictions and abridged descriptions of facts. Hobson observes of causal laws, that Natural Science by minute examination and comparison of observations "discovers the existence of sequences of sufficient similarity with one another to be capable of being described by rules, which are often called Laws of Nature. It synthesises these rules into conceptual schemes, called general theories." (12) Exactly: "sufficient similarity" serves as a basis for creative synthesis! No causal relation in Nature can be said to be repeated without variations, however slight. And in the processes observed by psychologists, touching which laws of association and so forth

are mooted, this lack of sheer repetition is obvious. Thus you invent laws and you cannot hope to verify them fully. The cases escape through the meshes of the nets cast around them. In fine, you are thinking occurrences together by means of "laws", but the dodge must not be valued too highly.

D. But what occurs in the world-system that tolerates your dodge? Why even the "sufficient similarity"?

W. There is a tendency toward conservation and a tendency toward additive creation illustrated in general and in detail throughout the empirical world-system. These tendencies concur in such fashion that nothing can be repeated without infection by novelty. Recall what was said about penetration: nothing stands alone, all things "in one another's being mingle"; hence the encircling world-system, which is changing, forbids pure conservation. On the other hand, behind the play of conservation and additive creation in the phenomenal order are the Imaginals: features of Divine Imagining which certainly endure. The resembling contents of objects are instances of such Imaginals; of those that are selected feeders of this particular world-system. All aspects of objects are provided for in the imaginal and immanently purposive whole.

"Laws" may be stated with a drear mathematical severity. When we are interested in quantities, we require with Mach that laws shall be "equations between the *measurable* elements of phenomena". When we are interested in the *character* of the sequences concerned we must turn for instruction to philosophy. And Ravaisson tells us that the apparent fatality of Nature is the outcome of "habits" formed by repetition of actions which were once free and expressed initiative on some level or other towards perfection and beauty. On this showing, when we ascribe "laws" to Nature, we are noting the outward and visible marks of "habit" which we label in a special way. Why did our predecessors like the word "law"? It refers us to uniformities but it suggests also authority. Whitehead thinks that belief in the universality of natural law won the assent of inquirers only at the Renaissance; and he finds in it echoes of the Fate of Greek tragedy, the supremacy of Roman law and the dogma of the rationality of God. Royce considers that the concept of unvarying law was of social origin and, freed at length from its practical

motives, "became universal and has inflicted itself as a dogma upon more recent thought". (13)

A. This concept of habit, which is conservative but with modifying variations, however slight, frees us from the belief, cherished by many idealists, that natural connexions are necessarily "eternal connexions". Eternal connexions there are, since eternal Imaginals are *compresent* to God, but many connexions which we have named laws may pass away as a tale that is told, not merely into that "made reality" which is the past, but into that nothingness which awaits all the dross of the world-system; that part of the ugly which cannot be included in the divine synthesis and which has to be destroyed.

L. West, when you speak of habit, you have in mind, I suppose, the centres of consciring involved. You would not talk of Newton's "masses" of "inanimate matter", for instance, as contracting habits?

W.* Certainly not. Habit implies the behaviour of beings that conscire. However, there are indefinitely many sentient, major and minor, active on all levels of the world-system; their activities underlie even the events of physics. Habit? It was described by Spencer as a "course of action characterised by constancy as distinguished from actions that are inconstant", but the actions are those of sentient beings. Habitual actions of these limited sentient beings are a phase of the wider conservation which we have been discussing to-day. Let me read you a passage bearing on the point from the book *Divine Imagining*: "The basic condition of the forming of habits in ourselves is that the psycho-physical processes involved are repeatable; and this conservative repetition must be supposed to obtain also in Nature. There is consciring, which is conservative, among the minor sentient beings, and with that the uniformity, facility and obstinacy characteristic of habit supervene. But action is, to a certain extent, plastic while habit is being formed. And the formed habit, again, will never be quite stable, since no two instants of the world's history are exactly alike; and the sentient beings will not behave at the second instant quite as they did at first. Even the best generalisations of science, being dependent on this changeable behaviour, are menaced and may become obsolete with the process of the suns. But the rate of

change of the behaviour, in respect of the more important laws, is so slow that it makes no practical difference to human generalisers." (14)

L. Excellent: but these habits of finite sentient can't originate solely from themselves. They must derive from modification of the *given* characters of the sentient and of their environments. Habits presuppose psychical events, rendering possible their formation. Let us suppose, *e.g.*, that an electron begins to conspire—reflectively or irreflectively. What is presented to it at first? Nothing which it has chosen or modified; nothing which has not been thrust on it. It starts with provided content, content which comes to it; and it will be penetrated always by contents from surroundings which it did not make. You have to allow that it plays a part in the making of its habits, but a complete explanation of the making has yet to be found.

W. That is true. In the beginning all is given; what is presented to the sentient is not what the sentient has made; its habits therefore, based on repetitions, are secondary. But to say more now about the beginning would be to discuss the birth of the world-system.

A. What of the connexion between pleasure-pain and conspiring about which you had a good deal to say? (15) This can't be a habit—would you call it an "eternal connexion"?

W. Pleasure-pain is the robe of conspiring; (16) and conspiring is pleasurable or painful according as its creating is furthered or thwarted by conflict. Feelings are not ordinary content-terms, but, if the phrase "eternal connexion" pleases you, make use of it. Let me welcome here your recently-made suggestion about many of the "connexions" noted by science. Many are transient. A large part of world-history must be destroyed if the cosmic poem is to attain full beauty. Nothing is conserved permanently save for the Bliss-conspiring. The lily grows out of the mud, but how much of the mud will persist in the conspiring of the gods?

S. Then the Affective—Feeling—is of supreme moment. There is no appeal from this Last Judgment. All that does not make for Delight-Love-Beauty in the Divine Event must perish everlastingly.

W. Bring your reflections about this truth into the dialogues that will concern the soul. Much of great significance is involved. Meanwhile it is seen that with the passage of time Feeling takes its revenge on Science. Just now Feeling is not allowed by us to mar the ascertainment of Truth; later on reality will be controlled by Feeling and, of course, along with reality, the Truth "about" it.

D. But what, after all, is the good of knowledge, if the known is not worth knowing?

W. What indeed? And now let me bring this discussion to a close. The main considerations can be stated thus. You take note of uniformity in the real. Sometimes you speak of statistical laws which deal only with a uniformity of averages; sometimes of laws which, in Eddington's words, are "obeyed as mathematical identities in virtue of the way in which the quantities obeying them are built"; sometimes you confront a statement of alternatives within the same field, *e.g.* when $2 + 2 = 4$ can be taken to mean that discrete units are conscirable *either* as 2 and 2 *or* as 4; sometimes, again, you are referring to the controlling dynamic that actually makes the world: the dynamic that lies behind Planck's constant or the phenomena of the tides. In respect of this you may talk of "habits", but you must allow also that the fundamental "habits" arise within a setting provided by Divine Imagining, conservative and additively creative. The "habits" are evolved through repetitions imposed on the agents concerned. Minor "habits", however, may be evolved by these agents acting within the limits of their freedom. The value of the term "habit" is that it enables us to dispense with that convention, the rigid law, and to regard the conservative actions concerned as merely like one another, yielding ever to the "plastic stress" of innovation. I conclude by saying that there are no controlling or governing laws that shape Nature and us; there is Divine Imagining and there are the conservative and additively creative agents that arise within It. These powers, and no other, rule on all levels, of irreflective and reflective consciring alike. (17)

It is seasonable now to say something respecting creation and novelty. This statement ought to be followed shortly by a glance at causation: creative novelty leavening its entire

domain. Imaginism shows its hand very openly in dealing with causation and time.

Creation has been called by Professor J. A. Smith the "superlative of action". It is so when siring novelty. And many idealists disapprove of novelty. On the other hand, Bergson holds that mind, in so far as it is conscious, is "always producing something new". But even he allots a realm to automatisms which seem to go on conservatively, no one knows how. Anderton, do you mind stating what the university opponents of the novel have to say?

A. Bosanquet considered that belief in the formation of new reality as *bona fide* addition to the universe involves a contradiction in terms. (18) Sophistry! This is the case only if you decree that the word "universe" shall mean all reality creating, created and that may be created: consciring and all possible conscita. Of course there could be no addition to this totality. Bradley argued that the *concept* of change, comprising both the necessity and the impossibility of uniting diverse aspects, is "self-contradictory appearance". It flouts a law of rational thought. Change points back to the dilemma of the one and the many, the identity and the differences; "how anything can possibly be anything else" is the fundamental question which in *Appearance and Reality* defies his efforts. Change being false appearance, the universe is to be considered above change; novelty, implying such change, is proscribed. Causation, again, which is an attempt to account "rationally" for change, is no longer available. It too is self-contradictory and joins the procession of familiar concepts bound for the guillotine. A causes B, you aver, whereupon a dilemma is stated thus. If the sequence of the effect B is different from the cause A, how can the ascription of it to A be defended "rationally"; if it is not different, no causation exists. "Rationally" means without flouting the law of contradiction. With this hammer Bradley hits concept after concept as Thor breaks the stone-heads of the mountain giants with Mjolnir during a storm.

L. Thor makes a lot of noise and yet the stone-heads reappear after the storm.

W. Inevitably. They exist also during the storm. What is revealed in the centre of consciring called Bradley while he

is writing? All the "unreal", "self-contradictory" appearances which he has denounced.

As I said before, you can't apply the alleged law of contradiction in this way. Hegel himself urged that everything finite is somewhat "as well as something else"; this is merely a manner of stating the fact of compenetration already discussed by us: (19) namely, that all things "in one another's being mingle". In the realm of *determinate* objects, of course, you confront special antipathies. Thus an object cannot be green and red in exactly the same place at exactly the same time. Nevertheless it can be green *and anything else which this quality does not exclude*. Now these exclusions, which are ascertained empirically, have to be recorded in our statements; and the maxim of contradiction helps us to avoid contradiction (in the original sense of the word) when having our "say" to others and ourselves. It does not secure us, as is notorious, from having a verbal mentality divided against itself, but is certainly a device often of service.

We agreed long ago that Imagining cannot be limited so as to be unable to produce change and novelty. Divine Imagining only is in conserving and creating additively; "consistent" expression of Its character includes therefore the alleged "inconsistency" of novelty and change which Bosanquet and Bradley denounce. A situation of poignant dialectical interest.

S. Accept Divine Imagining and you have to allow for the formation of novelty, whether that course accords with your logic or not. This seems to me obvious. Need we dwell on the point longer?

D. No—we confront here one of those great simple truths which tend to possess us as soon as they are understood. What say you, Leslie?

L. Imaginism in some form wins. I am amused at the "consistent" manifestation of Imagining giving us the alleged "inconsistent" or self-contradictory facts of novelty and change. Anderton left his old camp betimes.

D. You say, West, that additive creation concurs with conservation in all quarters of the actual world. Even in the domains of memory and instinct?

W. Certainly. Memory is never a mere reproduction of the past; it occurs in a new setting which often greatly alters it. As

to instinct, innovation colours the conservative even in this quarter. The Professor has read, I believe, the Appendix on Instinct in the book *Divine Imagining*. (20) Perhaps he will throw further light on the inquiry?

S. Man's instincts are plastic; it is a truism that they can be transformed in the direction of good or fouled in ways unknown to the beast. They can be suppressed also during the creative realisation of an end. But animal instincts also are modifiable, though the conservation of them seems at first immune from change. The chroniclers of "automatisms" have not always observed well even on lowly levels of animal life. I have in mind an article by Professor J. A. Thomson on "The Mind of the Wasp". Variations deviating from routine, nay, cases which suggest individual learning, were observed; cases which destroy the barrier erected by some theorists, *e.g.* Bergson, between instinct and intelligence. (21) On higher animal levels instinct is adapted to the varying details of each situation—the stoat can never bite two rabbits in quite the same way—and this creative modification is precisely what West has in mind. Instinct then, unless we are asking at what time and in what manner special instincts began, presents no difficulty.

W. No such investigations just now. Any more queries of metaphysical import?

A. In the case of the minimal "step of change" there is pure conservation of content broken only by another step. Nothing is altered in the content till the new leap takes place?

W. But the content has first to appear! Such minimal rest-phases, parted by innovation phases, resemble the pulses of human thought in science and philosophy; relatively quiet periods followed by sudden transformations. (22) Imagining works thus—not through continuous changes in a series of which there are no "next" members.

D. Creation is limited by the limited quantity of factors, such as the Imaginals, which are present in any particular world-system?

W. Yes, just as creation in the game of chess is limited by the initial conditions of the game. But don't, after the manner of some writers, suppose that all possible variations of all possible

problems and games were given somehow when chess was invented. They have to be created by purposive agents within the conditions of construction originally decreed. Similarly, in the case of the world-system, variations are not all "explicit" manifestation of mysteriously "implicit" contents; they may be novelties imagined during the fulfilment ("filling full") of the plan. Design, derived from a word meaning to draw, is a sketch which is incomplete.

A. And you would add that the "filling full" takes place in spite of the risks run, for miscreations must be possible.

L. West won't care to regard the doings of Gilles de Retz or Torquemada as "implicit" somehow in the divine archetypal form of the world-system. And a man eaten alive by ants or dying of hydrophobia hardly suggests the fancy that glows with Delight-Love-Beauty!

W. Wait and see. Meanwhile let us be glad that no particular world-system can become uglier and fouler than its basic conditions allow. Disasters take place in the game of life as in a game of chess. Yet in the playing of a world-game, though much may go wrong, shattering catastrophes are improbable. The limiting conditions are decisive. All that goes amiss can be righted, though the processes of "equilibration" may not be welcome to those concerned.

L. You accept creation *ex nihilo*?

W. If you accept Becoming, you must reject the saying "*ex nihilo nihil fit*". For instance, the distinctive reality of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was not in the "conditions" which were required for its making. "It is of no use to say . . . that, when conditions, *a, b, c* . . . , are complete and present, *Hamlet* is present as well. For you know perfectly well that this is to say that, when the 'condition' of *having been imagined* is present, *Hamlet* is present too! But it is just this stroke which is entirely new to the universe." I quote from the book *Divine Imagining*.⁽²³⁾ Creation here is *ex nihilo*, because *Hamlet* is not dug out of reality, but achieved and thrust on it. And creation of this kind is taking place in every quarter of the world-system. There is, withal, no creation of the new save as alteration of what is furnished by conservation. Shakespeare required a mass of provided contents which he had to transform in thought. Divine Imagining

innovates, not *in vacuo*, but on a basis of conservation, whence sprang the world-archetype already discussed.

Creation, which does not find but "makes", is creation *ex nihilo*. What has been made is the matrix within which the making goes on, but which does not give birth to it. Creation is one of the secrets of consciring of which the *creatum*, already made and sustained, is another.

I pass on to consider a topic to which I have made frequent allusions—the Imaginals. Anderton, set the ball rolling.

A. A glance at history will help us. Plato, Milton's "fabulator maximus", gave us the theory of the IDEAS, one of the most interesting inventions of the human mind. There is still disagreement among scholars as to what precisely he meant by them; philosophers don't always write clearly and they live through many phases of thought. But let us take them in the form criticised in the *Parmenides* and by Aristotle. They seem to be hypostasised concepts, set above the flux of the Becoming, immune from change. They are, like the Absolute, adored by tired men in quest of stability. They are credited with archetypal rank in relation to this empirical world; and yet it proves difficult, or rather impracticable, to connect them with it; they are parted by too wide a gulf from the stir and stress of workaday events. Nevertheless they have played a great part in the history of thought. They are milestones on our route to something else; to exalted conservative sources of the contents of the world-system, which at once make appeal to our aesthetic nature and provide philosophy with a key to many riddles.

The next great step, relevant to our discussion, was taken by Schopenhauer: a writer of great genius whose work, ignored as long as was practicable by trade-union philosophers, continues to aid us to-day. Schopenhauer has described the IDEAS as standing midway between his "Will" or ultimate world-principle and the particulars; coming and going (*εἰσιόντα καὶ ἐξιόντα*, as a Greek would have said) into and from the time-flux. I won't ask here whether his "Will"—which embodies a protest against Hegel's identification of God or the world-principle with Reason—would not have been better described as Imagining; we agree now, I believe, that Schopenhauer missed the mark. I will merely observe that the IDEAS are odd features

of a universe actuated in the depths, as he contends, by blind "Will".

Good use is made of these IDEAS; they are not kept aloof from our world; they are connected with all the events that show in time. Our world is said to be "nothing but the manifestation of the IDEAS 'in multiplicity'". Schopenhauer, however, had inherited from Kant the view that time-succession exists only for us; hence there remains a difficulty as to why and how the IDEAS show thus illusively in events. Had Schopenhauer accepted Imagining as the world-principle, and with that a frank objective idealism, he might have found a solution of the time-riddle which saves the world believed in by the plain man and meets every need of the philosopher.

L. Anderton is becoming more royalist than the king. . . . But tell us—does Schopenhauer take over Plato's hypostasised concepts? If so, can we talk of these concepts as manifesting, incarnating themselves, as it were, in the world around us? You can't get a sunset out of the *concept* of colour, though once that it appears you can "subsume" it, as the logicians say, under a concept as your purposes require.

A. A telling question. But it is a merit of Schopenhauer's IDEAS that they are not concept-universals. "The IDEA is the unity that falls into multiplicity . . . the concept, on the contrary, is the unity reconstructed out of multiplicity by the abstraction of our reason; the latter may be defined as *unitas post rem*, the former as *unitas ante rem*". (24) A further statement is timely. There are discussions pursued to-day which stress universals in connexion with the "logical analysis of the proposition". The "proposition" is a very secondary matter, interesting mainly men who write on logic. The IDEAS, on the other hand, concern indefinitely more than logic and its propositions—they enter into all aspects of the variety of things. The more important of them belong to the foundations of the entire world. They are also *powers*, not stiff, verbalised abstractions, forms of inert "made" reality, such as stock the minds of men seeking wisdom in the library.

S. I note that you skip the discussions about "universals" so frequent in the Middle Ages. Doubtless because you dislike all philosophy which is influenced directly or indirectly by a popular

religion. I understand and I share your attitude. But, in respect of modern philosophy, you might have found passages worth attention in Hegel's works.

A. This man was for the cult of the concept; Schopenhauer had condemned it. Thus Hegel believes in the *unitas ante rem*, but regards it as "conceptual" or "notional" in conformity with his general philosophy of Reason. He holds that the "notion" is "the very heart of things and makes them what they are". The unclosing of the plant-seed into root, stem, etc., is described as the "*judgment of the plant*"! Surely intellectualism could go no further?

S. I see—you are whole-heartedly with West in rejecting intellectualism; you are ignoring "Reason" and helping him to get beyond even Schopenhauer.

A. I have done with the older theories about "universals" and am suggesting to our less bookish friends here what to avoid.

S. (after a pause and some whispering). Leslie and Delane, like myself, don't take to this word "universal". In the first place, it suggests, quite absurdly but effectively, ubiquity in space and time. But the "universal" snuff-box refers me to instances which have only a few local habitations. Snuff-boxes don't pervade the world system as containers of snuff, though their constituent protons and electrons penetrate in some fashion the electro-magnetic field wherever you can find it. We require then a word less suggestive of ubiquity. In the second place, the word is used with different meanings by different writers. If I see a red rose and a red scarf and then think of their redness, I am said to form a concept, called by many a "universal". This is one meaning: the universal is common to two or more instances of it found in distinct objects or groups of objects. But, if you turn to the writings of Bosanquet, you will observe that this word is used with quite another meaning: what is intended is just a systematic whole.(25) Surely the hate of the plain man for technical philosophy need not be worsened by this kind of thing. A reform in terminology seems imposed.

D. What has been written round the words "universal", "relation", "value" and "concept" is enough to drive the ordinary man from philosophy.

L. What with *universalia ante res, in rebus* and *post res* and the vague use of words like "concept" and "universal" we are talked out of the intuition of reality.

A. Well, I have said all I care to say at present and I have to refer you now to West. This topic is a very difficult one; and we are not going to exhaust it this afternoon. A special book is required, always supposing that the writer (or better a group of writers) is at grips with the real.

W. IDEAS such as were contemplated by Schopenhauer appear in the setting of Imaginism as the IMAGINALS.(26) They are comparable with the "eternal objects" of Whitehead, which are "such that they are exemplified in everything that is actual, according to some proportion of relevance"; this "proportion" is what is referred to in all my remarks on the "divinity of measure".(27) They resemble Santayana's "essences" in being the infinite storehouse of contents such as show in the empirical world. Imaginals, however, are only "objects" from a human point of view; on the level of Divine Imagining there is no such opposition as is implied by the words "subject" and "object". They are neither abstract universals nor those concrete universals which Hegel dubbed "Notions" and called "the very heart of things", not merely *our* notions about them. For the notion or concept, even when dignified in this manner, belongs still to intellectualist philosophy: to the attitude for which, in Hegel's language, "Reason" is "sovereign of the world". Our actual knowledge of concepts or notions, as phenomena of the human mind, shows that they lack concreteness. Thus my concept of Divine Imagining is a mere substitute-fact, a bloodless phantom, whereby I represent to myself God. It is the best representation possible for man but it leaves very much, we must admit, to be desired. It simulates in my thinking so little of what God comprises in and for Himself. It is a shadow which must not be mistaken for sunlight. But all concepts of rich realities gape thus with defect. A concept, whatever dream of concreteness stirs its maker, is always abstract; it is also "of" and "about". I use concepts of God, of free trade, of animals, of the State, of pain, of eternity, but these concepts are not God, free trade, etc.; only mental makeshifts or substitute-facts wherewith we try to grasp what in its fulness evades us. A

concept inspected is not "the very heart of things"; it is a device which enables us to consider things and their heart in certain aspects which concern our selective thinking.

L. Could you not just regard the empirical world as related contents without postulating Imaginals or "eternal objects" at all?

W. That hypothesis will please those who ignore the conservative side of things and stress the additively creative. But, after all, it is to conservation that are due the conditions under which creative innovation occurs. You have many variations in chess but they are invented within a field, the general character of which remains constant throughout. A poet, again, may fancy novel visual shapes, but he does so within the conditions furnished by space-time and colour. There is no additive creation save on a basis of conservation; and the great types of conservation determine the fields in which novel combinations appear.

S. I might point to colour as such a type. No amount of creative innovation could produce red or blue, if colour were not a basic conservative feature of the universe—or shall I say of Divine Imagining?

L. You don't believe, as a man of science, that colour originates only in brains?

S. There are no facts to warrant that conclusion. There is no single hypothesis about colour which is satisfactory to all men of science. But, if there were, I should be of my opinion still. The undulatory hypothesis makes much of "vibration". "Vibration", we decided long ago, is a term characteristic of mechanistic thought. What ought to be said in metaphysics is that certain periodic processes take place, and among the qualities emergent in their events occur colour-qualities themselves. Red and blue may appear literally in Nature, whether we mortals happen to perceive them or not. Nothing is known to science which wrecks the belief of the poet and plain man. (28) Robert Louis Stevenson has nothing to fear in this regard from the "cold finger" of the starfish which writes so misleadingly about the world. (29)

D. Was God unaware of light before the evolution of animal bodies and brains? Bosh.

L. But, even if colours are eternal, does it follow that there is an Imaginal of Colour or better Light?

W. Shall I discuss this particular Imaginal? You agree. Well; you can regard it as the source of all the light-contents of our empirical world; as "the very heart" of all phenomena such as are classed as visual.

I am in what is (for me) a dark room and I draw a match along the surface of a box. What happens? Certain periodic processes in Nature are quickened and there emerges quality which, penetrating my retina and the cortex of my brain, is conscired as yellow light. Whence and wherefore this invasive quality? It is a portion of the Imaginal, in so far as it appears in our world-system. Conditions sequent on the rubbing of the match allow light, and light of a certain colour only, to be embodied in, and radiated from, a physical object which previously I was unable to see.

D. This embodiment of light, one might say, resembles the birth of one of us. We are born, begin to conscire in connexion with a physical body, when certain complex conditions are satisfied. The soul is not wholly the outcome of the body; it comes to it, though its filling is to be determined largely by its ally.

A. There is more, Delane, in that suggestion than will strike the mind at first. See what you can make of it for future dialogues. . . . As to the embodiment, colours entering into surface-phenomena (εἰσιόντα καὶ ἐξιόντα), we have here, I take it, what Whitehead calls "ingression", while the phenomena are his "actual occasions". The Imaginal being discussed is one of the basic or primary sort mentioned in the book *Divine Imagining*.

W. And now we can see to some extent through the clouds of controversy. The Imaginal, which is "ingredient", in Whitehead's language, is what Schopenhauer meant by the *unitas ante rem*. We know it directly in so far as we are visual ex-perients, but how little of it! We are, as Rupert Brooke wrote, "blinded by our eyes". We can say, withal, that it is a conservative feature of God, an eternal, inexhaustible source of all the variations of light which occur in the indefinitely many world-systems. I am unable to suggest the manner in which it comprises all these innumerable light-contents which, in the

realm of determinate objects, exclude one another. Only the ways in which the Imaginal penetrates(30) our own particular world-system are open to inspection; and here its interrelations with contents drawn from other Imaginals are involved.

L. It is hardly immune from change after all?

W. It is not immune after the fashion of a Platonic Idea. It floods the time-process with itself in the form of a real multiplicity of instances which come and go. But it is changeless in the most important respect; it conserves always the unique qualitative character of light.

A. It is clearly not only a *unitas ante rem*, but also *in re*; it is actually present in the flowing of the events that we know. Thus West is able to reconcile important theories which seemed to their authors to conflict.

S. That is so. And what of the *unitas post rem*?

W. The Imaginal is present not only in the light-contents of the sensible world but also (*quantum mutatus ab illo!*) in the "general idea" or concept of light in the human mind. We strive to "take together" the multiplicity of these light-contents by forming a concept "about" them; by unifying in thought the given manifold, as the phrase goes. And it may seem that the original unity of the Imaginal is restored. An error. The concept is a makeshift, for we know very few of the contents which it concerns. And it is not only inevitably poor in content, it is also merely "of" and "about". The Imaginal, on the other hand, includes within itself all the manifold particulars, whenever and wherever they occur. Further, it is not an idea "of" reality; it is the unique reality itself.

The Imaginal is in the particular light-contents which we try to unify. And our attempt to get nearer to it through these particulars which we "take together" is not entirely vain. The Imaginal, shall we say, is prolonged vaguely into the *unitas post rem*.

S. Vaguely, you say. Must then a concept be always inadequate to its object? What of a geometrical concept "about" a reality with which it agrees exactly?

W. You are referring to the *command-concept* in the sphere of mathematical and other abstractions. This concept *decrees* that there shall be such reality as it orders. Alas! one can call spirits

from the vasty deep—or send them there—but do they always obey? The command-concept decrees and the decree is discussed by us as if it had been executed. Concepts of this sort are not *post rem*; they are created by us, and the corresponding *res* is very frequently not to be found. They are among the created minor imaginals that arise during a time-process; they too have instances in a sphere of their own—the conceptual. . . . Meanwhile, bear in mind that I am discussing the Light-Imaginal, which had no beginning, and that we shall do well to avoid complications.

D. Since our world-system is finite, there is only a finite portion of the Light-Imaginal connected with it?

W. Yes, and only a certain number of such Imaginals are connected with our system, contributing contents of finite quantity according, as I said, to the “divinity of measure”. They have eternal connexions because they are eternally compresent to Divine Imagining; and connexion or relation is a name for mode or manner of this compresence. A simple illustration serves to make my statement clear. Consider the Imaginals of light and sound. They are like, let us say, in certain respects. Since they are conserved in the fundamental uniqueness of their characters, they endure as what they are and the symmetrical relation of likeness endures with them. I have already warned you not to call a conservative connexion of this kind “logical”. Divine Imagining does not reason, save in finite individuals like ourselves, who fumble on low levels of the time-process.

L. You don’t call any of these connexions or relations “universals” or “imaginals”?

W. No, you will find that some of the modes of compresence resemble and some differ from others; and that is all that you are entitled to assert. They have no substantial reality of their own. Thus the likeness of two particular imaginals presupposes the imaginals—it could not endure were they annihilated. And were one imaginal altered radically the relation of likeness between them would vanish, but two imaginals would still endure.

A. A literal hierarchy of these connected Imaginals and sub-imaginals must be assumed. The basic Imaginals, I note, though they would be called “universals” by some writers, seem to be

particulars. And their instances seem particulars too. Thus the Light-Imaginal is what it is—not the Sound-Imaginal or another—while the blues, reds, greys, etc., which appear in our world are also particulars. What are we to make of this? I am suggesting therefore that West might deal with the following difficulties which I indicate but hardly care to confront unaided at this juncture: (a) In what sense is the Light-Imaginal a particular and what is its rank in the hierarchy of Imaginals? (b) When I say that the red of a strawberry seen at Brigue is the “same” as that of one eaten at Viège, what ought I to mean? Are the two numerically different qualities like or literally identical? This inquiry continues under a new aspect the discussion of the “universal”. (c) Is an Imaginal ever an agent, productive of change or maintaining stability? If West can throw some light, however limited, on these problems, our afternoon will have been well spent.

W. The Light-Imaginal, as I said, is a particular—a particular whole that is not the particular whole of Sound. It comprises particular wholes or sub-imaginals of light; and this illustrates the truth underlying the old doctrine of real Kinds and sub-Kinds. There are included in the Imaginal indefinitely many groups of light-contents, besides those known to us in workaday perception and those arranged so interestingly in the spectrum; groups which never make “ingressions” into our particular world-system, which, after all, is constructed out of mere fragments of the divine wealth. The minor sub-imaginals in our system include no sub-imaginals but just particular instances of light, such as the blue of that gentian and the brown on the bowl of Leslie’s pipe. Instances are like and unlike, never the “same”.

L. This view allows us to contrast the Imaginal very effectively with the mere concept or notion “of” or “about” it. The Imaginal comprises every tittle of light-fact in our world-system and others—it is dimly present even in the concept—whereas the concept is “of” or “about” only a few samples of the phenomena which it claims to unify. We are blinded, as the poet has it, by our eyes.

A. We need not, in order to accept West’s view, hold that the concept is formed simply by abstraction; by dropping particular differences and nothing more. Many concepts show great artistry.

The concept of light may be as concrete a "universal" as human ingenuity can make it. But concepts cannot be genuinely concrete. And a concept standing in our minds for an Imaginal (which penetrates the world-systems and yet is an infinite reality above them as well) is a poor thing, while our own. It is obviously a substitute-fact, a makeshift, born of our human constructive fancy.

S. Yet you have dullards who confuse this makeshift of the human mind, this so-called concrete concept, with the reality of cosmic range for which it stands! For my part I accept the Light-Imaginal as a feature of Imaginism with which we cannot dispense.

D. And you treat the familiar statements of science about light as mere symbolism?

S. Science has not yet decided to adopt any one hypothesis about light. What it will symbolise one day in some generally acceptable theory will be the *accompaniments* of light-embodiment or "ingression".

L. Professor, you have gone over finally to the enemy; and I am left to hold the fort with a *morale* considerably shaken.

S. I don't like your job but hold on. Death may come quickly or you may be lucky and goose-step out later with the full honours of war. Meanwhile, keep your last cartridge for West; he enjoys, so it is whispered, being a target.

W. We understand now in what sense the Light-Imaginal is a particular and yet the source of particulars; and thus answer to Anderton's first question is being made. But about the hierarchy? This topic could be approached through the book *Divine Imagining*. "A complete theory of the imaginals ought to draw a distinction between those that are primitive (eternal?) and those which arise creatively during evolution; also between those which seem rooted in reality and those which arise in the phenomenal order only to disappear, perhaps not to be conserved even, in what is called by us the past. . . . And other distinctions might be emphasised. Plato's theory of the Ideas, the remote ancestor of our doctrine of the imaginals, was stated at first, and inevitably, in a somewhat crude form. Hence the objections to it noted by Plato himself and by Aristotle. Hence Proclus, impatient of the view that all things, having a common

name, are formed in the likeness of an Idea, refused to believe in Ideas of evils and of the things of the 'instrumental arts'. But there is no answering the difficulties raised until we revise radically the principles of metaphysics." (31) I accept and endorse this view.

The basic or eternal imaginals are only known to us through those of them which show in our world. And assuredly we cannot include among those that are known all the "forms" which have been thrown off by human fancy. Thus consider Book X. of Plato's *Republic*, where the three sorts of beds are mentioned. There is the bed which exists in the nature of things and which is attributed to the "workmanship of God"—this is the essential bed, the single Form or Idea; there is the carpenter's bed which is a particular instance of it, and there is the painter's bed which imitates the latter. Now the invention of a bed is one of the least notable feats of human fancy; and the promotion of "bed" to the standing of an archetypal Idea nears the ridiculous. A subtle joke may have been in the mind of Plato. I refer to the passage to point a moral. Never repeat parrot-wise all the beliefs credited to the great. And suspect all traditional "wisdom" which has come down to us from a distant past. The "wisdom of the ancients" is not sacrosanct; we enjoy the cream of what these men knew, and we possess what the centuries have added so liberally as well.

I am not about to discuss the hierarchy of imaginals; no light task. But I can suggest certain thoughts to be borne in mind while you are discovering it. You have to allow for the eternal conservative wholes presupposed by the Becoming of Nature and the history of finite sentients: for the really basic imaginals manifest in fundamental "natural kinds". Observation will show how one such imaginal uses, or is used by, limits or is limited by, another. Patience is called for. There is nothing in Nature which does not draw its "stuff" from an imaginal or imaginals, but the trouble is that there are ever new imaginals being evolved, *i.e.* created, within the Becoming of Nature and individuals. And these secondary imaginals, exemplified in particulars which penetrate the other contents of the world, furthering, or conflicting with, them and provoking yet further creation, sow jungles of complication.

A. Are not some of these secondary imaginals more or less stable or conservative, while others have a track full of additive creation?

W. You are thinking perhaps of the things of the "instrumental arts" mentioned by Proclus?

A. Well, yes. Take such things as bracelets and powder-puffs which we make and of which we form concepts. Each is the meeting-point of many primary nature-imaginals, and, further, an instance of a pattern imagined by man. You would not postulate a bracelet-imaginal as present in the archetypal world-system. You might add that this complex, secondary imaginal exists only *in re*, and that each "res" exemplifying it is conserved as unaltered as surrounding objects allow it to be. Consider, however, the line of evolution of an animal species. Here the dominant imaginal seems to act creatively on bodies which consist of subordinate nature-imaginals; and its complex instances are not conserved as steady objects but are regions of transformative action.

W. That is well said. There are imaginals whose instances show conservation dominant; those of others are fields of rich creation. I am speaking of natural objects. Seek the explanation in the conscurring operative therein.

L. And now as to the second question. What do you say, West, about the reds of the two strawberries?

W. I should like first to hear how the problem strikes Delane, who stands clear, I believe, of all controversies that have taken place.

D. Well, in this way. The strawberry at Brigue is clearly not the strawberry at Viège. I could eat the first and the second would persist as plump and rosy as ever. But someone says—"Yes, these strawberries are certainly distinct, but the reds spread over them are identical". If, however, I pour a certain solution on the strawberry at Brigue its red turns black, while the red on the other remains stable. I suspect therefore that the reds are as separate and distinct as are the strawberries. And I say accordingly, and with no undue cockiness, that they are not the same but exactly alike. In fact, I am not quite clear as to what is meant by the statement that the reds are the same.

S. The believer in identity holds that a "universal" is present in both the spatially separated shades of red.

L. Now, West.

W. I have to reject identity in respect of qualities such as these reds. Let me state bluntly the truth as I see it.

You heard Delane expressing the view of unsophisticated common sense: namely, that the two reds are really what they seem, *i.e.* as distinct as are the strawberries. They are not identical, but like, qualities. Now, why should so many writers flout Delane's common sense? They are stirred, perhaps, by a powerful motive in championing the "universal".

The motive which seems to have stirred writers like Bradley and Bosanquet was the wish to import identity into a world-system which was for them only connected *contents*. Identical contents were required in the interest of unity; if you resolve reality into a unity of contents, you must equip these contents with the full coherence required. How otherwise could Bradley deal with the riddles of "Association" (32) and the empirical self? He had need of some cement for his universe. With the frank acceptance of *consciring*—not with a shy, occasional resort to it under the name of "feeling" (33)—this need for identical contents disappears. Identity lies on the side of *consciring*, which is sole "universal" in the sense that it shows in all its instances—the finite centres of *consciring*—as fundamentally the same, *in spite of* the contrasts of their contents. World-contents compared with one another reveal no sameness or identities, but in one respect at least they agree. They all presuppose, and are posited by, *consciring*, cosmic or finite. Not merely like contents such as our two reds, but unlike such as "loudness" and "sweet" or "purple" and "pressure" share this sameness of ground.

And now consider again our two reds. They are discrete, separate modes of entry of the Light-Imaginal into the event-complexes called strawberries. Nay, profiting by Delane's suggestion made some while ago, we might say that the entry of the light resembles the birth of one of us; the passage of the content-complex of the soul into relations with a physical body. The conditions being favourable, the light-qualities appear; and there are separate appearances in the regions of separate things.

But the qualities, though separate and distinct as the things wherein they appear, emerge nevertheless from the unity of a whole which is the Light-Imaginal. In this, of course, not only like, but different, colours have a common home.

A. Hegel wrote about a unity which must take specific forms and whose nature is to be particularised.

W. True, but for him it is the *Notion*. Try to extract actual colours from a notion or concept! What has been mistaken for the notion is the imaginal whose contents show best in our perception, not in the realm of pale and bloodless concepts.

A. Yes, I see that; the imaginal goes with that concrete form of idealism which we call Imaginism.

W. Whenever the particular, sensible instances have the detail and vividness of light, the absurdity of referring to their source as a "notion" becomes manifest. But, of course, all imaginals are not like those nature-imaginals which feed sense; they are of all sorts, and some appear at first not in things but in our minds, making use later of other imaginals over which we, their hosts, have won control. Some, again, are not such that they can be perceived or even fancied pictorially at all; they belong to the realm of the "abstract" or "logical" imagination. There are many mansions in the house of Imagining; room for anything that you could wish to lodge therein.

S. Let me cite a case of the secondary imaginal which, originating in the human mind, gives birth to many instances. Sir Ray Lankester tells us that the "flying gallop" of the horse found in our pictures appeared first in the pre-Homeric art of Greece and wandered through Asia Minor, the Transcaucasus, southern Siberia, China and Japan, back to Europe. (34) It began *post rem* in some artist's imagining and particularised itself thus widely. Very abstract imaginals are well exemplified in the infinite numbers born in the logical imagining of Cantor; they are part of the novelties which finite sentients produce for the universe.

L. The instances of the Light-Imaginal in Nature come and go very rapidly along with the periodic processes symbolised as undulations, etc. Innumerable births and deaths of colour a second! And all these light-events are distinct from one another. Our perceptions of colour condense a manifold, all the members, perhaps, of which differ in quality.

A. A different quality for every "step of change". And yet we call them all colour.

W. They are more like one another than they are like sounds or tastes. Above all, they are constituents of a particular imaginal which contrasts with other particular imaginals in manners needing direct inspection, not verbal description, which is really impracticable, in a statement.

D. You made allusion to imaginals which have tracks of additive creation. These agents may control human, animal and plant groups?

W. As the powers behind genuine Kinds—yes. "There is an ideal form"—or shall we say imaginal?—observes Ruskin, "of every herb, flower and tree; it is that form to which every individual of the species has a tendency to attain, freed from the influence of accident or disease". Schopenhauer had said the same before him, with animal species also in view. Every organism reveals its IDEA, but only after a certain loss of power expended in subordinating the lower IDEAS (imaginals). And Bergson, too, writes of changing "in definite directions": "an effort common to most representatives of the same species, inherent in the genus they bear rather than in their substance alone". In a like strain Ernst Cassirer. (35) Mutations, suddenly emergent in several representatives of a species and occurring after periods of quiet, have to be allowed for.

L. You take note adequately of natural selection?

W. Natural selection only favours certain of the "variations", sudden or arising little by little, with which it is supplied; and *it is this supply which constitutes the thrust of evolution*. What is the struggle for existence or easy living? Merely an eliminating process which ensures room in which the variations of best promise shall multiply.

A. The multiplying of the members of species and sub-species suggests a veritable struggle between the imaginals concerned—not merely between the individuals that war on the surface of things. Innovating "variations" occur, some of which recall weird products of our private fancy. (36) Many of these experiments are fruitful; others are failures and speedily swept away. The basic variations "in definite directions" may express the controlling imaginals. They conserve features of these during the

taming of the lower imaginals which manifest a conservatism of their own.

W. There is such a struggle as you suggest and we shall be considering it in connexion with the later dialogues. But as to variation? . . . Consider the peak of the most successful variations in men, animals and plants. What has natural selection to do with this? Very little, for it does not supply the variations. I am repeating this statement; I do so because the point emphasised is of extreme importance. The function of natural selection is to provide certain variations with a field of growth not too crowded with inferior products. It is not an hypothesis which helps those who want to drive purpose from the world.

D. Science talks of variations in very guarded language. But, if we could become gods and be aware of the entire history of Nature and individuals at a glance, these variations would strike the mind very differently. We should contemplate a pageant created imaginatively in our very presence. But human beings, bogged in the details of a process which seems to them monstrously slow, miss this revelation, save occasionally when stirred by the magic of sunsets or rapid transformations of the surroundings in which they live.

S. Yes, what a change in philosophy that experience would compel. Imaginism would be brought home to us all. . . . And now, respecting the controlling imaginals and sub-imaginals, I should like to read to you a passage which I have culled from McDougall: "If heredity is conditioned, not mechanically by the mere structure of the germ-plasm, but by the teleological principle, it follows that the factors which have produced the evolution of species must have operated on and through this principle. Is it possible that the phrase 'the soul of a race' is something more than a metaphor? That all this wonderful stability in complexity, combined with gradual change through the ages, which Weismann attributes to the hypothetical germ-plasm, is in reality the attribute of an enduring psychic existent of which the lives of individual organisms are but successive manifestations". (37)

D. The conservation-aspect of the controlling imaginal!

There was a silence broken by Leslie:

"West, a sub-imaginal or species seems to have risen in revolt.

Look at the grass and you will see its members swarming to the attack. Ants are storming the tea-basket and have sent patrols up my legs. Shall we clear out and have tea on the Simplon-Kulm?"

W. By all means, and I think that we ought to consider this dialogue as at an end. I have still something to say before I suggest in what manner the turmoil of the actual empirical time-process began. But a haunt of Pan is always within reach of our wheels and it will not be long before this long-drawn-out and, perhaps, too exacting prelude is closed.

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

- (1) Chapter X. p. 217.
- (2) *Philosophy of History*, Sibree's Trans. p. 16.
- (3) *Logic*, book iv. chapter xv. § 1.
- (4) Cf. Schiller, *Formal Logic*, p. 300.
- (5) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 111-7.
- (6) Cf. the case of the antlers of the Irish Elk cited, *World as Imagination*, p. 388. Dr. Smith Woodward observes that a particular structure may "keep on" growing in a species losing its usefulness and even entailing extinction.
- (7) A tiny fragment taken from a part of some plants may reproduce the entire plant, conserving all its special features. But this regenerative capacity may have its bad side. Thus Sir C. S. Sherrington (*British Association Address*, 1922) stated that "marvellous though nerve regeneration be, its mechanism seems blind, for its vehemence is just as great after amputation, when the parts lost can, of course, never be reached. Its blindness is sadly evident in the suffering caused by the useless nerve-sprouts entangled in the scar of a healing, or healed, limb-stump."
- (8) *Organisation of Thought*, p. 212.
- (9) *Analysis of Matter*, pp. 236-7.
- (10) *Ibid.* p. 393.
- (11) *Nature of the Physical World*, p. 309.
- (12) E. W. Hobson, *Domain of Natural Science*, p. 88.
- (13) *The World and the Individual* (2nd series), p. 197.
- (14) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 117-8.
- (15) Chapter XI. pp. 259-63.
- (16) *Ibid.* p. 279.
- (17) Chapter X. p. 220.
- (18) *Logic* (2nd edition), ii. 249.
- (19) Chapter XIV. pp. 322-5.
- (20) *Divine Imagining* (Appendix) "Instinct and Imagining", pp. 245-9.
- (21) Professor Thomson (*New Statesman*, Feb. 5, 1921), was referring to the studies of Phil and Nellie Rau regarding the doings of solitary North American wasps: "In some cases the routine shows great nicety, as when *Bembix nubilipennis* invariably brings as a first meal for its tiny grub, a very soft, delicate little yellow or green winged fly, quite different from the coarse and heavy kind afterwards appropriate. On the other hand, the observations recorded by

the Raus show the frequency of slight variations in the instinctive behaviour, variations which are probably the raw material on which natural selection operates to make the instinct more perfect still. Thus, when a *Pompiloides* with a captured spider failed to find her nest, she sucked her booty; another removed the soil from her burrow by making a rake of her forelegs and walking backwards, instead of kicking out the particles under the body, which is the conventional method; another made a larder *before* laying the egg, though the reverse is the rule; another was seen in a hurry to omit the usual precaution of exploring the burrow before taking in the booty; some sting their victims so that they are only paralysed, but at other times so that they die. These may seem trivial deviations from routine, but the probability is that they express minute new departures in the creature's inheritance, and illustrate evolution in progress under our eyes. For out of such items a complex piece of instinctive behaviour may be gradually elaborated. Even more interesting, however, are cases which suggest individual learning, profiting by experience, memory, even inference—the dawning of intelligence in other words."

Writing of *Sphex Lobatus*, Major Hingston, I.M.S., tells us ("An Oriental Hunting Wasp", *Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society*, Dec. 1925) that instinct is by no means rigid. A special kind of cricket is attacked: "the preliminary stinging is variable in position and number; it is the final act that never fails". The *Sphex* can also make a mistake of tactics and come off the worst. *

The Peckhams, who studied the doings of the *Ammophila* wasp and other species, found that wasps differed not only in methods of hunting "but in character and intellect". And the same wasp on different occasions disposed of caterpillars differently.

(22) ". . . in brief, the history of thought shows certain leaps or breaks in culture, when the human mind seems to open its eyes afresh, or to emerge on a new platform, from which new point of view all its adjustments have to be remade and its perceptions reanalysed. In these new stages a great advance is involved."—Bosanquet, *Philosophical Theory of the State* (2nd edition), p. 82; cf. also Whitehead, *Introduction to Mathematics*, p. 217.

(23) *Divine Imagining*, p. 132.

(24) *World as Will and Idea*, Haldane and Kemp's Trans. i. 303.

(25) "Universality lies in the expression of the nature of a system by each and all of its parts suitably to the place or function of each. A system so expressed or organised is a universal, and the nexus between its parts, though none is primarily similar to or a repetition of any other, is a universal nexus or law."—*Principle of Individuality and Value*, p. 120. And again, Note, p. 40: "The universal, as possessed by the mind, is essentially a system or habit of self-adjusting response or reaction, whether automatic or in thought, over a certain range of stimulation."

(26) The name was coined for *World as Imagination* (1916).

(27) Cf. *World as Imagination*, p. 445, and elsewhere.

(28) Cf. Dr. C. D. Broad in *Mind*, April 1920, p. 234: "The particles of all objects that are really red may vibrate with a certain frequency, and the sole function of this may be that it is a factor in causing us to become aware of the redness that is always present in these objects."

(29) *Foreword*.

(30) On "Compenetration", Chapter XIV. pp. 322-5.

(31) *Divine Imagining*, p. 175.

(32) Bradley regards Association as the "marriage of universals".

(33) Chapter VIII. pp. 171-2.

(34) "Problem of the Galloping Horse", *Science from an Easy Chair*, 2nd series.

(35) "The real and ultimate similarities of things are also the creative forces from which they spring and according to which they are formed. The process of comparing things and of grouping together according to specific properties, as it is expressed first of all in language, does not lead to what is indefinite, but, if rightly conducted, ends in the discovery of the real essences of things. Thought isolates the specific type; this latter is contained as an active factor in the individual concrete reality and gives the general pattern to the manifold special forms. The biological species signifies both the end towards which the living individual strives and the immanent force by which its evolution is guided."—*Substance and Function and Einstein's Theory of Relativity*, p. 7.

(36) On "variations", cf. *World as Imagination*, pp. 537-45.

(37) *Body and Mind*, p. 377.

CHAPTER XVI

ON THE SIGNAL AT CHAMPEX

"YES, this nook ought to do—what a glorious outlook!"

"Glad you like it", replied the Professor, gazing enthusiastically across the two great valleys beneath us. He had been responsible for the suggestion that we should visit this famous Valaisan haunt. Accordingly the two cars had left Viège in the morning; flitting through Sierre and castled Sion down the Rhône valley to Martigny, whence we had taken the route of the Grand St. Bernard to Orsières. A little beyond this village begin the zigzags by which we had climbed to Champex and its picturesque mountain lake.

We were standing in a clearing on the Signal, from which one looks down on the countryside as from an aeroplane. Hundreds of feet below to the left we could see the blue-grey roofs of Orsières and the S-like sweep of white road which breaks the green of the Vallée d'Entremont on its way to the Hospice of St. Bernard. Behind the forested slope bounding this broad trench rose the snowy crests of the Combin de Corbassière and the Grand Combin, above which a white cloud floated through the sapphire sky eastwards. To our right another white ribbon of road drew our gaze towards the Col Ferrex; beyond this far-off mountains were showing mirage-like through the haze. Parting the two valleys was a range of lower heights clad with dense woods. The torrents that met just above Orsières sent their dull cry up to our clearing, wherein fluttered butterflies rejoicing in the noontide heat.

S. What's the programme?

A. Just a continuation of the discussion of world-factors, so as to enable West to suggest more easily later how the actual world-system was born. Causation and space-time will

make appeal to you as a man of science. Your notes are ready? Good.

S. Leslie, as the Scots say, is "fey". The uncompromising pessimist is to die. You have noticed the weakening of his opposition—he will hardly survive two more dialogues.

A. He was badly hit by those dialogues on consoling.

S. But, like Antaeus, hopes to regain force by alighting on earth and shouting his old battle-cry of Evil. If West succeeds in his explanation of Evil, Leslie would do well to capitulate gracefully and return to poetry. Imaginism requires its poet. . . . And now back to the hotel and we can bring the others here after lunch.

We regained the path and in a few minutes were walking by the little lake, rich in trout, into Champex, deep set amid its sheltering mountains. Thence to the hotel and lunch.

"Ready for the fray?" I said to Leslie, as we sat smoking in the lounge later, "or preparing to discuss terms of capitulation?"

He laughed. "Well, you two experts have been counted out and Delane is seconding the adversary. I am holding on for the last rounds of the present struggle. And after . . .?"

"You will have your reward. For what is West's aim? He is discussing all these problems of high metaphysics to prepare the way for something more attractive to you and Delane. He is disposing of fundamental cosmic problems in order to deal adequately with the riddle of the individual, sub-animal, animal, human and superhuman. Above all, you would like to hear him talk about the human soul, a retrospect and a prospect. But we can't bring to that inquiry merely a piffling mixture of fact and gossip provided by spiritism and ordinary 'psychical research'. Your pessimism, for instance, is connected with issues so basic that the spiritist and 'psychical researcher' can have little or nothing to say. You believe in survival but you are afraid of it."

"Oh! I see that these cosmic dialogues are indispensable. Still they are not always easy to follow. However, you think that West intends to talk later about all aspects of this riddle of the soul? In this case we have subjected ourselves to a stern but excellent discipline."

"He has told me so definitely, but this first series of dialogues will concern only cosmic problems. He leaves for Egypt in a fortnight, so that the series is drawing to a close."

"You don't mean it? . . . and alone, as on all these mysterious Odysseys?"

"No, this time with Delane."

"And we are to meet again at Zermatt next summer?"

"I can't tell you, but what more natural? He has come back there every summer for years."

Leslie looked troubled. "I should like to be going with them, as I scent adventure. And I shall miss West—the Man—with his easy geniality that softens power. I feel rather a worm sometimes when he looks at me in his penetrating way. And why?"

Leslie left me to talk to West about the decision, of which I had heard for the first time at lunch, to leave Zermatt and I strolled with Delane and the Professor to the clearing on the Signal, the two others keeping us in view. Wisely we left Delane to make a statement about the objects of the journey but he had words only for the scenery.

The talk of the afternoon was opened by the pagan poet.

L. I found our discussion of the imaginals very suggestive. It seems, for instance, that there are imaginals that control the biologist's species both in respect of stability and modification. But the members of these species are not merely bodies; they are centres of consciring, as West would put it, as well. What origin and standing have these centres?

W. A subtle way of indicating a topic which cannot be dealt with adequately now.

D. But a great topic, involving decisions fraught with weal or woe to mankind.

W. So great that we must be patient, not venturing to confront it till we are ready. Meanwhile just a few words. Divine consciring, of course, does not begin: the ultimate source of what calls itself "I" is the condition of there being such events as beginnings and ends. On the other hand, the empirical individual, human and animal, with a particular history begins. It arises along with a body. But, as Bradley himself pointed out, several bodies may be "organic to a higher unknown soul". And thus the

roots of the individual, followed sufficiently far, may be found to lie in an imaginal or sub-imaginal to which many other individuals belong as well. Ultimately all centres of consciring are effluents of the universal consciring but, on the side of conscita or contents, we have many complications of which to take account. We cannot do more than refer to these in passing this afternoon.

My answer to Leslie must therefore be very brief. Considered as *consciring* no individual, a rill of the universal consciring, has a beginning. Considered as a finite centre with its special filling of *conscita* or contents, the individual raises the problems which will confront us during our attempt to tell the story of the soul. The complete story implies a retrospect on the great scale; a return in thought to a very early stage of the world-system, when what we call souls were sunk in irreflective consciring (1)—

Concordes animae nunc et dum nocte premuntur,
Heu quantum inter se bellum si lumina vitae
Attigerint—

members of imaginals not yet entering into a world in travail. It may be that thought about the so-called "IDEA of the individual", in which Plotinus, at any rate, believed, will force us to develop yet further the fecund notion of the imaginal. But do not think of all individuals as being equally well rooted in reality. There are centres of consciring, animal and sub-animal, that are tentative, unstable and can perish. Electrons and protons are classed by Whitehead with organisms in general. They are also to be classed with centres of consciring. But, if the physicists are right, they are being destroyed in their myriads as I speak. There is no stable individuality on their level; nothing which recalls the once arresting concept of the Leibnitzian monad.

D. Yet, perhaps, within an imaginal of the world-archetype slumbered (*nocte premuntur*) the particular imaginals of you and me—the IDEAS of these two world-lines of experience?

W. Yes; but we are anticipating. . . . I turn now to the very important topics of causation and chance, some notice of which is exacted from all who take part in solving the great riddle that concerns our coming dialogue: on the genesis of the changing

world-system in which we live. Perhaps Anderton or the Professor will open the ball?

S. Anderton is familiar with all the controversies about causation; further, he has been studying carefully of late the hypotheses mooted in the books *World as Imagination* and *Divine Imagtning*. I would rather enjoy the privileges and irresponsibility of a critic.

W. As you will. Help us along then, Anderton.

A. By all means, if the Professor will follow me with a word or two on the attitude of science.

S. Agreed.

A. What is a causal explanation? An attempt to account for change. But an attempt which is often very incomplete.

A man slips on a piece of orange-peel, breaking a leg. He says that the orange-peel was the cause of his mishap. This statement satisfies his friends. A complete account of the conditions, positive and negative, of the event is not required in the interest of practical life.

The man names this important condition of the event, adding later, perhaps, that the pavement was hard. And he believes that, given this hard pavement, the fracture had to occur; that there was a "necessary connexion" showing in the sequence of the event on its cause.

At this stage let us call in a logician, John Stuart Mill. At once he wants the cause stated more adequately. He insists that the cause is the totality of the conditions, but, intent only on surface-phenomena, deprecates belief in "necessary connexion". He has nothing to say as to how the event was produced; it is "invariably and unconditionally" consequent on certain antecedents; we know no more. The cause is "the assemblage of phenomena, which occurring, some other phenomenon invariably commences, or has its origin". (2) This resolution of causation into sequence works best in the domain of perception in which things are known only as penetrating us from the outside. The productive activity below such surface-phenomena does not force us to mention it. But causation of the Great War or *Hamlet*, in which productive human agency is concerned, displays initiative known from the inside. This initiative cannot be ignored and furnishes perhaps the clue as

to what actuates the sequences in Nature. West, when diving below surface-phenomena, will find what his direct experience has led him to expect.

The agnostic-empirical attitude towards causation is well defended by Mill, who leaves West to solve the problem of the *underlying activity*, which Mill declines to discuss.* Mill does not deny the reality of change and therefore the possibility of an explanation of it. Those, however, who like Bradley reject change as fact, because the *concept* of change is self-contradictory, assert that there is no need to account for it. There is no change and therefore no causation of change in the static universe dear to the idealism of Bradley. But we have considered already the defects of this form of idealism, and I mention it again only to pass on.

I have no occasion to trouble you with much which has marked the track of causation-discussions in philosophy. I accept West's view that there are no rigid causal uniformities; that governing laws of Nature and Mind are inventions of our making suggested by the conservation-aspect of things which is always yielding somewhat to "plastic stress". Strict causal behaviour is no longer looked for by certain men of science. Hence the "axiom" of causation, which played its part in shaping the droll system of Kant, makes no appeal to me. I substitute for it the postulate that like sets of conditions give birth to more or less like events; a belief which suffices to guide the free worker in science. What need for this man to say more? But metaphysics forces us to go farther. I invite West to consider Mill's empiricism, asking him to dive beneath the surface-phenomena and tell us in general terms how events are woven on the loom of time. It is a miracle that events happen at all; how arise those sequences which allow men to invent the belief in rigid causal laws?

L. That's the sort of question I like—it goes to the very heart of things. What underlies causal succession? Why does a fire begin when a certain set of conditions becomes complete? When I studied—or skipped through—the *Critique of Pure Reason* I saw at once that Kant had missed a mark. He uses causation only as a "judging concept" or category which functions, along with other such categories, in objectivating our perceptions. He has no place for causation apart from our

experience which it serves to "unify". And why? Well: he has made the mistake of stating that time is only a form of finite experience. Hence, those who agree with Kant cannot put the question which Anderton is putting to West.

A. Of course, if time is only a show *for us*, it is idle to ask what weaves its successions in the world at large. Leslie has intervened with effect. The important issue is not argument about "judging concepts", but insight into what shapes the natural events that feed our judgments. . . . And now, having almost said my say, I add that, whatever be the solution of the riddle of causation, it must avoid one absurdity which has falsified much popular thought. It must not attempt to "derive" wealth from poverty, the higher from the lower, the complex from the abstract. It must not regard with Carveth Read causation as the "transformation of matter and energy"; for those terms name gaunt concepts which are merely devices or instruments of the human mind. It must not suggest with Bertrand Russell that the "fundamental laws" of organic compounds are not other "than those which govern the hydrogen atom".(3) The so-called atom itself is an organism, not a mechanistic fiction. Still its constitution and behaviour are relatively simple. The biologist's "organism" is at once more complex and behaves differently. Again, it is a mistake to "derive" the wealth of the human mind from poor "instincts", merely because these are said to have appeared earlier in life's story.(4) It is useless to tap casks for wine which they do not contain.

L. La plus jolie fille du monde ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a. There is a man who "derives" music from the love-cries of monkeys, but what does he mean? Does he find the monkeys' cage as soul-stirring as the opera? And if not, let him reflect. Why credit monkeydom with the treasure which creative evolution has brought to us?

S. There are psychologists who "derive" the springs of human action from instincts. McDougall assures us that "the instinctive impulses determine the ends of all activities and supply the driving-power by which all mental activities are sustained"—the instincts being "certain innate specific tendencies of the mind that are common to all members of any one species." This vague term "tendencies" is misleading. What of the "instinct of

curiosity"; a "tendency" of this kind? Does it help us to understand why Kant wrote on metaphysics and Cantor on mathematics? Or does it resemble that "blessed word" Mesopotamia which impresses without instructing the hearer?

D. The early "instinctive impulses" can be nothing more than phases of conscurring with very rudimentary contents. And primitive "instinctive behaviour" is just the poor thing which it shows itself to be. It does not include what the future alone is to *add* to sentient life. There's the rub! Useless then to regard it as generating somehow the wonders of mind. To do so is to fight the evidence of creativity with phrases.

West nodded in approval. "Ribot talks in this strain of the sexual instinct as being 'an inexhaustible source of imagination in everyday life as well as in art'. (5) He is right in stressing imagination. But our private creative imagining fills out and may transform the instinct; the instinct and its 'feeling', which is the 'robe of conscurring' operative on a low level (6), do not supply the imagining. Delane is right. The instinct contains nothing but what its original low level of action implies. It is big with nothing of high value which is gradually elicited from it during the ages. It must not be referred to as a dark psychical storehouse whence long-concealed marvels are brought forth to the light of day. Put no trust in the trick of 'deriving' from such instincts what they lack."

A. Pleased to hear that my protest is so well received. . . . And now, Professor.

S. Pereant qui ante nos . . . but I will add a few words as desired. Before doing so, however, I propose to read to you a passage from *Divine Imagining* which bears on Anderton's protest. Emphasis is laid on those "waiting" factors which embody themselves in surface-phenomena as soon as occasions permit. The higher in evolution is said to be due in part to the entry of these pre-existing factors into the world of change:

"The belief that evolution is creative would not enable us to explain the transition from lower to higher by the supposition of a very long series of unsupported leaps. We cannot get beyond Spencerianism after this fashion. For us there is no rich fancy in the absence of a rich pre-existing memory. For the macrocosm. there is no rich creation in the absence of rich supporting con-

servation. The story of evolution presupposes divine creative fancy, but enduring or waiting elements, many all too easily overlooked by men of science and philosophers, concur with novelty during every stage of the process. These elements insert themselves into the creative flux and are transformed then along with it. *There results an evolutionary movement which gathers strength at once from above and below.*" (7)

D. Creative evolution draws on the imaginings, I suppose, and the higher of these cannot manifest until the setting for their instances is prepared. When these instances show late it is often said that they emerge out of lower antecedents in the stream of change. Thus Aristotle may seem to emerge as a succession of events in the functioning of a brain! For my part, I believe that at our level souls appear through, and not out of, the bodily events which limit them. They belong at root to the "waiting" factors, and were not originated as part of the novelty of this lower world.

S. Perchance—but I may require more evidence than you seem likely to offer. . . . And now as to the attitude of science to causation. Empiricist thinking, such as that of Mill or Mach, has influenced many of our workers, who want to state the conditions of an event or events without talking or suggesting metaphysics. Now, safeguard the use of the notion of cause as we may, it suggests ordinarily productive power, the nature of which is left obscure. This embarrassing suggestion is avoided by resort to the mathematical concept of function: a procedure which allows us to treat the characters of phenomena as dependent on one another, while steering clear of disputable metaphysics the while. (8) Thus, when the relevant conditions of an event are precisely measurable, this event is a function of the conditions with results admirable for practice, though not for the ideal of complete philosophical truth valued by West. For the measuring may be of surface-conditions which leave the depths of reality unexplored. Need I point out once more that, if Imaginism is truth, a complete statement of the conditions of events in physics, farming, aviation, meteorology, photography, etc., etc., would compel reference to God—to Divine Imagining. For the practical purposes of life, we need not take account of fundamental reality. We stress selected aspects

of surface-phenomena, predicting with maximal economy of effort.

D. Hence many or most of your formulae would not be valued by the high mystic. They ignore, and they must ignore, too much.

S. A disagreeable reflection, especially when one has to teach pupils to value and use these formulae. However, we are men and not gods; the discipline of life prepares us to enjoy richer fare at the feast in Valhalla.

L. Noone has sent me an invitation. And, once admitted, I might eat too much and should be unable to dodge meals. There is a "plat de jour" there, remember, of boar—or is it spelt bore?—which is served up continually. And, if you don't relish this fare, what is to happen? Perhaps Odin himself suffers from dyspepsia.

A. We shall suffer too if we listen to you. . . . But the time has come, I think, for West to intervene.

W. I am asked to dive below surface-phenomena, but of course that feat has been accomplished already. Are we not agreed that the heart of reality resembles our own imagining? True, we are not quite in accord, for Leslie denies still that this imagining conspires "radiantly". (9)

L. I don't regard anyone's metaphysical guesses as sacrosanct; and certainly not my own. My belief in the Unconscious may have lasted too long.

W. Well said—only weak men defend beliefs because they happen to hold them, and intend to hold them *contra mundum*. Our poet is working with the best of methods; throwing off hypotheses freely and using only those that work. Thus are dogmas bled white and thus man, sated with teachers and his own immature past, feels his way to truth. But to continue.

In considering causation we have to profit by our general Imaginism. The causal successions, which tasked Hume, Mill, Kant, Mach and Bradley, become explicable in the setting that Imaginism supplies. And thus:

Let Mill's definition be our starting-point; cause means for him the "assemblage of phenomena, which occurring, some other phenomenon invariably commences, or has its origin". This "commencing" has always a leaven of novelty. For, though

waiting conditions are implied, they enter into the phenomenal show in novel ways, are shaped into an event a duplicate of which could not be found in the past. Causation in short implies both conservation and additive creation. Thus the light of the diamond, the soul consciring through the babe's brain, exemplify manners in which conservation and innovation concur. Mill's expression "assemblage of phenomena" lends itself to my thought less easily. In the first place, "assemblage" suggests too exclusively grouping in space. In the second place, cause includes conditions which, not being presented as objects to us nor even existing as objects apart from us, cannot be called phenomena at all. Thus the novelty leavening the event, whatever be the waiting conditions, is the "gift of consciring" (10); and consciring is what posits, not what is posited, not a conscitum which, having been made, lies before the mind. It is customary even in science not to take account of all the conditions of an event; a background which is common to all events may be ignored in practice. But in philosophy we have to take account of all the conditions. And the conditions, positive and negative, of the fall of a drop of rain involve the world-system and therewith the cosmic consciring which sustains it. That which appears as "made" points to a "making" activity that does not appear, which is not a phenomenon to be observed as are stocks and stones.

D. You stress the causation of the particular event and don't mention uniformities.

W. Because, as I explained in our last talk, there are no rigid uniformities of co-existence and sequence; and therefore the attempt to invent unvarying and "governing" laws of Nature and Mind must fail. To verify such laws you must observe alleged instances of them, and exactly resembling ones cannot be found. But enough has been said on this matter. (11)

D. Is the event necessary?

W. Nothing can be more necessary than the fact in being, that is to say the determinate event confronting us in its own unique position in space-time. But doubtless you are thinking of the manner of its production?

Conservation has to accept additive creation with its "plastic stress"; and this stabilised change expresses purpose: the realisa-

tion of a vast cosmic imaginal field. Modern pluralists write glibly of events, but why do these miraculous events, short and long, occur at all? They occur fundamentally *as needed*. Nothing flashes into being or is modified independently of all else; this is the truth expressed in the old Principle of Sufficient Reason.

A. No fact can be found real, no proposition true, without a sufficient reason why it is in this way rather than in another: this is the Principle as formulated by one of its champions. The wording, *e.g.* "reason", is a little antiquated, but it embodies protest against belief in pure chance and irrelativity.

W. True: but we shall have to find a place for freedom and relative chance. And Leslie will find this step of extreme interest, I venture to predict.

S. May I state how I grasp West's meaning? Every event is in part a creative novelty and has its "value" for *the* divine, or for *a* finite centre of conspiring, reflective or irreflective.⁽¹²⁾ It may nevertheless include a leaven of relative chance or, as some would prefer to say, contingency. For the positing or creative act implied by the event is free; and freedom on its lower levels falls away into chance.

L. The Professor has been reading *Divine Imagining* and its forerunner. He accepts the novelty in an event as attesting freedom and, on certain levels, chance. Hence we get this. The event, once in being, is necessary, however it was posited. Its production, again, implies freedom; it issues from that which is not rigidly determined but plastic and innovative as is imagining in ourselves. Good. I catch West's general meaning but can't apply it yet to a particular case. Will he glide down from the clouds and make a landing where we stand?

D. Yes, and give us illustrations, always illustrations. This language is too abstract to penetrate my cranium.

A. Why not deal with the familiar case of the causation of water, a fairly steady or conservative object, the forming of which, however, is instructive? And then fare onward to other cases so as to force all to understand?

W. I will, but I must go warily. Causation implies successions in which many events are included; I have begun, therefore, by dealing with the mere event. And I want you all to recognise that the mere event is a miracle; that it is an astonishing thing that it

occurs at all. It is an even more astonishing thing that successions of events, and among them those which we call causal, take place. Successions are so familiar that the accepted view, I take it, is that, whatever disasters might happen to us and to the worlds, something would "have to go on" somehow, even if under the sway of Chaos and Old Night. In an imaginal world-system, however, what "takes place" presupposes what "makes place". And causation is not a mysterious governing law which asserts itself, as it were, in an endless succession of events, whether these have meaning and value or not. Mackenzie stresses the difficulty of limiting succession "owing to the apparent demands of the principle of causation that every event should follow upon an antecedent and lead on to a subsequent one". (13) But we men have invented this alleged principle or axiom; we ought to substitute for it a postulate which works very well in practice. The events in question are under no compulsion to prolong themselves endlessly. The limits of the succession are, after all, the limits set by divine conscurring. This is the truth grasped by Blake when he wrote that "God alone Acts or is in existing beings or Men". Why do events in a world of change happen at all, since, as we saw, there are no compelling laws? "They do so, not merely because other events have preceded them but because they are steps in the movement of the world towards perfection and beauty, because they are phases of Divine Imagining in its balanced wholeness . . . the causal dynamic is no master—it is only the manner in which imagination presses to its goal, the slow making and perfecting of the world-romance which began and will have its end; an 'end' at once the close of a time-process and the crown of a purpose fulfilled." (14)

D. There is no meaning in the continuance of change once that harmonious perfection has been reached. Do even we mortals seek to alter a work of art—a great poem or symphony—which we consider flawless? God, acting through the causal dynamic, achieves perfection and beauty; further *creative changes* are not required, the *causal* successions cease. Creative Imagining has done its work; a phase of conservation, of conscurring without additive change, is reached.

L. But not a final phase?

W. Surely not, for our particular world-system, perfect in

itself, may form part later of a still vaster system, and that again of another and so on, perhaps, without assignable limit. Its isolated perfection will gain in beauty by transformation within a wider system.

L. But meanwhile this isolated perfection might be called the salvation of our world-system?

W. Yes, from division and conflict; the clash of the unevolved finite sentient that run amok.

A. The absence of change does not imply a monotonously static whole?

W. The isolated perfect world-whole does not change any more than does the finished work of human art, but it comprises, like a symphony, the changes already made that contribute to its filling. It includes, *e.g.* its past. But *additive* creation has ceased. The promise and potentiality of the archetype have flowered as completely as art requires; the intolerable, the utterly ugly, has vanished.

S. Then cosmic causation, which implies, not mere successions but the novel, is just a bridge between the perfection of the archetypal world-system and a new kind of perfection which it is to attain?

W. Yes, but a bridge which in parts is crossed with great difficulty. For not only Divine Imagining but finite individuals are building the bridge. (15) However, of this anon. Meanwhile, I will leave the clouds, come down to earth and satisfy Leslie and Delane. And—to meet at the same time Anderton's wishes—I will take as my first illustration the causation of water. (16) What then is the underlying activity which accounts for the conservation and transformation (additive creation) in the surface-phenomena observed?

In all causal events there are features that cannot be regarded as "latent" or "implicit" *aliquo modo* in the observable conditions. And in the event known as water, novel features are very obvious. We are reminded, thereby, that there are two sorts of causal events; that in which conservation, and that in which additive creation, is most prominent. These suggested Mill's contrast of events due to the "composition of causes" with events exemplifying "heteropathic laws". We ought to consider this contrast awhile before discussing the causation of

water. "One of the fundamental distinctions in Nature" compels us to pause.

Mill makes the expression "composition of causes" cover all cases in which the event is analysable into the sum of the separate effects, as in the great group of phenomena which are treated, in the interest of practical calculations, as "mechanical". But even here we must take note of the novel. (17) Allowing, however, for this novelty, we can say that conservation dominates. This so-called "composition of causes" is contrasted with *e.g.* chemical combination when "most of the uniformities to which the causes conformed when separate cease altogether when they are conjoined". This sort of causation is "special and exceptional". Further "there are no objects which do not, as to some of their phenomena, obey the principle of the composition of causes, none that have not some laws which are rigidly fulfilled in every combination into which the objects enter".

In the second sort of causation occur the more notable leaps of novelty, whether these are explained as the manifestation of "waiting conditions" or not. Such leaps repeated become habits of Nature and Mind. A heteropathic law may compound its effect with that of another heteropathic law. Mill's use of the term law during this discussion (18) suggests perhaps too strongly the notion of a controlling or governing entity, but it is his language, not his belief, which is faulty. What we have been considering are "uniformities", some of which illustrate conservation, others, again, additive creation more emphatically. Any particular case of causation comprises stability and novelty, but the event is sometimes startling in respect of the transformation involved.

In the case of the caused event called the formation of water there is no question of a close resemblance between observable conditions and event; the qualitative transformation—now a habit of Nature—of the constituents on combination being obvious. A "heteropathic law", if you like this phraseology, is illustrated. It concurs with the conservation of weight.

What now of the totality of the conditions or complete cause? It has been urged that "the genuine cause must always be the whole cause, and the whole cause could never be complete until it had taken in the universe" (Bradley), and similarly

"the whole world conspires to produce a new creation" (Whitehead). But this is to say too much. In the first place, the universe may include indefinitely many world-systems which do not penetrate and influence one another at all. And, in the second place, even if we are considering only our own particular world-system, we ought not to speak in Bergson vein of a penetration "of all by all" but rather of "all by much else". There are approximately closed fields of causation. How much of my knowledge of Homer penetrates the spiral nebula in *Ursa Major*—how much of that complex tangle, my body and soul? Whatever the future may decree, wholesale interpenetration and interaction are not for the present stage of World-Becoming. It is better to say with Dewey that "interacting events have tighter and looser ties, which qualify them for certain beginnings and endings, and which mark them off from other fields of interaction. Such relatively closed fields come into conjunction at times so as to interact with each other, and a critical alteration is effected." (19) Radio-activity has been described as an inevitable process "not known to be really affected in the slightest degree by any circumstances whatever". (20) It is certainly not affected by the gossip of a tea-party or my appreciation of a fine picture!

But even a "relatively closed field" presupposes that most basic of conditions, Divine Imagining. The immanent activity of the Universal Agent preconditions all the transeunt causation of finite agents which penetrate and alter one another. Once more we may say with Blake, "God alone Acts or is in existing beings or Men". But the manner in which finite centres continue the divine activity has not yet been fully understood.

S. Blake also said, like a certain eminent philosopher, that without contraries there is no progress. Does this statement hold good of causation on the great and the petty scale alike?

W. It does. I have said something about penetration, (21) failing which the causal dynamic would not exist. I have now to add that this penetration implies conflict throughout our world-system of division and additive change. Causal relations involve more than one agent; and the behaviours of the agents are not in complete accord. Consider Mill's two sorts of causation once more. There obtain "two modes of conflict, or mutual

interference, between laws of Nature".(22) In the first conflict is *solved* in more or less conservative fashion, since, even when the agents "annihilate each other's effects, each exerts its full efficacy according to its own law—its law as a separate agent". But solution of this conflict may be transformative, not conservative, "as in the experiment of two liquids which, when mixed in certain proportions, instantly become, not a larger amount of liquid, but a solid mass". Causation in short closes in an *imaginal solution of conflicts*, whether the conflict takes place in Nature or in ourselves, or in both at once. And, as such solutions aim on all levels at the "best", they may be said in current phraseology to be guided by "values".

L. Values? And on all levels reflective and irreflective!(23) What of the causation issuing in parasites and cobras, to mention nothing else?

W. We shall be discussing this class of problem under the heads of evil and chance.

A. Your contention raises in full the riddle of the world-dynamic whereby Divine Imagining compels

All new successions to the forms they wear,

as Shelley so daintily writes.

W. Yes, and we can exploit it by substituting what has been called the imaginal dynamic for the old Hegelian dialectic, in the domain of those successions to which Shelley refers—as we shall see anon. Meanwhile, having stated my views about penetration and conflict, I have to deal with the causation of water. These preliminaries have been mediating that task most conveniently.

When a match is lit, allowing a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen to combine so as to form water—a case of "heteropathic" causation—what takes place? The conditions of the event, fully stated, carry thought very far; to the state of the solar system which tolerates such chemical synthesis, and further still; nay, if we look deeply enough, to Divine Imagining Itself. But let us consider merely the more obvious conditions that are selected for notice by science, H and O, temperature, pressure, and the rest. Well, the novel event born in this setting suggests undoubtedly to unsophisticated common sense a transformative

magic. Mill himself contends that this chemical event would have been regarded as transformation, were it not that the weight of the compound is the sum of the weights of the combining factors. To stress a conservative feature of the event, while ignoring its additively creative aspects, is not, however, a justifiable procedure. It found favour for centuries owing to the absurd mechanistic theory of Nature, which distorted and corrupted human thought in Europe. Those who resolved Nature into small moving billiard-balls—actuated, some added, by blind “forces” or “energy”—saw in transformation new collocations and movements and nothing more. And this way lies a metaphysics of nonsense.

Let $a, b, c, d \dots$ represent hydrogen, oxygen, and all that goes to constitute their setting. In the causal succession $a, b, c, d \dots$ become $x, b, c, z \dots$, the conservative features b, c being retained, or more accurately, repeated. What has occurred in this meeting of mutually penetrating conditions; of organisms, as Whitehead rightly calls them, allied with centres of consciring and symbolised in science by concepts such as “molecule”, “atom”, “electron”, “proton”? Remember always that we are discussing what goes on in imaginal Nature, not the pseudo-Nature of the mechanist.

It is a tale of penetration, conflict and harmonising imaginal solution of conflict, such as my previous remarks have led you to expect.

The minor agents, sentients or centres of consciring—call them what you will—are self-conserving; “persevere”, as Spinoza would say, “in their own being”: a characteristic which they share with the fontal divine power of which they are effluents. To quote from the book *Divine Imagining* (24), “this self-conservation implies conflict with any disturbing contents which invade and oppose their own. Invasive contents are always penetrating others; many further the contents of the invaded sentient; many are neutral, perhaps; many, again, are destructive, that is to say, in the regard of what they penetrate, exclusives or incompatibles. In the intimate mingling of contents in this *interpenetration* occurs inevitably conflict—the war of the incompatibles. In the case of chemical causation under consideration, furtherance counts, no doubt, for much. But

there are also opposed contents which are asserted at the same points of space and time. *Conflict* prevails. This situation is *harmonised*, comparatively speaking, by a creative act or acts; hence the *new* qualities of water, which are not present in the antecedent conditions, regarded separately or collectively, before the act. We have to allow here for the becoming of something out of nothing; for the new qualities which, not being in the prior contents, are gifts of creative consciring."

S. Very illuminating: the metaphysical complement of the empiricism of Mill. But might not some of these so-called new qualities pre-exist to the creative act? Might they not proceed from imaginals(25) which are among what you called the "waiting" conditions and make use of the occasion to insert themselves into phenomenal events?

W. The Professor has anticipated what I was about to add. My reply is—yes. But, however many such pre-existent contents enter the event, the main contention stands. The creative synthesis allows such contents to enter and builds them in a new manner into the caused event.

D. Are all these lower agents merely centres of irreflective consciring? (26)

W. Lossky says that in causation we are immediately aware of some "energy" being expended "which produces or actively creates a new event". (27) This *vis creatrix* is of course what we imaginists call consciring. But I pointed out long ago that even for us consciring is heavily veiled. It is self-revelatory as the whole which grasps its conscita or contents—yes—but it lights these contents much more fully than it does itself. In the animals reflective consciring is still less in evidence, the lowest animals noticing only a few vague percepts, pleasures and pains. And below this level, in plants and the so-called "inorganic" realm of popular thought, there may be no reflective consciring, no noticing of even vague percepts, pleasures and pains—save, perhaps, occasionally when activities are very intense. Recall clearly the meanings assigned to the terms "reflective" and "irreflective" in these discussions.

A god might conscire this great globe and all its sentient life at once; even the sentient life of the abyss which is irreflective for the lowest centres concerned. He could tell us exactly how

the facts stand. For myself I know of nothing which suggests that the lowlier organisms, electrons, etc., taking parts in a chemical combination, conspire normally even with the dim "reflectivity" of an amoeba.

D. And yet they are psychical existents.

W. Yes, that is to say their contents are fundamentally like the contents you are aware of when you see and hear. And, if their conspiring could be made reflective, they would be aware of these contents and of themselves after the 'manner of individuals such as we.

L. Quite clear, but how do you account for centres of conspiring being allied with these lowly organisms at all?—you said before that these psychical agents are not monads but rather unstable, tentative forms of conspiring which may disappear.

W. We had better not raise now questions which concern the topic of world-genesis.

L. Another point. On the side of their contents these lowly sentients or centres of conspiring display "steps of change". Now, Bradley and others would shake their heads. Perhaps Anderton will help me out.

A. I have a passage in my notes which you may have read. Bradley urges in *Appearance and Reality* that causation must be continuous. You dissent. Take a slice of content, he tells you, out of the causal succession at the stretch where there is said to be no change:

"But any such slice, being divisible, must have duration. If so, however, you would have your cause enduring unchanged through a certain number of moments and then suddenly changing. And this is clearly impossible, for what could have altered it? Not any other thing, for you have taken the whole course of events. And, again, not itself, for you have got itself already without any change. In short, if the cause can endure unchanged for the very smallest piece of duration, then it must endure for ever."

I ought to add, however, that Bradley argues also in favour of the case for discrete steps. He is bombarding with contradictions belief in the ultimate reality of causal process. He rejects change and causation alike. The issue is certainly worth West's notice.

W. I see. Discrete steps of change are held to involve gaps, and it is urged—how does step *a* become step *b* across the gap? Here we confront one more difficulty that is due to the neglect of consciring. Bradley and Bosanquet treat the causal process as if it were a mere stream of contents. I counter them by saying that continuity and discreteness are compossible. But then I allow for consciring!

The causal event does not issue from other observable or theoretically observable events at the end of a succession. It is posited, we saw, as a gift of consciring, not capriciously but as a "solution of conflict" between the mutually interfering agents that meet in the total cause. Consider water once more. Whenever H and O come together in the right proportions and other circumstances equally essential, the solution posited will be water; and no other constituents but these can be transformed so as to yield water. That is why these constituents have their unique standing. The transformation does not proceed out of the objective constituents; it is imposed on them, but nevertheless it is realisable with them and with them only, along with such "waiting" factors as join the synthesis. H and O don't produce water but water cannot be produced, even by cosmic magic, without them. Additive creation presupposes the alteration of special contents. Water could not be made out of chlorine and nitrogen; *Hamlet* could not be made by transforming memories of gardening and fishing. Conservation limits the possibilities of creation. You can create in the field of chess, but not motor-cars or flowers.

Creative consciring is presupposed by causation in respect of the transformation observed. It is presupposed also by the demands of continuity. Content-changes take place in a finite number of "steps"; there are no infinitely graded transitions without "next" terms; *imaginatio semper facit saltum*. Each minimal "step" has a certain duration unbroken by internal change. The contents of the successions in Nature called causal change, in James's language, "dropwise". (28) Our own sensible experiences come likewise in discrete pulses. And they furnish the clue desired. There is continuity, as well as discreteness, in my experience; for the "steps" of content are conscita—are conscired. Consciring on some level or other, divine or finite,

always supplies thus the continuity which grasps what in themselves seem loose. It bridges "gaps". The problem which vexed Bradley arises only when conscurring is ignored or when writers, like Bosanquet, substitute for it a miscalled unity of "feeling", using vain words that masquerade as thought.

S. There are higher levels of conscurring concerned with the so-called "inorganic" than those of the agents symbolised in current chemistry and physics?

W. Assuredly: the world-system hangs by a golden chain from God. But complications result from the initiatives of finite agents of all grades who innovate in Nature. Divine Imagining, one might say, shares Its throne with the legions of sentients in whom It is sunk and who continue It in the world-system. These agents collide with one another and with the world-system in which they arise.

D. Very subtly you are bringing us nearer to a new understanding of the world. There is more in this suggestion than an answer to the Professor required.

A. And now for some more examples of causation. Some while ago I referred to cases of causation, *e.g.* that of the Great War, in which human initiative was concerned prominently. A glance at such cases may serve to verify West's statements. For in such causation the *causa causans* is known from the inside and lends itself to inspection, however incomplete. We are not so dependent on inferences as when probing the mystery of sequences in Nature. We can grasp the thread dangling in full view before us and follow it as far as we can to the needle.

S. Well, consider the case given in the book *Divine Imagining*, the production of *Hamlet*. This is a complex event which began in the lifetime of a man, possibly never to vanish from the treasures of the world, being conserved even after the planet has run its course. It has its origin in the creative imagining of Shakespeare after penetration of him by very many mutually interfering contents and a conflict with rejection of this, selection of that, in order to the harmonising creation we know. "Derive" *Hamlet* from its conditions if you will, but then you will have to allow that one indispensable condition is its being imagined, never mind out of what! West's account of penetration, conflict and imaginal solution covers exactly a causal situation of this

kind. We can follow the poet at work, though we cannot say precisely how his creation comes to pass.

D. *Hamlet* is a particular case of causation: and not even a logician would generalise a "law" as to the production of *Hamlets*. It is enough to re-create *Hamlet* for ourselves when reading the play or seeing it acted. But observe that we don't re-create it in presence of the elements out of which Shakespeare created it, and yet the play is substantially the same for us and him.

L. If the play has so many instances in the minds of different men, why not call it a minor secondary imaginal? Are not two instances of *Hamlet* in two minds at least as noteworthy as two instances of blue or sourness? Treat it too as an imaginal that at the outset was only a singular complex fact—that is to say, before anyone but Shakespeare had enjoyed it.

S. Never mind this complication, though an interesting one, showing in fact how little these matters have been thought out. Anderton, we could appreciate some illustrations taken from your stores of knowledge; give us notable cases where the *causa causans*—the focal imaginal act in its setting of conflict—can be caught actually at work.

A. The situation before the Union of England and Scotland in 1707 is instructive. There was a clash of incongruous interests, political, religious, commercial, etc., which constituted the field of interpenetration and conflict. The Act of Union, whence "Great Britain", was the harmonising imaginal solution importing into the conditions a novelty that no antecedents could give. The *causa causans* was the imagining of Lord Somers and his collaborators.

What was the cause of Magna Charta? The relatively closed field of penetration and conflict is not far to seek: an arbitrary, unjust king is opposed by his barons and other subjects. The imaginal solution which left King John "gnawing sticks and straw", as Green tells us, harmonises, though provisionally and incompletely, the conflict. Creative imagining that began in one or two heads was to rule and transform the political world. It is interesting to observe in this case, as in so many others, how the misdeeds of a bad man can be used by God, by the "cunning of the IDEA", as Hegel would say, in the work of accelerating progress.

What was the cause of James IV going to war with Henry

VIII? The focal *causa causans* was this. The fair young queen of France, who was for war, sent James a ring, and the monarch imagined that he could not in honour refuse to grant her request. His chivalrous fancy of a knight-errant proved his undoing. Bain's insistence on "transferred energy" as the "final and sufficing explanation of all change"; Carveth Read's teaching that the essence of causation is the "transformation of matter and energy" become ludicrous in this regard. What is the value of mechanistic symbol when the reality stares at us? A new event is being made, and the *causa causans* in the heart of the transformation is revealed. Let philosophers open their eyes and describe it as what it is.

Take the case of the origin of Greek civilisation. (29) The Minoan culture was penetrated by, and in conflict with, nomads from the north. The result was a creative harmonisation; there was evolved a stock of "magnificent mongrels, to clarify and harmonise this wealth of *incongruous* gifts", as Professor Myres tells us. Much was conserved, but the creative synthesis was imposed on the antecedent conditions, not derived from them. It is just in this way, as Wells urges in the *Outline of History*, that "all human life, all life, is throughout the ages nothing but the continuing solution of a continuous synthetic problem". And the *causa causans* is always transformative, imaginal initiative at the heart of the dynamic that impels Nature and Man—more obviously to us—within it.

Why was Zeus, god of the invaders from the north, made the son of the Pelasgian Cronos? Because conflict had to be harmonised by an imaginal solution. Zeus, son of Cronos, lent glory to his sire; hence "for purposes of theological *harmony*" (30) the step was taken well. The *causa causans* on which all turned was the imagining of men. Or will you invoke the "transformation of matter and energy"?

Leslie greeted my suggestion with laughter.

L. Why these two concepts are themselves creations of human imagining. More illustrations, please, from whose force not even duffers can escape.

A. You are not bored? . . . Then I continue. At the time when Solon was Archon Eponymus, there were three contending parties in the Athenian state: the men of the mountain, of the

shore and of the plain (Eupatrids) were at variance. Penetration and conflict! Solon's constitution is the imaginal solution imported into this conflict and reconciling more or less the parties to it. The original dream of Solon is thus realised in a wider domain—the state. But the economic and political reforms secured were neither “necessary” nor final. They might have been different, and they brought no lasting satisfaction; hence later more conflict and the dream of Peisistratus imposed on it as a solution. •

S. When you say the reforms were not “necessary” you open up a discussion. Hegel said of his dialectic, also alleged to be the world-dynamic, that “wherever there is movement, wherever there is life, wherever anything is carried into effect, there dialectic is at work”. To what extent, if at all, is the dynamic we are considering congruous with that of Hegel? May I hold up the conversation a moment to profit by a word from West?

W. The imaginist has no place for dialectic save the limbo of experiments which have failed. The Hegelian dialectic presupposes the “labour of the *Notion*”; it is just the movement of the *Notion* itself. We are familiar with this movement; indispensable to the logical idealism which makes use of it. Each sub-notion from Being to the Absolute *Notion* or IDEA in affirming itself passes into its opposite and closes again with this opposite in the form of a more adequate affirmation of itself. And this system of thought-determinations, as discussed in Hegel's *Logic*, is the heart of reality. It is said to manifest an inner necessity—the fundamental dialectic has no room for alternatives; it works through contradiction and the overcoming of contradiction with an inevitableness beyond cavil. The domains of Nature and Mind are merely “applied logic”, though, as is notorious, Hegel found much in them for which his “applied logic” really has no room. I am glad to profit by Hegel's view. It furnishes the error over against which we can perceive truth.

Imaginism does not treat the “*Notion*” as the heart of things, as the very nature of God, its pulses as “souls of all reality”. There is no “labour of the *Notion*” in the depths; notions are makeshifts of finite minds such as ours. Hence Imaginism has not to concern itself with a notional dialectic working by way of contradiction and overcoming of contradiction. Yet this dialectic

is a shot at what seems to me to be the truth. I too have to discover a world-dynamic ("wherever there is movement, etc.", to cite Hegel's words once more), and the imaginal dynamic, of which Anderton has furnished some examples, is what makes appeal to me. It can be characterised briefly thus: (a) It works by conflict and the solution of conflict. Logical contradiction is merely a phase of conflict; conflicting notions and propositions are not all which has to be reckoned with! The conflicts in Nature, for instance, have nothing to do with logic. (b) It would be inaccurate to speak of the concrete wholes or stages of wholes in an imaginal system as passing necessarily and of themselves into their opposites as the logical "moments" in the Hegelian dialectic are said to do. Such wholes or stages in the history of wholes tend rather, when undisturbed from without, to "persevere in their being", to make use of a phrase we owe to Spinoza; an equilibrium or stable state persists if not violated by penetrating factors of unrest. Conflicts are thrust ordinarily off these wholes. But they may bring compensations, giving occasions for harmonising innovation, and in this regard the Heracleitan saying may hold good—strife is the father of all things, seeing that the new evoked by conflict slowly replaces the old. The solutions, withal, are not always "necessary" in the sense of being inevitable, for alternative innovations may be available. And there is no sure progress towards crowning harmony and beauty. Thus hard times may stimulate one community or individual and be followed by quickened life; they may leave others, if imaginal initiatives are poor and physical bodies defective, unhelped or stumbling towards decline. In the realm of chance may arise the utterly ugly, but of this we have yet to speak.

S. Consider the maze of conflicts which have prompted men to imagine the solution called socialism. This is a case of the dynamic in the limited domain of the human mind. But there is no rigorous necessity manifest. For the alternative solutions communism, capitalism, anarchism, etc., are available and are imagined in response to the same unrest. Each, too, is adopted at the price of great risk. There is no certainty that the most live community will enjoy progress—no complete certainty that the human stock itself is to succeed. . . . But excuse me, West, I am marring the flow of your explanations.

W. On the contrary your comments are most helpful. . . . But to continue, (c) The imaginal dynamic works only within creative evolution; in that field of additive change which lies between the Metaphysical Fall and the re-attainment by the world-system of peace, of the *ἐνέργεια ἀκινησίας*. It has to do with successions in which steps of change are taken, with time sprouting into novelty. The archetypal state of the world-system and its later halt in relative perfection have no place for the dynamic.

In considering the birth of our world-system we shall desecrate this dynamic at work. As the system develops and comes to include high levels of conscious life, the dynamic on such levels tends to give place to something else of which I will speak later. Meanwhile enough has been said. Anderton, please continue.

A. The Professor's reference to necessity allows me to cite a case, recorded in my notes, which will interest us all—the case of the Swiss constitution. In 1843 the Diet of the Confederation “was forced by a *conflict* of interests to a compromise . . . the next month saw the formation of a separate league (Sonderbund) by the seven Roman Catholic cantons . . . four years this league within a league was permitted to continue its obstructive agitation. But at last, in November 1847, war came. . . . By the constitution of 1848 there was *created* out of the old *discordant* Confederation of States the present federal state”.(31) You will observe that the event which closes this succession does not flow directly from anything in its antecedents other than the imagining of man. And there is an obvious flexibility in the creative innovation which solves the conflicts. Various imaginal solutions might have been embodied in the event, and not inevitably of course the best. You will ask how believers in the Hegelian dialectic deal with cases of this kind. By postulating a certain “weakness” in Nature and History which prevents “applied logic” from exemplifying perfectly the IDEA or NOTION. It is not stated, however, how the “weakness” creeps into a world rooted completely in logic!

I have now said enough and may leave Leslie and Delane to explore the records of Nature and human history for themselves. Verify all this at leisure.

W. There is a statement, to which I made reference, to be added. The more you rise towards the heights, the more you will find that the factor of conflict loses its importance. On the higher levels happy expansion and peaceful growth tend to supersede what is needful for Nature and undeveloped individual lives. "To him that hath shall be given." The red strand of divine purpose runs through all phases of the world-process. The imaginal dynamic—the baying of the "Hound of Heaven"—is for dwellers in the valleys. On the mountain-tops is seen already the foreglow of that radiance which is to persuade, not drive, us towards a greatness beyond ourselves.

Bear this additional suggestion steadily in mind. The imaginal dynamic, with its conflict, negation and pain, disappears from your path as you mount. The oft-cited "Peace of God" is a real experience, fully compatible with progress, but it is for those who take the paths, at first narrow and steep, which zigzag out of the valleys.

A. The dynamic is Shelley's "plastic stress" compelling "new successions" in so many quarters to wear their "forms". But it is complicated by the initiatives of finite individuals. It mediated, therefore, incidentally the Great War which realised, I suppose, the imagining of certain members of General Staffs. These men accepted victory as a solution of the conflicts of the international field. Their imagining ruled their States.

S. It comes to that—the States being willing to be guided.

A. Whenever human individuals take part in a causal process, we can probe more deeply into its nature. I mentioned the origin of the Great War. But the battle of the Marne also illustrates excellently what we have been discussing. How was it won, if we are to regard a widely-accepted account as correct? When the sixth French Army was threatening the right German flank, and large German forces had to be shifted westward, a certain thinning of the front of the central German Army ensued. Foch, with rare initiative, took advantage of the weakness, imagined that he could break through and realised his dream in terms of attack. The course of history was altered.

S. The concurring agencies were very numerous.

D. Of course—they are also very numerous when I imagine a visit and realise it through driving a car. But the focal trans-

formative imagining guides the agencies and is decisive: a veritable *causa causans*.

L. West has secured for himself a potent ally. Through a causation process—shall I say dominantly creative?—he has made Delane an imaginist after his heart's desire.

D. And is making one of you too against your will. Pardon me now if I put you a question. What was the cause of your coming to Zermatt?

L. Just a wish to climb a bit and lo! here I am with you who all talk metaphysics, like Milton's devils "in wandering mazes lost". As to your question, I see what you are after; you want me to admit that my fancy was the *causa causans* making use of my heart, lungs, trains and so forth. Well; I regard this truth as obvious. But am I master of the situation even now? Was my fancy the captain of my soul or was it in its turn wire-pulled and controlled by dark psychical activities working from below?

W. A soul-problem again. In the name of method postpone debate on such topics. Time too is flying and we ought to conclude our talk on causation with some brief notice of the metaphysics of chance. Chance plays a notable part in imaginist thinking; and I should like to hear your views about it before confronting the riddles of evil and world-genesis. May I add that, in passing on, I have to thank Anderton heartily for the illustrations with which he has regaled us. Did they not literally shout their significance at us?

D. They were most helpful to me whose intuitions met the truth half-way. Anderton, my congratulations. And now lead off again with one of your introductory chats, aiding West and us to do justice to the metaphysics of chance.

A. Time was when men made for themselves an axiom of causation, inflexible "laws" being credited to the domains of Nature and even of the human and animal soul. But Imaginism, as we have seen, dispenses with laws of unvarying character. In respect of causation it urges—take care of the particular case and the alleged uniformities (which are never more than approximate) will take care of themselves. You can invent the rigid uniformities and then make of them governing "laws", if you like. But only the particular cases, which differ somewhat from one another, have place in reality apart from your thought.

Our interest then shifts to the particular event; *this* falling rock shattering *that* block of ice. It is urged that the particular causal event does not proceed from anterior and theoretically observable events, but is created *ad hoc*—is the “gift of consciring” on some level or levels; not elicited *from* its antecedents but posited rather *in response to* them. It is a novel imaginal solution, making for harmony, and possesses accordingly a “value”. And the “plastic stress” embodied in it attests freedom, which may become more or less stabilised conservatively into habit. Recognition of this free creative imagining operative in Nature and the soul amounts to rejection of determinism on the great scale. This freedom, which pervades all our experience and not merely portions of it, falls away on the lower levels of the world-system into what can be called chance. All so-called chance-happenings are cases of causation in which novel initiatives, often fraught with mischief, break unpredictably and, as some say, blindly on the world-system. This is how I interpret the fundamental imaginalist attitude towards chance.

“Chance”, wrote Belfort Bax, “may be defined as that element in the reality of change—that is, in the flowing synthesis of events—which is irreducible to law or the causal category”.(32) But laws of unvarying character are fictions; we need not discuss them further. And each particular causal event is coloured always by novelty, by that additively creative magic which in its higher reaches is said to display freedom, in its lower reaches, chance. What rescues the stream of change from Chaos and Old Night? Not the much talked of reign of law but the “plastic stress” by which Divine Imagining rules the worlds. Inflexible law and too abrupt innovation would frustrate cosmic purpose; the golden mean, which unites conservation and additive creation, achieves it.

The qualitative contents in the stream of change issue from imaginings; the creativity which makes use of them, robed in feeling, is consciring. The primary imaginings are above the flux in which chance-happenings occur, though they penetrate it as well; are conservation-aspects of Divine Imagining. Freedom and chance imply consciring. Chance seems to be a name for the free creativity of finite centres as it may show on low cosmic levels. This is the view which I gather from the book *Divine Imagining*.

S. Ordinarily it is taken for granted that nothing which is caused is in any respect a chance-happening. The old determinists considered that causation excludes freedom and chance. But the imaginist view renders causation compatible with freedom and chance; in fact it ascribes to every causal process a creativity which *implies* freedom or chance. What a lot of controversy will be ended if this contention holds good!

With the rejection of the conventional fixed laws goes the loosening of the so-called causal tie. There will be no protest from the side of science which is beginning to loosen the tie on other grounds. Thus Eddington, whose starting-point is physics, holds that “. . . there is no strict causal behaviour anywhere”, (33) “. . . all the indications are that strict causality has dropped out permanently”, (34) “it is a consequence of the advent of the quantum theory that physics is no longer pledged to a scheme of deterministic law”. (35) Thus far science. But I suppose that West bases his opinion not on science but on considerations of general metaphysics which he has discussed in part already. It is notable that Imaginism should have loosened the causal tie independently, but, seeing that all for it expresses creative imagining, this minor speculative adventure was inevitable.

L. Ah! there you are, and when science looks below the surface it too will understand why this curious convergence of thought had to occur. The imaginal world-system behaves as the term imagination leads us to expect.

The chance-happening has always interested me as an imaginist. I used to marvel at the way in which men like Bradley, believing in a static Absolute, had to stand stupidly before the facts which this Absolute has to accept. For many of the facts are so preposterous. An instance. A diamond ring lost at Limoges slipped through the boards of a room and got fixed round the neck of a playful young rat. Grown older the rat was found dead constricted by the ring. Now Bradley must house this absurd fact in his Absolute; he can't possibly drive it from the universe. But what are we to say? Is it a fantastic curio set timelessly in the world-principle or just an episode in the domain of chance? Trifling as the occurrence may seem, it presents quite a serious problem. Of course in the “World as Imagination” anything can happen, grotesque or diabolic, and none need be surprised, but

the compensation is that the utterly absurd and ugly can be got rid of. For there is a real time-succession in which destruction as well as construction takes place. But a timeless Absolute—what a Museum of Grand Guignol monstrosities and abominations it must be.

D. But would your unconscious Cosmic Imagination be much better filled, for what therein conserves values and slays the monsters of the domain of chance?

L. What purges the sphere of conscious freedom which may create more terribly still? . . . But don't ask me yet for an answer. It is possible that I may have dreamt vain dreams.

S. There is nothing against experimental thinking, if one is honest enough to face failure. But now a further word about chance. Mackenzie prefers the term "contingency". But then he has in view only the cases of selection between alternatives in volition.(36) Not all such volition involves choice between alternatives, and, when it does, the origin of the alternatives, which are not conveyed to us ready-made but are always more or less *ad hoc* constructions, must be allowed for. And outside the realm of human volition are vast tracts of causal creation in which alternatives need not be present at all. Consider, for example, the "mutations" which armed the sawfish, spider and cobra. They are of the nature of "adjustments"—imaginal responses to the problems (37) confronting animal life—and may have originated on lines where the direction of novelty was towards them and them alone. As such they could be said to exemplify chance in Anderton's sense of the word. West in the Court of Appeal may reverse my finding but I think it unlikely.

A. Any more prefatory remarks on causation and chance? . . . No. Then perhaps West will contribute some of his "pemmican" to our fare.

W. Anderton and the Professor have studied this question to some purpose and I can plunge into complications accordingly without fear of being misunderstood by them. In discussing the standing of freedom and chance—touching which I accept and endorse Anderton's definition—I shall take you back once more to the source of our world-system of division and additive change.

Leslie and Delane grasp fully, I trust, that I am discussing

chance as it exists in the actual flowing of change; the real chance which most of the logicians, who treat of the chance relative to human ignorance, have denied. You are in no doubt about that—good! Then I get to work.

Writers are apt to assume that causation, having been used to explain these and those events in the stream of change, can explain at call everything that appears therein, a closed field of determinism sufficing for thought. But even Mill had to point out that causal successions presuppose “coexistences independent of causation”, while imaginists, pushing inquiry farther, reach a conclusion more drastic still. They maintain that the limits of the causal successions are the limits set by Divine Imagining in the process of the making of perfect worlds. Cosmic causation, as the Professor put it, is “just a bridge” between the perfection of the archetypal world-system and a new kind of perfection which it is to attain.(38) It is the manner of construction and destruction underlying creative evolution. It and the contents which enter it and constitute its filling alike presuppose the fundamental free creativity which we have named consciring.

The entire causal process arises and ends within this free spiritual creativity. And, while presupposed by this process, the free creativity shows also inside it. In this way it is that causation is compatible, as Anderton and the Professor observed, with freedom and chance. A cloud of controversy is dispersed. The antagonism between causation and freedom, of which Kant and others have made so much, vanishes. For the “caused event”, as in the case of my decision to climb a peak, can be discussed as at once determined by its conditions and yet as free. Is not one of the conditions creative imagining? The “imaginal solution” does not arise *out of* the other conditions, but is posited as a *response* to them, a response novel in the history of the world. This solution, as was said, is the “gift of consciring”. I need not repeat what was emphasised so strongly a short while ago.

Freedom is supreme in the depths—in the untrammelled creativity of Divine Imagining. It needs no explanation; it is the First without forerunner. Freedom continues to leaven the causal process which it calls into being. Freedom falls away on

the lower levels of causation into that creativity of narrowest "value" which deserves the name of chance. Let me indicate how this comes to pass. This falling away is fraught with meaning for our interpretation of much that stains reality.

I repeat that Freedom is fundamental to Divine Imagining whether It creates conservatively or additively. Now along with other content Divine Imagining conserves what we have been calling the primary imaginals. In order to a world-system, which is to realise imagination differently from any other world-system in the universe, the selection of imaginals contributory to its content and the manners in which these are interrelated will be special. Freedom rules. The archetypal stage of this unique world-system will be that of a divine work of art, perfect after its kind. It is imagined, *i.e.*, created, as an organised immortal which passes, after the Metaphysical Fall, which we have yet to discuss, into the "*disorganised immortal*" of the great seer, Blake. It becomes disorganised, since it is no longer *merely* a divine work of art but a domain comprising very numerous finite sentients or centres of consciring which introduce conflict. It has got beyond complete central control. And how could it be otherwise? The finite sentients or rills of consciring partake of the character of their source. They too are centres of imagining, conservatively and additively creative, and they innovate in ways which may further, but will mar in important respects, the harmony of the world-system.

L. This is a contention of great importance and I foresee that you will be emphasising it in connexion with the riddle of evil. But I shall be asking you later to describe, at any rate in general terms, how this passage into a world-system aglow with finite sentients actually took place.

W. I am mentioning the passage solely with a view to throwing light on the riddle of chance. We shall be dealing with world-genesis in our last dialogue. I must take the passage now for granted.

With the dawning of the finite centres, which have their organisms even in so-called inorganic Nature, an amazing complication supervenes. The finite centres are creative as is their source! On the lowest levels of division and separateness, whereon the centres are tentative and unstable, the conflicts are

acute but still amenable to complete central control. Astronomical regularities, for instance, are not imperilled by the riot of atomic and subatomic strife. But on somewhat higher levels begin the novelties ("fortuitous variations" is a phrase with which men have labelled much that they could not explain), robbing many of us of belief in cosmic causation which fares towards harmony and beauty.

More will be said when we are confronting the problem of evil. But, in so far as chance is involved, a perfectly clear statement can be made at once. Additive creation is present throughout these cases of causation, but the "response" is to conditions of very restricted character. Thus the mutations arming with weapons and instincts sawfish, spiders and hunting-wasps display assuredly purpose and, ugly though they are, a genius of invention. But what are the circumstances to which adjustment is made? Obviously the well-being of the species is all that is sought; all else—"the great globe itself"—is ignored. We discern in these cases exactly what is meant by the falling away of freedom into chance. A problem is mastered, an imaginal solution attained and this achieving of novelty is not determined wholly *a tergo*. But the "value" realised is of extreme narrowness. It is such that successful adjustment may import evil and ugly innovation into the world at large, though of course it may not. The larger reality does not "penetrate" the causal conditions sufficiently to make a notable difference to the event.

L. When the agent or agents are well aware of what is being done, you would not use the word chance but freedom?

W. Quite so, but naturally the delimitation of the frontier between freedom and chance would be difficult. The free man belongs to the sphere of partially reflective conscurring; (39) the chance-agent low down in the scale of life may not have emerged from the level of irreflective conscurring. (40) Between these are many grades of agents. Given the vast number of initiatives manifesting freedom and chance, it is not surprising that the tangles of causation are so preposterous at times. The rat and the ring—the horse-fly that kills a genius—the two oysters maturing out of fifty million eggs that lay low a War-Lord with typhoid—these are mere incidents in the play of chance, the upshot of tangles on tangles unpredictable and beyond counting.

D. But you don't believe in pure chance?

W. In an event that occurs without any conditions whatever? Certainly not. Chance is a phase of causation as we understand it.

A. And now about Blake's "disorganised immortal". Imaginist metaphysics forces us to believe in a disorganisation of this kind, of which West is sure to speak more fully later. But what of science? Can you intervene effectively, Professor, at this juncture? Spencer's Formula of Evolution seems unpromising and is probably out of date.

S. It is. For instance, Spencer thought that evolution is always from the simple to the complex, as it is in "organic" evolution. But how could he guess the truth in his day? . . . As regards disorganisation, would you expect Eddington to be fighting on the same side as Blake and the book *Divine Imagining*? Hardly. And yet listen:

"Travelling backwards into the past we find a world with more and more organisation. If there is no barrier to stop us earlier we must reach a moment when the energy of the world was wholly organised with none of the random element in it. . . . There is not an infinite series of states of higher and still higher organisation; nor, I think, is the limit one which is ultimately approached more and more slowly. Complete organisation does not tend to be more and more immune from loss than incomplete organisation". (41)

He considers too that "somewhere between the beginning of time and the present day we must place the winding up of the universe" (42) which is now "running down". More and more of the "random element" is being generated. It is important to recall that he is discussing only the physical level and that what he styles "universe" is only a portion of what West calls a "world-system". But, allowing for the symbolism which robes science, the convergence of thought seems of interest.

Eddington asks by the way a question of relevance to our treatment of time. If the physical world is "closed in its space dimensions", is it open at both ends as regards time? West has dealt already with this topic, but I must protest that we have not enjoyed as yet our promised discussion of space-time, considered in separation from other issues.

A. It is not yet five o'clock and we had some hopes of disposing of space-time before turning in to-night. We have still about five or six hours before us. What do you say, West?

West made no reply. He seemed lost in thought, gazing across the deep valley in the direction where I knew Zermatt must lie. Then he rose to his feet, and turning to Delane, who was lying with his back against a pine-stump, said, "S. at Zermatt". Delane leapt up, and the two strolled away in earnest conversation. They returned shortly—I saw that the dialogue was not to be continued.

W. Delane and I have to return at once to Zermatt, but justice will be done to the topic mentioned in a few days. Don't hurry to follow us merely because we have to greet a visitor. Champex is certainly worth twenty-four hours of your time.

Three of us strolled back to the hotel disappointed as well as puzzled. The visitor was perhaps someone connected with the autumn wanderings of our friends. But how had West obtained the information which seemed to have come as a surprise to him as well as to us? He had contemplated staying the night at Champex and had come to the clearing with the intention of renewing the discussion after dinner on our balcony. However, we were left to our reflections, no one caring to try to question West and Delane who walked back together in serious mood. Yes; it was a pity that the evening had been spoilt. But, as Leslie observed, it had been an afternoon by which we had all profited greatly and the date might not be far distant when we should be imaginists all.

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

(1) Chapter XX., on the dawn of the finite centres.

(2) *Logic*, book iii. chapter v. § 7.

(3) For Carveth Read's view cf. his *Logic Deductive and Inductive*, p. 177. For Bertrand Russell's suggestion cf. *Analysis of Matter*, p. 233.

(4) "Our wishes and hopes, disappointments and sufferings, have their source in instincts which are comparable to the light instinct of the heliotropic animals. The need of the struggle for food, the sexual instinct with its poetry and its chain of consequences, the maternal instincts with the felicity and the suffering caused by them, the instinct of workmanship and some other instincts, are the roots from which our inner life develops. For some of these instincts the chemical basis is at least sufficiently indicated to arouse the hope

that their analysis, from the mechanistic point of view, is only a question of time."—Loeb, cited by Hobson, *The Domain of Natural Science*, p. 367.

- (5) *Essay on the Creative Imagination*, Eng. Trans. p. 314.
- (6) Chapter XI. p. 279.
- (7) *Divine Imagining*, p. 139.
- (8) Cf. Mach, *Analysis of Sensations* (Open Court Cpy.), p. 89.
- (9) Cf. Chapter X. p. 217.
- (10) The phrase is taken from *Divine Imagining*.
- (11) Cf. Chapter XV. pp. 346 *et seq.*
- (12) Chapter X., on the levels of conceiving.
- (13) *Elements of Constructive Philosophy*, pp. 361-2.
- (14) *Divine Imagining*, p. 110.
- (15) Causation is a "teleologic transition marking incessant violations and restorations, in general and in detail, of the harmony of the changing whole or world-system under survey."—*Divine Imagining*, p. 141. And with what miscreations finite centres can violate "equilibria"!
- (16) *World as Imagination*, pp. 358-60; *Divine Imagining*, pp. 130-1.
- (17) Dr. Broad, *The Mind and its Place in Nature*, p. 62, observes that, in the case of two "forces" acting on a particle at an angle to each other, "We find by experiment that the actual motion of the body is the vector sum of the motions which it would have had if each had been acting separately. There is not the least possibility of deducing this law of composition from the laws of each force taken separately. There is one other fact worth mentioning here. As Mr. Russell pointed out long ago, a vector sum is not a sum in the ordinary sense of the word. We cannot strictly say that each force is doing what it would have done if it had been alone, and that the result of their joint action is the sum of the result of their separate actions." This symbolism makes use of a mathematical fiction, "force", but allows for the novelty stressed by West.
- (18) *Logic*, book iii. chapter vi.
- (19) *Experience and Nature*, pp. 271-2.
- (20) Soddy, *Matter and Energy*, p. 209.
- (21) Chapter XIV. pp. 322-5.
- (22) See *Logic*, book iii. chapter vi. on this distinction.
- (23) Chapter X. p. 220.
- (24) *Divine Imagining*, p. 130.
- (25) Chapter XV. pp. 350 *et seq.*
- (26) Chapter X. p. 224.
- (27) *Intuitive Basis of Knowledge*, Eng. Trans. p. 23.
- (28) James observes ". . . bottles and coffee-pots empty themselves by a finite number of decrements, each of definite amount. Either a whole drop emerges or nothing emerges from the spout. If all change went thus dropwise . . . if real time sprouted or grew by units of duration of definite amount, just as our perceptions of it grew by pulses, there would be no Zenonian paradoxes or Kantian Antinomies to trouble us." The metaphysical "step of change" has obviously a bearing on the quantum theory in physics.
- (29) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 133-4.
- (30) Professor Gilbert Murray, *Rise of the Greek Epic*, p. 66.
- (31) President Wilson, *The State*, p. 303. The italics are mine.
- (32) *The Real, the Rational and the Alogical*, p. 81.
- (33) *Nature of the Physical World*, p. 309.
- (34) *Ibid.* p. 332.
- (35) *Ibid.* p. 294.

(36) "It is at least probable that there is always some ground, though it may not be discoverable, for the choice of one alternative in preference to another."—*Outlines of Metaphysics*, p. 171. We are considering not this limited field of research but the entire field of creative evolution.

(37) The evolution of the eye, as Bergson so forcibly states, "solves a problem"; we are concerned in this dialogue with what solves it!—Cf. *World as Imagination*, pp. 544-5.

(38) Chapter XVI. p. 388.

(39) Cf. Chapter X., on concurring, reflective and irreflective, pp. 220 *et seq.*

(40) *Ibid.*

(41) *Nature of the Physical World*, p. 84.

(42) *Ibid.* p. 83.

CHAPTER XVII

FROM THE GORNER GLACIER TO THE CHALET

"God for His own joy sings many-voiced this world.

Time is but the lilt of His song and space the breadth of His harmony.
Save in His art, they are not."

OLAF STAPLEDON, in *God the Artist*.

Où sont les neiges d'antan?

AFTER our return to Zermatt I did my best to find out who was the "S" whose coming had broken off our talk at Champex, but the opportunities for inference were not at first promising. During the week that followed no stranger visited the Chalet des Soldanelles, while West, at any rate, did not descend even to the level of the Riffelalp Hotel. My host, of whom I saw little, seemed pensive and, though kindly and courteous as was his wont, said little, leaving me to gather that life for him did not consist merely of dialogues. Tentative questioning was not to be thought of. Delane, however, descended three times to Zermatt and was seen by me on one occasion going out of the Hôtel Mont Cervin. Chatting with the concierge later I found, in the course of a casual inquiry about a friend who did not exist, that two men whose names began with "S", an Irishman and a Russian, had arrived on the day of our visit to Champex. The names were Sodder and Sogdanoff, so profiting by this discovery I resolved to try my luck once more with Delane. My chance came when we were lunching one day beside a glacier table on the great Gorner ice-river after a bottle of Mumm had gladdened our hearts.

"You don't happen to know a man staying here called Sodder?"

"Never heard of him."

We had been talking of climbers, and my question was in-

tended to introduce one of the names without rousing suspicion. And now, as the other name came to mind, I remembered that Delane was believed to have done work in the secret service somewhere in Europe; adventures of all kinds fell to his lot. Perhaps he had seen something of the infernal Bolchevik tyranny in Russia—perhaps he was about to make Egypt his jumping-off ground for more wanderings in that distressful country. And West? Was it possible that he was interested in political changes, perhaps in the slow mining of what for him must be an odious régime? Nay, could it be that these two had come together first in Russia and that it was there that West had met and somehow befriended Delane? Sogdanoff . . . a White Russian, maybe, working with my Fascist companion on behalf of the counter-revolution of the future. What a tale might hang by this! The spirit of Mumm was upon me; I went more directly to my goal.

"By the way, apropos to our talk on the Matterhorn, West has no objection to your telling me of the circumstances under which you met him."

"You shall hear all about them at the Chalet next season," replied Delane a trifle irritably—"after our wanderings."

"You met West in Russia, I gather. Secret service took you into queer places, and he was able to do you a good turn."

"A remarkably good turn."

"It was your first meeting with him?"

"Why so?"

"Because when you came to the Chalet you knew little current philosophy and, if you had knocked about much with West, you would have had a lot to say."

"Plato, thou reasonest well."

"You are going back to Russia from Egypt with this man Sogdanoff, who is now staying in Zermatt—a 'white Russian' is he not?"

"For further information apply to West. Meanwhile, keep your deductions to yourself or we innocent tourists may have trouble. But why all these feats of reasoning?"

"I am so interested in the riddle of West and his many-hued life."

"So are we all. And how much we have gained from the

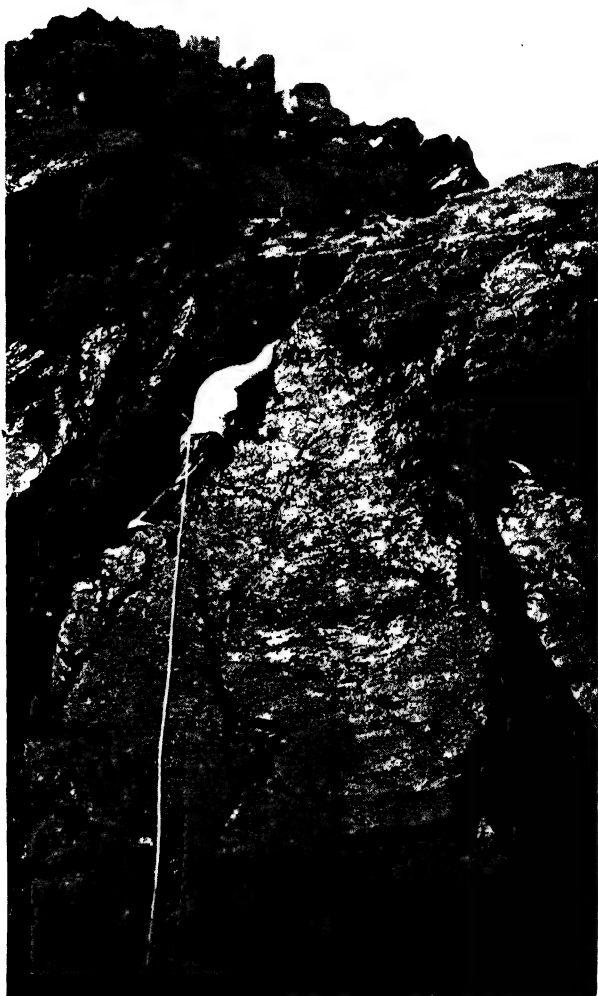
dialogues—even that cocksure poet whose opposition is becoming so feeble.”

“He stands firm on the problem of evil.”

“Yes: but coming events . . . don’t you see how West’s last sayings about causation and chance are going to alter the poet’s outlook? Evil sprouts during certain stages of an imaginal world-system as inevitably as grass. And this will be so obvious that our pessimist, who is himself an imaginalist, will be silenced for good. In another year he will be writing his Ode to Divine Imagining. After all, he is a disputant who does not mind being beaten in fair fight; not a theologian forced to argue according to plan.”

He had declined, I saw, amicably but finally, to continue the sort of conversation I wanted. We put on our rucksacks and, ice-axe in hand, tramped up the broad glacier to its broken fringe beneath the cliffs of the Riffelhorn. Then, getting off the ice, we made our way up the rubble-strewn slopes of the mountain and took to the rocks, clambering to the top by the so-called Glacier Couloir. There was only one passage of any difficulty; and it did not trouble Delane. Reaching the top we gazed long on the wonderful wall of peak, pass and glacier that lies between Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn, descending at last by the well-known sky-line route on to the Riffelalp hard by the mule-path that winds to the Gornergrat. A surprise was in store for us. Standing in the path, in conversation with some tourists, was the Professor, explaining how the glorious scenery around them had been sculptured out of strata which had once formed the bed of an ocean. We waited patiently until he was aware of our presence and, the tourists having left for the Gornergrat, the three of us made seats of our rucksacks on some inviting rocks. After an exchange of remarks which I need not chronicle, the conversation drifted to the subject of the Champex dialogue which had not been lost, it was evident, on our friend. The open note-book which he was carrying contained a mass of closely scribbled matter under the head of “Causation and Chance”. Perhaps I sometimes push my curiosity too far, but in this case the evidence was literally thrust on my view.

A. I see, Professor, that you have taken the Champex dialogue to heart.



DESCENT BY THE "SKYLINE" ROUTE OF
THE RIFFELHORN

S. You are right. And I will tell you why. All events that we call "causal", as well in sociology and psychology as in physical science, seem to me to illustrate aspects of the imaginal dynamic. And chance, again, being treated as a mere phase of causation, we are able to abolish a time-honoured antithesis which was taken for granted even by Kant. On the whole, I incline to endorse the view that West's theory of causation is the valid metaphysical complement of the empiricism which we find in the pages of Mill.⁽¹⁾ It fills exactly the gap at which that very cautious thinker points. And it fills it, as we saw, in a manner which certain causal series, more open to inspection than others, illustrate convincingly. All causation is leavened by additive creation, whatever "value" a particular case of it displays. All evolution is creative; nay, even the static persistence of green in a leaf implies creation. Only within the bosom of Divine Imagining can change, even in its lowliest forms, occur.

D. You speak now as an imaginist, and yet you used to attach great importance to West's attitude towards space and time as also to his views regarding the birth of our world-system. But he has not said his say on these topics in full.

S. That is so; and I am awaiting his further suggestions with interest. But, having grasped his main contentions and having read something of the book *Divine Imagining*, I can form now tolerably accurate ideas of what he is going to add. And here let me submit that imaginists need not lay claim to anything like full knowledge as to how a particular world-system began. It might suffice for them that the system began somehow—of course, within the world-principle in which they believe. On the other hand, the more knowledge attainable on this topic, the better the feast for Plato's contemplator "of all time and all existence". You follow me?

D. Very well, and you are right. We need not seek omniscience before calling ourselves imaginists. We guessed before we were imaginists and shall guess blithely later on as well. I am not surprised that West's handling of the imaginal dynamic impressed you; the dynamic meets a felt want which only the imaginist can satisfy. You found the dynamic big with all the possibilities of this world in space-time. And you got off the fence; yes, I understand.

A. The imaginal dynamic provides that "universal and irresistible power" which Hegel sought in his notional dialectic. Some critics, who misinterpret the dialectic, may object. Such men are apt to suppose that dialectic concerns only the thinking of men and groups of men; an error which limits their outlook quite disastrously. Hegel himself said "everything that surrounds us may be viewed as an instance of dialectic"—planetary movements, weather changes and other natural processes included. Allow me to quote some words of his. "All things finite, it is said, meet their doom; and in saying so we have a perception that dialectic is the universal and irresistible power before which *nothing* can stay, however secure and stable it may deem itself." (2) West, however, dealt with this matter, and I am merely emphasising its importance now. We have to postulate a "universal and irresistible power", Shelley's "plastic stress", before which nothing finite can stay. Hegel and we alike insist on this need. We discard, however, the notional-logical dialectic of Hegel which, applied to natural processes, for instance, becomes fantastic. And in the imaginal dynamic, as West explained it, we find the true "universal and irresistible power" which is driving all or most (3) forms of familiar reality towards the Divine Event. The imaginal dynamic is the "Hound of Heaven" of the poet, baying not merely in that petty region, the minds of men and like finite individuals, but throughout the most obscure depths of Nature. I have nothing more to add to what was said by West.

D. What of the pains and pleasures and general emotional stir colouring the imaginal dynamic, *e.g.* during the greater transitions of progress in the Calvary of human history?

A. I gather that they are the "robes of conscurring" present in the individuals concerned. (4) They have no independent standing or dynamic of their own. The emotional stir is one with the furthering and thwarting of the "conations", as a modern phraseology has it, at work in mankind and implicated portions of Nature, its organisms. It goes without saying that grave violations of social equilibrium involve pain; a fact worth the close attention of our friend Leslie. The progress which gave rise to the superior nations was bought at a heavy price.

D. Too heavy, many would say. And, if there is no continuance

of the individual, no future for the souls of mankind, it were better for us to avoid such pains and live as triflers, dozing in the lap of ease.

A. Aye, and as triflers without descendants! But, of course, triflers, like all men, have to take risks. They cannot be sure that progress is a vain thing. And if they continue after all . . .? But to return to the dynamic—more or less conflict attends always the meeting of finite agents in causation: this is the “mutual interference” of factors of which Mill has written(5) and is occasion, of course, for what West has called the imaginal solution. Human knowledge itself is born amid the clash of impressions; and in conflict, as Heraclitus told us, is cradled that organised knowledge which we call truth. Doubt about the old truth-claim ushers in the new; for which reason the road of knowledge can be described in Hegel’s words as “the path of doubt, or more properly a highway of despair”.(6)

D. But, as truth-seekers, we try to make certain contents of the soul conform themselves to, agree with, reality. And, so far, harmony is the goal.

A. Harmony, wide or narrow, complete or partial, is the goal. In volition, again, we seek to alter reality that it may agree with our ideas, as when a youth determines to make a fortune, or a lover to win a girl. But the final completely harmonious state is not for man, and is deferred, I suppose, for the making of the Divine Event. With us harmony is followed by renewed conflict; an otherwise inevitable stagnation is countered by unrest. Mephistopheles is the ally of God. And at last we ourselves, as finite agents, yield to the “universal and irresistible power”, and are swept away into the perilous seas of death.

D. And the transformation of which this death is the occasion?

A. Address your question to West next summer, during the course of the promised new series of dialogues.

S. Touching conflict, the “mutual interference” of factors in causation is conceded, so let us pass on. The problem of the imaginal solution is a darker one, but interests me greatly. In the illustrations furnished by Anderton at Champex, we desecrated transformation when devised by men to abolish or reduce conflict; were almost able to observe it as thrust on the process in which it shows. The meeting of human agents in the conditions

of an event helps us vastly—we obtain an inside, if incomplete, view of some of the factors that occasion the event. If we turn to Nature, we cannot, as mere men, hope to enjoy an inside view of this kind. Still, having become imaginists, we may find even an outside view remarkably suggestive at times.

D. You are referring, perhaps, to the “variations” or sudden “mutations” by which species are originated and equipped in organic evolution?

S. In part. Suppose now that I am considering the origin of birds. In Mesozoic times, certain kinds of small hopping reptiles, struggling to exist in a hard world, had to live where their pursuers could not follow them, to be able to stand cold. Their scales were prolonged into objects resembling quills and feathers. They secured thus an advantage over other reptiles in the conflict which was the price payable for living. Now, the variations favouring these creatures are called “fortuitous” by a certain school of thought; they were not, it is urged, the expression of purpose. But the likelihood is that they solve a problem, were imaginal solutions having “value”. And, if you inquire closely into the more notable variations which have made animal organisms what they were and are, you will incline, I am sure, to find imaginal solutions in them all. The evolution of eye and ear—to insist on nothing else—would have been impossible but for imaginal solutions. Natural Selection can favour only certain variations which it finds in being. It destroys rubbish; it does not build.

D. Are the solutions imposed on Nature or fruits of the creativity present in Nature itself?

S. Ask me something easier. I am content to put my trust in the solutions, whatever be their ultimate source.

D. Divine Imagining, the divine society, the gods, and perhaps quite lowly centres of consiring allied with physical Nature—all may be involved. Here again is ample scope for ingenious guessing.

A. What about the imaginals and sub-imaginals concerned? . . . No, I have no positive suggestion to submit to you; I am only emphasising the complexity of this field of research.

D. Would you allow that creative magic exists on the lower levels of Nature in regions of irreflective or barely reflective consiring? (7)

A. Why not? Lotze said that even the Absolute is no magician; "it does not produce things in appropriate places out of a sheer vacuum, merely because they correspond to the purport of its plan". Now, Divine Imagining produces, not out of a vacuum, but on the basis of conservation. It innovates, nevertheless, magically as situations require. And even the humblest rill of this power resembles its source; it, too, innovates magically on its appropriate level. Thus the "psychic life of micro-organisms" comprises initiative of a surprising kind.(8) And the organisms of the so-called "inorganic world" may be places of innovation as well.

S. I am for Anderton's conclusion. The rill resembles the source; everywhere in the imaginal dynamic there is additive creation. But the creativity of the lower centres of consciring is far below that which we have called "reflective". The infusoria, for instance, do not know that they invent, are below the level at which "perceptions", in our sense of the term, stand before the mind.

D. "Objects" defined against other objects and against a "subject" belong surely to relatively high levels of consciring.

A. On the lowest world-levels, however, scope for creative initiative must be very limited. Hence these levels remain more under central control.

D. A consideration that I find big with suggestion. It bears, no doubt, on the solution of the problem of evil. By the way, when are we to enjoy the next dialogue?

A. To-morrow afternoon on the balcony. And the one that follows—on Evil—also on the balcony, after dinner.

D. And the last?

A. On Saturday above Mürren. West wants us to take the cars to Lauterbrunnen by way of Gletsch and the Grimsel Pass. Quite a happy thought of Leslie's.

D. Splendid! And now, having said all we have to say about the dynamic, let us be off to the Chalet for tea.

On the following afternoon West was standing on the balcony watching our three friends as they came up the garden to take part in the dialogue. Suddenly he turned to me lounging at full length in a long chair and observed:

"The Russian in whom you took such an interest has left Zermatt."

"Oh! has he?" said I rather embarrassed, for had I been minding my own business? "So Delane has been telling you of our conversation on the glacier."

"Delane has said nothing. Oblige me by not discussing this matter with anyone inside or outside our circle. I have good reasons for asking you to be discreet."

His manner closed the discussion, so I nodded, feeling almost resentfully that my host was not to be trifled with. My curiosity had carried me too far, and for an instant the other West, the man of steel, looked at me. Then as suddenly he re-became the genial companion of the Riffelalp. "Up they come—excuse me while I take the Professor round my special corner of the library." And he went in to meet his guests on the landing. Leslie and Delane came on to the balcony, leaving the bookmen to their round of exploration within. They took the long chairs on my left, and were soon discussing the beauties of the car-route over the Grimsel Pass to Lauterbrunnen. At any other time I should have listened eagerly, but I had been startled by the astonishing knowledge of my doings possessed by West as also by the intimation that I had gone too far.

Some twenty minutes later my host and the Professor joined us, and all was forgotten save the main business of the afternoon. Almost at once we were called upon to open the discussion. West sat on my right and the Professor just beyond him; on my left were Leslie and Delane. It was the last of the year's meetings to take place at Zermatt, and I could not help glancing round as if for a farewell peep at the party.

S. Space and time, I think, are the topics of the hour, or perhaps, in deference to current physics, I ought to say space-time?

A. Space for philosophy is possibly not primary as is time; (9) and in philosophy the idea of measurement, which sways physics, does not dominate our thought. We have to consider these two aspects of reality in the fulness of the contrast which they present. And we attach special importance to the solution of the time-problem; a philosophy which solves or fails to solve it reveals its merits or demerits in very clear light. Thus time

for Bosanquet is "the central crux of philosophy", though in his *Logic* he refers to it as "not a form which profoundly exhibits the unity of things".(10) J. S. Mackenzie calls this problem "the most difficult in the whole range of philosophy". A. E. Taylor considers the riddle as to why succession is a feature of experience as "perhaps" insoluble. In a similar strain Windelband regards it as "an unsolved problem why timeless reality needs realisation in the temporal course of the events or why it tolerates in itself an event in the temporal course of which there is something that differs from its own nature. We do not understand why that which is also has nevertheless to happen; and still less why something happens from that which is in itself without time".(11) Bradley, again, is not only puzzled about time, but cannot suggest why there is a multiplicity of finite individuals to experience it.

L. They can't solve the problem probably because the first principles of their philosophies are wrong. Windelband's "timeless reality" is as impotent to produce time as the conjurer's hat is to breed a rabbit.

D. Someone of eminence makes a mistake in philosophy or religion; and hordes of defenders arise to uphold it to the bitter end. Even great names like Kant and Plato are associated with futile experiments and mistakes, and centuries are required to right the mischief. Most men are sheep, even though arrayed in cap and gown or cassock.

S. We shall see—I have been reading up this subject of late—that the alleged difficulty of the time-problem arises solely from the false assumptions of many famous thinkers from Plato down to Hegel and Bradley. The solution is not far to seek; indeed it is obvious, in my opinion, as soon as stated, provided that we are not hampered by arbitrary assumptions of old-world thought. No; not now . . . we will enjoy it later as part of the fare to be provided by West. In the meantime Anderton might help us greatly with some prefatory remarks on the metaphysics concerned. I hold a watching brief in the interests of physics and am to note also that no important phase of space-time controversy is being overlooked.

A. Leslie's surmise is correct; the first principles of certain philosophies of renown are at fault. You cannot find a home

for time in its three great aspects, duration, simultaneity and succession, save in God regarded as Divine Imagining. Belief in the Absolute, complete, perfect and finished, excludes time-succession at any rate from the domain of ultimate reality. And yet time-succession confronts us here and now. . . . There arises a conflict in thought. And the imaginal solution which is to restore harmony? It cannot be found. You must be prepared, while remaining idealists, to break definitely with that group of men who adore the Absolute, however named.

In the course of his philosophical adventures Plato looked askance on change, inspired doubtless by Parmenides, Hegel's first real philosopher, who in his "way of truth" was for uncreated, indivisible and changeless reality. Aristotle, whose god is "unmoved mover", also denied basic importance to change, which, however, as surface-appearance, the passage of the potential into the actual, was now said to be "explained". In the Middle Ages this dogma persists; Dante could not tolerate the idea that change takes place in God; eternal perfect life embraces for him what we call past, present and future together. A famous schoolman went so far as to urge that belief in the temporal character of the world is an act of faith.

D. Faith invents the deity of the famous schoolman, while the world, although it comes to us in fragments, tells its own story. Unfortunate deity contemplating so much of the past that ought to and cannot be destroyed! Imaginism requires the scavenging of the world-systems; the too ugly must be driven altogether out of reality.

A. Averroes told the thinker to place himself; when philosophising, in eternity, when concepts such as "before" and "after" are irrelevant and what, regarded from our points of view, is called "potential" may be treated as "actual". Spinoza's reduction of change to surface-appearance had a great influence on German idealism and through this on British speculation. With the acceptance of Divine Imagining this fashion loses appeal.

S. For Divine Imagining is conservative *and* additively creative. Cosmic change has no longer to be noticed reluctantly or explained away as surface-appearance, as "contradictory" or what not. It reveals the character of ultimate reality itself.

L. Need we go into the matter further? Why bow the head before a world-principle which is changeless? Its limitation in respect of failure to create additively displeases me. Anderton says that believers in it find empirical succession a problem not to be solved. I experiment with Imaginism. Prometheus is unbound, and at once I see the significance of change which verifies, indeed, in part, my metaphysics. . . . So we won't whip a dead horse, but can pass to another phase of our topic.

A. Thus, as far as time is concerned, we have made some approach to the position occupied by West; we are not afraid of change. But observe that Divine Imagining is changeless in one respect—It is the eternal principle of change, yet in Its very changing conserves Its character.

Having glanced at change, an aspect only of time, we ought now to be moving towards an examination of the wider problem of space-time. We have interred a prejudice, are rid of an obstacle, but what is the far-reaching philosophical solution to be?

D. Are we to be drawn into a discussion of relativity and its mathematics? If so, Leslie and I, who are without the special knowledge required and, moreover, cannot live in an atmosphere of abstract symbols, may as well go to sleep!

W. (much amused). We need not distress you to that extent. And don't be dismayed because you cannot follow highly abstract thought. There is no supreme merit in being able to think abstractly. The intellectual giant surprises us, but the relations which hold his interest lack body. "Grey is all theory", quoth Mephistopheles to the student, "the golden tree of life is green". Abstract thinking is great achievement on the level of man who has to attend selectively to aspects or shreds of aspects of his world. Concentrating on such shreds he is forced to overlook awhile their contexts; and in such defect is born his boasted knowledge. The high mystic, on the other hand, desires a banquet, not this mean and uninviting meal of scraps. He seeks to enjoy that fulness of grasp in which the special relations and their setting are present alike. He longs for concrete reality, all of whose aspects, to make use of our convenient phrase, are consiored reflectively.(12)

L. But he does not attain the power to intuite relations in this way merely by longing to do so.

W. Ah! no. Abstract thought is a pre-condition of what is to transcend it later. The merely devotional mystic cannot go far—any fool can wallow in devotion. I might dwell on the value of the discipline of our present life of thought. But not now. . . . Anderton, please continue. The sun of truth is rising slowly as we talk.

A. There are two distinct ways of considering the space-time issue—that proper to philosophy and that proper to the domain of science interested primarily in measure. Philosophy is concerned with the nature of space-time; I will ask the Professor to be spokesman for science. Leslie referred in this latter regard to Relativity using the term no doubt to stand for relativity in physics. Relativity in the philosophical sense is a much wider concept. Every aspect of Divine Imagining exists relatively to others and not absolutely in its own right. All terms, one might say with the poet, “in one another’s being mingle”. Truism as this may seem, it is overlooked occasionally by exponents of relativity narrowly so-called, not, however, by metaphysicians who have been students of Hegel.

S. I am to confine my remarks to relativity in the narrow sense of the term; to indicate, without immersing us in unnecessary details, the significance of relativity in physics. In so doing I ignore the old concepts, absolute space and time; “metaphysical monstrosities” as Whitehead well calls them. But, while we need not consider these fictions seriously to-day, we can observe that their ostracism by physicists is not always complete. Space, for instance, chased from the front of the relativist’s house, returns sometimes by the back door! The point, however, of outstanding importance to Imaginism is that the particular sets of abstractions and constructions used for measuring have no bearing on the main problem of space-time itself. In fact the great service of mathematics is to organise “a series of aids to the imagination in the process of reasoning”.(13) Amazing results are attained despite the limitations of our direct perceptions. But these results interest science rather than metaphysics. They never bring, and never can bring, the kind of illumination for which one turns to the philosopher.

It would be absurd to hold that all science is concerned only with measure—psychology, economics, geography, geology, etc.,

would give one the lie—but in physics the dominant interest is in this quarter. Let me read you some citations from my notes bearing on this view. Planck holds that the physical criterion of objectivity is: everything that can be measured exists. Again, “what the physicist calls ‘space’ and ‘time’ is for him a concrete measurable manifold, which he gains as the *result* of coördination, according to law, of the particular points; for the philosopher, on the contrary, space and time signify nothing else than the forms and *modi*, and thus the presuppositions, of this coördination itself. They do not result for him from the coördination, but they *are* precisely this coördination and its fundamental directions”: “the reality of the physicist stands over against the reality of immediate perception as something through and through mediated; as a system, not of existing things or properties, but of abstract, intellectual symbols, which serve to express certain relations of magnitude and measure, certain functional coördinations and dependencies of phenomena. . . . That physical objectivity is denied to space and time by this theory must, as it is now seen, mean something else and deeper than the knowledge that the two are not things in the sense of ‘naïve realism’. For things of this sort we have left behind us. . . . The property of not being thing-concepts, but pure concepts of measurement, space and time share with all other genuine physical concepts; if, in contrast to these, space and time are also to have a special logical position, it must be shown that they are removed in the same direction as these, a step further from the ordinary thing-concepts, and that they thus represent, to a certain extent, concepts and forms of measurement of an order higher than the first order” (Cassirer). “. . . for physics what ‘it is’ and what it is *measured* are one and the same thing” (J. A. Gunn). Contents spatial and temporal pre-exist to measuring process, “mais pour les physiciens il semble qu’elles ne soient que par la mesure qu’ils en prennent” (Le Roy). And so on. Provided that descriptive efficiency, conducive to precise measurement, is secured, even quasi-mythological fancies can be introduced. The deductions of the relativists who accept, and of the relativists who reject, homaloidal space thrive equally well. According to Rignano, Einstein’s theory “is at present simply a mathematical construction, to which, as it is now

formulated, no reality corresponds" (14), but this comment carries no sting. On the other hand, a more convenient theory may take its place without any basic problem about truth being raised. Our philosophical meditations on space-time could continue independently. For what we want is to understand the nature of space-time, not merely to obtain exact measurements which leave its mystery unexplored.

A. Plotinus would have stood by you when making that statement. Thus he held, in respect of time, that the mere process of measuring it is of secondary interest and leaves us ignorant of its intimate nature—of its metaphysics.

D. We could never hope to learn much unless the macrocosm resembled what we find in our own conscious lives.

A. Eddington looks critically on the "empty shell" of this physics of measurement. He at least holds that the phenomena of the world mask contents such as resemble contents of our own conscious lives, or, as West would say, *conscita* present to our *consciring*. On the other hand, "The World", as conceived by certain naïve relativists, who mistake their measuring devices for something else, is absurd.

S. Eddington holds that physics has knowledge only of "structural form", but it would be difficult to suppose that all "form", such as is imagined by Einstein, mirrors reality in the macrocosm.

The best-known relativity-construction seems sterile in point of explanations; its theory of gravity, for instance, suggests "descriptology" rather than an attempt to pass, *e.g.* with Fechner, into the throbbing heart of things. But the physicist at any rate will not spare his praises, believing that nothing succeeds like success. And the practical success he acclaims is won in the sphere of measure.

The space-time of physics belongs to the world of shades and is created not by Divine Imagining but by the logical imagination of man. Long ago, one of the fathers of modern philosophy, Descartes, invented a system in which what he called Thought and Extension were opposed and parted by the breadth of being. And his further dream was to geometrize Nature somehow, using the Extension thus torn from experience and emphasised. The centuries pass, and this dream is being realised in Einsteinism:

a fact which entails that very absence of "explanations" of which some critics complain; *there is nothing available, as in the case of a rich Nature-philosophy, with which the "explaining" can be done.* He who exiles himself in a realm of shades must put up with the scenery. If the new conceptual venture succeeds, as, for certain mathematical uses, more 'comprehensive and accurate than its predecessors, the comment of Professor Hobson will, nevertheless, apply. If there is to be a revolution, it will be "purely internal to Natural Science and will in no sense radically affect the external relations of Science with general Thought".(15) The ingestion by this scheme of spatio-temporal measurements, gravitational phenomena, perchance electro-magnetic as well, is impressive, but there is no adequate background on which to stage metaphysics. Would you erect a temple to contain the treasures of what relativists sometimes call "The World"? You cannot. There are no treasures in such a "World". And you have no supplies in sufficient variety even for the temple's builder.

How remote from our percepts is the logical imagination embodied in this symbolism, showing incidentally once more the vanity of the popular view that somehow "impressions" are sole source of our "ideas"! The elementary analytic concept of the symbolism—the point-event—is indefinable, "unintelligible" in the sense that its nature, writes Eddington, is "outside the range of human understanding".(16) "The World", or "universal substratum of things" of some relativists, is the four-dimensional continuum of these unintelligibles which has an order neither specifically spatial nor temporal; is an abstract manifold from which the features of our intuited space-time contents disappear. Such is the foundation provided for the fabric of reasoning as directed to a narrow end; all happenings having interest only in respect of measurability.

L. What a fuss is made about measure! Does this precise measuring matter save as a hobby? Could not men get on very well, like James's Arab, without all this complicated scientific thought, only possible through marks made on paper and never possessed by anyone in its entirety at any one time? Why not, *e.g.* be satisfied with the approximate accuracy we find in the pages of Newton, without encamping in ghostland to achieve more? We waste ourselves in trifles.

S. (bridling). These physicists at least follow truth, though they have to ignore much in doing so. Why should they stop at the inaccurate? Are they not as well occupied as those who write poetry and preach universal suicide?

L. I won't dispute the wisdom of their mode of investing time—tastes differ—but I will suggest two things; first, that Peter Bell may be much closer to reality than these men of clocks, rods and formulae; secondly, that all this relativity talk has not a tithe of the significance creditable to Planck's epoch-making work respecting "quanta of action". That does touch reality in the quick, for it suggests, as was said before, that West's jets of consciring have been detected in a quarter where few would have sought to trace them.

S. You are a poet of temperament and don't care as I do for the dry light in which physicists have to work. But don't suppose me to deny that Planck's initiative is not of primary importance. And now am I to continue this relativist monologue of mine or yield the floor to West?

D. Leslie and I have heard all that it is necessary to hear. You and Anderton have enabled us to understand exactly on what level the relativist works, and we can now leave him to complete his splendid mathematical adventures undisturbed. We know now what he is doing and that he cannot meditate the fundamental solution which we are demanding from West. Leslie, perhaps, hates abstract thought too bitterly; is not the great company of souls evolved to help in exhausting all the possibilities of sane deed and thought open to our world-system? For my part I love, like Leslie, the more or less concrete, but then I am not capable of high, symbolic thinking. My good will to those who are; and my gratitude for their services to me.

L. *Ad astra!* Let those who like ghostland live in it. I postpone my acquaintance with the subtler mathematical relations until I reach the level of which we heard this afternoon: the level on which they are conscired not selectively, *i.e.* abstractly, but in their complete setting. Meanwhile, I know of much more interesting objects with which to occupy my time.

D. I should like to put a few questions before West takes up his burden. We have heard of the "magnificent stroke of genius" by which Einstein and Minkowski "assimilated" space and time;

we have also heard that relativity has destroyed the "last remainder" of objectivity ascribed to space and time. What are we to think about these views?

S. I have referred to relativity-physics; let Anderton say something from the side of philosophy. I submit, withal, that the passing of the old simple absolute space and time, constructed by man to meet his wants, is one thing; the attempt to dispense with cosmic objective, and maybe very complex, space-time is quite another.

A. The merging of space and time into space-time has been described as wholly new, but this stroke calls into being only the "abstract manifold" of which the Professor spoke. The reign of naïve realism in physics was disturbed thereby. Philosophically regarded, space and time relations are very different and cannot therefore be discussed as "assimilable". Philosophy has suffered little from the naïve realism for which space and time are things independent of the contents which show in them. Having no experience of such things—no qualitative contents, no space and time relations—philosophers long ago ceased to believe in them. Their task is not to merge such things into space-time, but to treat the relations called space-time as *forms or manners of existing of contents which might perhaps exist otherwise*. The merging is of the spatio-temporal into space-time-contents, the relations involved preserving their character.

What, according to West, are intuited space and time, basis of the very elaborate concepts that are named similarly? Kinds of relations. And what are relations? Manners of compresence to conscurring on some level or other, not entities that exist in their own right. Philosophy cannot "assimilate" space and time relations as such off-hand, for they differ; two rocks related as coexistent differ from two rocks related as successive, though coexistence and time-simultaneity, of which West will doubtless speak, prompt reflection. But philosophy can "merge" space and time relations and others in its own way. Thus it can talk of space-time experience wherein relations are manners in which certain *contents* or *conscita* exist for *consciring*—perhaps what Whitehead means by his "underlying" and "prehending activity".

L. Don't forget the second question.

A. No—no; that about the "last remainder". Minkowski

states that space and time regarded as "things" sink to shadows. Now, no modern philosopher of eminence, as far as I know, has ever believed in such "things", though some naïve realist in physics may still have the faith required. Take note, however, that natural happenings spatial, eke simultaneous, successive, enduring in a time regard, are not dependent on our discussions of them. The solar system was formed, tree-ferns grew, the Eohippus took joy in life, as part of the world-system sustained by Divine Imagining, long before we men were born or thought of. The rejection of space and time as man-made "things" affects only the old simple public space and time *constructed in our concepts*; it does not demolish the spatial and temporal world-system itself. Space and time relations are presupposed by the entire discussions of the relativist. Moving bodies are taken for granted as well. There is no possibility of destroying the "last remainder" of the spatial and temporal features that characterise the world-system. The dust raised belongs solely to man's conceptual domain.

Obviously it is this cosmic space-time complex which West desires us to keep in the foreground of attention. The discordant times and distinct spaces of the "observers" of relativity are of quite minor importance; you learn thereby that the system, supporting this variety, is not so simple as was once believed. But what of that?

L. Everything is being revealed as more complex than it was thought to be—from space-time and the "atom" to the world-principle. In the case of space-time better measures have now to be taken, so some assert. This truth, if truth it be, wch't alter the foundations of metaphysics.

D. I gathered that one wish of the relativists was to get rid of the space-"thing". Why, then, in one form of their thinking, has this "thing" a curvature which conditions the course of particles and waves?

L. The execution of space has been postponed, but the sentence remains on record.

S. It comes to that. A light-ray is said to take the straightest course geometrically possible. Eddington, again, writes that, were the giant star *Betelgeuse* of the same mean density as the sun, space would close up round the star, leaving the earth out-

side.(17) Such a space-“thing” is much more than a “shadow”, in fact very efficient indeed!

D. We discussed at Champex the causal dynamic, but is there any causal explanation offered of the facts said to illustrate “gravity”?

S. If “mass” produces space-curvature and space-curvature somehow determines the course of a particle, something like a causal dynamic has been conceived. But it is not the kind of dynamic that seems to “explain”; it is of the character appropriate to realisation of the Cartesian geometrical ideal now being achieved. What is the solution adopted? It is that a particle not subject to constraint, moves in a geodesic and moves differently in the neighbourhood of “matter” or “mass”, a form of “energy” which alters surrounding space. A planet is not drawn to the sun, but moves freely as nearly as the altered space allows in a straight line, so that the “force of gravity” once postulated to account for the bending of its course becomes superfluous. The natural geometry of “The World” has been overlooked, so it is said.

L. Descriptology! There are those who would resolve the hunting of Juanna by Juan into geometry. We need not resent the rejection of a “central force” directed sunward—for what is “force” but an instrumental concept?(18)—but in a world-system of psychical reality we have to put trust in psychics. Processes of psychical furtherance underlie what is named gravity.(19)

West nodded vigorously. “A partial penetration preconditions the causal dynamic here as elsewhere. And each agent tends to find and complete its true being in the others. Conservation and additive creation obtain also on this level.”

L. We have a drab description of what goes on in the case of movement. But what of movement? Why does it take place at all? And how, in a given frame of reference, is it sometimes stopped? There seems to be no geometrical theory about stopping. Resistance—stopping—is taken for granted.

A. Why linger longer among these mathematicians’ fancies? My suggestion is that West should now intervene. We need to consider a much more radical treatment of the space-time riddle than has confronted us yet; we must glance not only at the petals of space-time but also at its roots.

D. Pemmican! Pemmican! Hard, if you like, but nutritious.

W. Anderton and the Professor have made my task comparatively easy. Considerations that might have confused Leslie and Delane, tempting them to lose sight of the essential, have been anticipated. I am able to ignore that aspect of the space-time problem which concerns measure. I am free to approach our topic directly from the side of metaphysics; to discuss what are the nature and standing of space-time within the world-principle we have agreed to call Divine Imagining. Where the poet thinks, there think I. He tells us that time and space exist only in the art of God, that time is "the lilt of His song, and space the breadth of His harmony". I welcome this genial insight and shall try to make it fuller and richer.

To repeat what Anderton stated so seasonably—space and time relations, like other relations, are *manners* in which contents appear *together* for conspiring. They are not "independent things". Let me add that this obsolete way of regarding them will not concern us further.(20)

Now I am not yet describing the general nature of the Metaphysical Fall—the passage of the world-system into the domain of change, chance, division and conflict—and, consequently, I am not dealing with the ontological space-time riddle in full. It may be that the space-aspect is the gift of creative evolution, appearing as a feature of the first Metaphysical Fall. The dialogue arranged for Mürren is about the birth of creative evolution, and more will be said of the matter then.

L. Why the *first* Metaphysical Fall?

W. Having once been evolved, the space-aspect persists as a feature of made reality—of the conserved past. It could appear as a novelty only within the first passage of an archetypal world-system into the travail of creation. Space may mark a stage in the realisation of the imaginal field which this particular system is for Divine Imagining. Like a cloud spreading from a point in the clear sky, the world-system uncloses into the mode of particularisation called space—how we shall be able to suggest.

A. This possibility that space is secondary is important. Whitehead regards space and time as "each partial expressions of one fundamental relation between events which is neither

spatial nor temporal"; a relation which he calls "extension". But, if time relations are possible apart from spatial, this contention cannot stand.

S. Locke in the second book of his *Essay on the Human Understanding* maintains that in temporal lengths we have "perishing distance", the parts of which exist one after the other, and in spatial lengths "lasting distance", the parts of which exist together. A thought like Whitehead's is being entertained. Stout urges that spatial positions, distances and directions are matched by temporal positions, distances and directions such as we notice in connexion with a tune. Further, in a purely numerical series, 12 has its place between 10 and 20; its direction relatively to 10 is not its direction relatively to 20, while it is nearer to 10 than it is to 20. "If we take into account fractions, surds and other kinds of number recognised by mathematicians, there is no relation of position, distance or direction, whether in space or time, which is not matched by a strictly analogous numerical relation. A similar relational order is found in merely qualitative series such as those in which colour presentations may be arranged".(21) This fact seems significant. But temporal relations, nevertheless, may be primary; the "analogous" relations showing a family likeness. And in the case of space—if this arises during the Metaphysical Fall—creative evolution has played its part in shaping the "analogous" relations.

D. Could it be said that space relations were in some way "implicit" or "germinal" and became explicit during creative evolution?

W. Replying to Anderton and the Professor, I incline to hold that time is fundamental in the sense that no content of Divine Imagining exists (or, to cater for a current fashion, "subsists") without existing in a temporal manner as well. The "analogous" in time, space, the number-series, etc., is what, on this supposition, one would expect; there is something pervasive about time which can take many forms; time is a *manner* of appearing, i.e. of being real, which consciring, the active side of Divine Imagining, allots to all its conscita or "works". Answering Delane, I have to say that words such as "implicit", "germinal" and, I must add, "potential" rouse my suspicions. They suggest

too often that what is said to be "implicit", etc., is already in being and merely waiting to emerge. But, if it is in being, let us be told so outright. Touching the *manner* of existing called spatial, I favour the view that, in the case of our world-system, space was evolved creatively out of time. This, however, is my suggestion only, call it, if you like, my prejudice. Be rid of dogmatism in discussing such topics. Man is on too low a level of reality to play the pontiff. His thought is of value mainly as a discipline preparing him to be great.

L. A moment. You spoke of Divine Imagining allotting to contents the manner of existing called time. But It is said to be master of the finite sentients or centres of consciring—of individuals—as well.

W. Master up to a point; yes, but recall that It is also active in and as the sentients, quadrillions of which in the depths and even in the lower animal world ought not to be referred to so lightly as "individuals". From one point of view all these sentients are in time. They are threads in the vast, roaring loom of cosmic time; particular *contents* of their lives are simultaneous with the contents of the lives of others, precede or follow them, endure more or less. But the sentients are rills also of the universal *consciring*. Let me observe once more that the riddles which they present are to occupy our attention next year.

D. Is the universal consciring above time?

W. If you consider it abstractly apart from what it conscires—yes. It statutes the manner of existing called time and so cannot be subordinated to the work of its own activity. But from a central point of view oppositions, even consciring and conscita, fuse into harmonious unity. Time is not unreal, but a manner in which the world-principle, *i.e.* God, creates conservatively and additively.

D. Since Divine Imagining is aware, not only of the content-side of reality, but of all centres of consciring, and that with full reflectivity (22), It grasps individuals, like you and me, more adequately than we grasp ourselves.

W. In all our relations and with no depth of our consciring, reflective and (for us) irreflective (23), unrevealed. Perhaps we ought to say "can" grasp, for not every soul, in view of what its content may be, contributes to beauty. The divine freedom

to grasp or not to grasp with full reflectivity is worth a thought.

L. You say that time is a manner in which all distinguishable aspects of reality exist. What about the Imaginals or Whitehead's "eternal objects"?

W. Well—do you suppose that these existents are instantaneous objects? Or do you hold that they endure, which is to say that they are conserved? You will allow that they are conserved while—to mention a minor lapse of time—this solar system of ours runs through its phases and is destroyed. The so-called "eternity" of such objects is a name for their permanence, not for their being above time. They foam over into the world-systems; and a particular world-system requires a particular limitation and particular mode of synthesis of the Imaginals that feed it.(24) And is it probable that, having fed a world-system, an imaginal is not altered thereby? Change penetrates, it would seem, into every Gibraltar, rock-set though it be.

A. The words "timeless" and "eternal" are used very loosely—more especially "eternal". Schiller gives five frequently confused meanings of the term.(25) One of these, everlasting, *i.e.* enduring through all time, names a time feature of a primary imaginal. •

L. Would it not be better to consult an "everlasting" philosopher to be sure even of this?

D. You laugh, Anderton, but he is right. He tempers our enthusiasm with doubt, though we may not like the process. Where can there be any complete certitude short of the intuition of the Divine Society? We here are hiving more or less probably true metaphysics in order to steer a course in life as best we can—no more. Nothing but identifying ourselves with what we now think about will still doubt finally. The greatest dream of my life, Divine Imagining, remains a dream; I cherish it but ever and anon have to chew the cud of arguments to make it strong. It is so unmenaced by rival dreams that it holds and guides me; what I have not won is mental peace.

W. Progress has its price. If the "Hound of Heaven" ceases to bay, you can amuse yourself like a faun. With the Hound in pursuit you will climb the steep slope Godward. Even the pains of thought have their compensations.

A. May I suggest, West, that, having laid such emphasis on time, you should deal with that aspect of space-time first; that you should next consider space, telling us enough about these relations to lead up to the account of world-genesis which we are to enjoy at Mürren. We need not ask for all the light available. We seek enough to guide our steps safely among the rocks above the Metaphysical Fall.

W. A most promising ramble with a companion who can be a poet! Shall we start at once?

Save in respect of conscurring, the active side of Divine Imagining considered abstractly, the supertemporal need not concern us. And here I ask you not to accept certain special human experiences as illustrating the supertemporal or an approach to it. Lossky (26) regards Mozart's grasp of his compositions—"a survey of everything at once"—as grasp of supertemporal wholes. But these wholes comprise successions, failing which their charm would vanish, also simultaneous sounds and, of course, they are not instantaneous objects, they endure. Wholes, however, which comprise successions and simultaneities and which endure, present the marks of time. They may have also a date of origin. In a former dialogue we discussed an archetypal world-system in its rest-phase after the creative stroke, making use of the *permanent*—not timeless—imaginals, had called it into being. It might persist, we said, for long as a whole that does not change, sustained within Divine Imagining as a work of art needing no alteration. But, though not changing as a whole, the work of art may comprise all the marks of time, successions, etc., just noted. The whole is as stable as a symphony of Beethoven with all its internal sequences. Yet it is destined, after the Metaphysical Fall, to undergo radical changes, creative evolution, whence it will emerge a very altered whole indeed. It does not in this Fall pass out of timelessness into time, but out of one stretch of time into another. *Mundus non factus in tempore sed cum tempore* holds good of this "other" stretch of time; at the outset of which what religious writers call *The Creation*, the beginning of physical events, the birth of the changing world-system, takes place. In this "other" stretch, the time, not being separable from the events, is proper to the system. Hence, as Mackenzie

contends, "the time in which the Creator acts need not be thought as being the same as the time of his spatio-temporal system". It may recall, he says, a relation as distant as that of Goethe to the time in *Faust*. How the time of the system stands to general cosmic time within Divine Imagining depends on how the said system is conscired. If the system were completely "encysted" or insulated from all other systems and from the general divine life, it would be existing in a time of its own; for time is a manner of appearing, not a "thing" in which events are simultaneous, successive and endure and which might conceivably subsist if its filling were somehow destroyed.

A. You dethrone "eternal", used to mean above time, in favour of "enduring". There is nothing in the universe literally above time?

W. Yes: I dethrone "eternal" in favour of "enduring"; and of course to confute me with evidence to the contrary is not easy. I have made, however, a reservation touching consciring; that which *inter alia* creates time and cannot be regarded as dominated by its creatum. Eternal? Do you recall Spinoza's famous saying *sentimus experimurque nos aeternos esse*? The word *sentimus* masks, perhaps, the same error with which I charged Bradley, Bosanquet and others.(27) The expression "we feel" is an unsatisfactory substitute for "we conscire". Do we then conscire that we are "eternal", i.e. above the kinds of existents which begin, pass away, endure for however long? Well: consciring is the ultimate source of temporality, the fundamental existence-activity which I have described. Far be it from me to say that Spinoza did not conscire the "eternal" (=above time). To what degree of consciring had this man attained? To the consciring of the high mystic this "eternity" is unveiled without a doubt and even to you and me glimpses of it are not unknown.

The "maker" of time is above time; the "made" can only endure. Hence primary imaginings or "eternal objects" only endure through time, indefinitely so far as we know. Leslie's scepticism can be countered most effectively by putting to ourselves the question—does conservation or destruction of values obtain in the universe of Divine Imagining? The reply will be sufficiently forceful to rule our lives.

L. Duration does not necessarily involve succession?

W. Not necessarily; even the human concept of duration seems independent of succession.(28) In Nature the minimal "jerks" or steps of change are durations without internal lapse. Again, the thought of a merely conserved imaginal enduring unchanged, without part or lot in the world-systems, presents no difficulty. Nay, a static phase of a world-system, devoid of internal successions, can be contemplated at least in theory. There may be archetypal world-systems in which nothing goes on in that conservation by which things endure.

A. Nothing happens to certain abstract geometrical creations yet they are not timeless but endure, if only within a few minds.

W. Which contribute to the cosmic conservation of beauty.

D. Such duration is not Bergson's *Durée*? I ask this as a layman in philosophy wishing to be quite sure of his ground.

A. Bergson's *Durée* is not a stable or steady state. It is "that in which each form flows out of previous forms, while adding to them something new, and is explained by them as much as it explains them".(29) I ought to repeat in this connexion that, according to our host, no form flows out of previous forms; each form, in respect both of conservation and additive creation, is posited as a "gift of conscurring". But you will not have taken part in the discussion of causation in vain.

L. What now of simultaneity?

W. The basis of all accounts of it must be experience such as you enjoy now in being aware of sensibly simultaneous contents, *e.g.* of colours or of colours and a whiff of tobacco presented "at the same time". No . . . as a single "observer" you have not to take account of relativity. Such simultaneity is as obvious an empirical datum as a taste or sound. Yet too many writers on time allow succession to hold their interest, while this simultaneity and also duration—both equally forms of time—suffer eclipse. The attack of certain philosophers on time is launched, as you will have noticed, at succession.

In order to keep essentials before the mind, let us simplify. Conceive the universe as conscurring which posits as its entire wealth of conscita or contents three fragments of colour, red, green and blue. Manners of appearing of these colours constitute time. Not being "instantaneous," *i.e.* impossible, the contents are conscired as enduring, as we say, for a short or long

while. Conscired as appearing along with one another they *are* simultaneity, as appearing one after another succession. Now suppose a Bradley urges that such succession is not ultimately real. He may seem to some to write plausibly in this regard. But duration and simultaneity would defy his criticism. To exist as a content at all is to endure; to be conserved, more or less. And further all enduring contents, even fragments of colour, have many aspects which are simultaneous. Even then were belief in succession destroyed, three patches and their different aspects would belong to reality still; and the relation of these different would be that of simultaneous existents. To deny that duration and simultaneity are forms of ultimate reality is futile.

S. Time is implied by the *consciring* of a manifold, whatever it be. Quite so. But a query. Time and space seem almost to coincide in respect of simultaneity. Space is not an independent "thing" but coexistence; if, however, contents *a*, *b*, *c* coexist, they are also simultaneous.

A. But are all simultaneous contents *a*, *b*, *c*, also coexistent? Colour patches may be simultaneous with smells, tastes, ideas, emotions, pains, etc., without forming a single spatial whole of places, directions and distances.

W. These questions are important; my reply will begin when we are dealing with space. It will be continued in the Mürren dialogue.

L. And now about succession. It seems to me that for an imaginist the solution is not far to seek; in fact after our discussions it leaps to the eye. But I see the Professor about to cite something from a book.

S. Succession is far from being the "insoluble" problem which absolutist idealism has made it. Imaginist idealism—as this book, *World as Imagination*, shows—solves it off-hand. "*Time-succession is the FORM OF [additive] CREATION—of that imaginal cosmic activity by which new reality is being made.* It falls therefore with perfect naturalness into a scheme such as ours. Imagination being real as the foundation of things, its mode of self-activity is real as well. Thus empirical workaday testimony to the facts of time-lapse and change is once and for all confirmed. The world-principle is such that 't reveals its reality in this change'".(30)

L. Final. There is no getting out of it. If you believe with some idealists in a "complete, perfect and finished" Absolute, you have denied yourself the solution of the riddle of succession. How does a sham succession of successions appear within me and without? And why should I myself arise at a certain date to be cheated by it? An odd mirage for the serene sky of the Absolute! Accept Imagining, which innovates on the cosmic scale, and the empirical facts present no difficulties. The fontal Imagining just shows itself in its manifestations.

D. No one will credit Imagining with an eternally fixed content.

A. The very meaning of much of experience would vanish were succession unreal. What is ethics to say, if we are not centres of fresh initiative, of decisions of creative force in the making of the new? Is it to hold that, whatever we do fair or foul, is only the phenomenalisation of a timeless order already complete and fixed?

D. A timeless order called divine out of which are phenomenalised Gilles de Retz and his violation and torturing of children! 'Tis a mad world of philosophers, my masters; and much learning, it would seem, may end in folly.

L. Live as you will; nothing happens. Something is erupted somehow from the timeless order and you and your acts with it.

A. H. A. Reyburn points out that in our workaday experiences the very "unity of interest" may depend on succession, on the "not-yet" which is being brought to pass. Nay, games of skill, even certain works of art, like *Othello*, presuppose succession. "There is no escape from it in the drama, and none in real life. The 'not-yet' and the 'no more' consciousness are essential; most of our plans depend upon them, and, if a merely timeless order is substituted for them, our purposes become unmeaning. The aspect of succession is not merely a hindrance to totality, it may be a means to it." (31)

D. Then why explain it away to save that phantom of academic philosophy—the Absolute?

L. Some men love their theories like their wives, putting up with inconsistencies without protest. "If time-succession is not unreal, I admit that our Absolute is a delusion," wrote Bradley, and do you expect him to allow that succession is real? Tell

me, now, West, one thing more. Taking succession as the Form of additive creation, are we to hold that the changing has to be in one direction and is irreversible?

W. First let me say how I welcome your appreciation of the "secret" behind succession, already revealed, as a matter of fact, during our previous talks. I must allow that it was a secret of Polichinelle; the truth of which, once that obstacles to its reception are removed, is obvious.

Leslie alludes to the direction of change—is it irreversible? Well: let me answer him in the words of Bergson: "The more I consider this point, the more it seems to me that, if the future is bound to *succeed* the present instead of being given alongside of it, it is because the future is not altogether determined at the present moment, and that, if the time taken up by this succession is something other than a number, if it has for the consciousness that is installed in it absolute value and reality, it is because there is unceasingly being created in it . . . something unforeseeable and new".(32) Recall our talk on the causal dynamic. All the "solutions" presuppose creative novelty, whatever the "waiting imaginings" that enter into the event may be. Such "solutions" are responses to situations of penetration and conflict; the responses occur only with the call for them and the direction of creative succession is fixed thereby. The pen must be made before I write with it.

D. The future is not wholly determined but, perhaps, in part?

W. I am coming to that. Any more questions bearing on the main topic?

D. There are no durations independent of succession in the worlds of change?

W. There are the minimal "steps of change" without internal lapse. They remind us of the "now", the non-specious present, of the archetypal world, "uncorrupted" by Becoming. But large-scale enduring facts, like the moon, a satellite of Mars or a platinum ring, endure through successive events that repeat an imaginal pattern more or less faithfully. And the more stable objects that endure thus serve as the background over against which the changing of other objects is perceived. It is not over against a permanent "ego-thing" that change is perceived; a point we shall be discussing next year.

S. It has been suggested that spatio-temporal separation may be derived from causal separation.(33)

W. What seems true is this. Penetration and conflict are presupposed by the novel temporal and spatial features which date from the Metaphysical Fall. But time is fundamental. The causal dynamic, as known to science—the dynamic of additive novelty—arises with the Metaphysical Fall, as we shall see later. It arises in connexion with this penetration of which I have said so much. Have patience.

A. In our “specious present” with its few seconds’ span we are aware of reality being made, though on this low level of reflective consciring the process shows in twilight. The past you call made reality. How would it appear to one of the higher gods who enjoys a very comprehensive time-span?

W. The god would still contrast the making of reality with the *passing* of it into the *past* (passed), near and remote, but he would be freed from the limitations of our puny memory; a poor makeshift of faded rags and tatters which is of value mainly for our practical living. He would intuit a “thing of long ago” as we intuit an apple while handling it; and, of course, what is conscired on his level is enormously richer and more varied than the few surface-perceptions which guide our actions and supply pale images to thought. And he would be aware of the lives of day-flies such as you, I and the sentient of so-called “inorganic Nature”. Divine Imagining, again, transcends utterly this level of the god.

A great god, aware directly of a stretch of what we call the past, penetrates consciously only a trifle into reality and that, perhaps, within a mere corner of his particular world-system. Divine Imagining not only intuites the pasts of each and all the indefinitely many world-systems; It recreates them ceaselessly, conserves them. It sustains, or may sustain, all the made reality—the pasts—which is being added to from instant to instant.

L. Myers dreamt of a world-soul conscious of all its past. Individuals, as they touch deeper levels of consciring, “enter into something which is at once reminiscence and actuality”.

W. The past in Divine Imagining is actuality—the factual world-wholes in so far as made. God does not remember in our sense of the word.

A. Broad could accept this view. He holds, however, that "once an event has happened, it exists eternally; all that happens henceforth to it is that, as more and more events occur and take their permanent place in the ever-lengthening temporal order of the universe, it retreats into the more and more distant past".(34) In this statement "eternally" stands, I take it, for "everlastingly" and "universe" means what West calls our particular *world-system*. There are indefinitely many such temporal orders in the *universe*.

W. A great poet assures us that:

The splendours of the firmament of time
Can be eclipsed but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb.

and for Blake too "the ruins of Time build mansions in Eternity", where "Eternity" means the domain, not of the timeless, but of the everlastingly enduring, *i.e.* conserved. But we need not suppose with Broad that all events have a claim on eternity; that Divine Imagining is forced—by what?—to conserve every unlovely feature of the immemorial pasts. Nay, vast stretches of these pasts are not perhaps conserved permanently. They may cease to further the immanent purpose and vanish.

L. Look into the meanness and filthiness of so much of human and animal life, consider the hideousness of so much of the past and rejoice that West won't chew this cud for ever! Don't gloss over the ugly facts—give them full weight and you will soon be clamouring for destruction on the great scale.

D. Is an attack of cholera to be treasured for ever?

W. Happily we are not under the ultra-conservative rule of Broad. Consciring sustains; what is no longer conscired on some level or other vanishes and leaves not a rack behind. No content endures by a power of its own; it is posited, is a conscitum not consciring. Still, don't ask me how a past is remade so as to be harmonious with a Divine Event. Regard a past as so much material for the artistry of God; as fully made from our point of view but as not a precipitate which perseveres in being of itself. And be glad that not everything that fouls reality has power to do so for ever.

"The gods themselves", cries Pindar, "cannot annihilate the

action that is done." But the Power greater than the gods annihilates by ceasing to sustain. And that of which there is no trace, in a consummation wherein actuality replaces memory, is as the things that never have been.

S. Does the conserved past act?

A. Bergson, who believes in the 'growing past', urges in one work that "the past is essentially that which acts no longer", but his attitude is not quite definite.(35) If, however, the past can act, very strange possibilities will occupy the students of causation and memory. "Mnemic causation", for instance, will have to be mooted seriously. I find the subject so difficult that I await further light.

L. If the past can act, it might surely just as well be called a kind of present—the present that has been made but acts on what is being made? We don't perceive but infer it like gunners who locate and fire at a mark by calculations. West to the rescue.

W. The past is presented to Divine Imagining as made, or provisionally made, reality; what we mortals call the "present" is presented too but as reality in the making. Does the past, once made, act? If so, it acts without suffering alterations from the side of our "present", penetrating reality which is being made here and now without being penetrated and modified by it.(36) On this hypothesis it is not mere content; it is lit, to the intensity permitting penetration, by the consciring which sustains it. The lava has lost plasticity and become set but retains a dull glow that is to fade out slowly or not at all.

This supposition might receive support. Let us consider another.

I turn to the book, *Divine Imagining*, and will read a passage of some length. Its purport is to reduce the past to content that does not act. It is asked—what of the Jews who were crucified after the fall of Jerusalem? In what way is history of this sort conserved?

"That part of the history of the planet has been 'made', is so far fixed and its details are fixed with it. And we cannot suppose that it is a frozen fixity which is conserved. . . . A whirling wheel, conserved with its setting in the past, whirls still. It does not come to a stop: such a stoppage would be in fact the happening of something new.

"Jew-forms, we reply, are struggling on their crosses. But Jew sentients themselves no longer agonise in that which, for us, is past, but which belongs, withal, to the presentedness within Divine Imagining. The inferno 'which was' has been deserted by its victims. What remains of this past is a world of content, richly present to Divine Imagining, though not to any finite sentient that took part in it and helped to 'make' it. And with this we begin to descry the outlines of a great truth.

"The numbers of the finite sentients, superhuman, human and sub-human, in whose 'specious' presents reality was being 'made' when Jerusalem fell, were past counting. Every stone, leaf and drop of water masked myriads of them. The planet of that date lived through the collective living of these hosts upon hosts of sentients of all grades. We may compare the hosts to coral workers active in an area of upheaval. These creatures are born, build and die; and ever as they die a greater and greater block of 'made' reef is thrust upwards. Millions and millions perish, but other millions work on to the slow growth of the reef that needs them all. The main mass of the reef ceases to harbour workers after it is made; but where there is new rock in the making, there also are new live workers and all is astir." (37)

Delane and Leslie, do you follow this statement?

D. I think so. This past of "made" reality is conserved just as it was "made" in the history of the earth—at least until such conservation serves no useful purpose. But, as past, it is deserted by the finite centres of consciring—reflective and irreflective (38)—which were active at its "making". It is conserved, accordingly, as mere content within God. And I am sure that this episode of crucifixion is not worth conservation for ever.

L. Blake's "mansions in Eternity"—those mansions which last indefinitely long and might last for ever—are built in the "specious" presents of finite centres of consciring. Yes, I follow. This conception seems to give us and the other builders a task both onerous and ill-requested. *Sic vos non vobis*. . . . The comparison of the builders with coral workers, used for the production of the reef and then left to rot, is telling.

A. Are the finite centres merely "used," as Leslie suggests? Not if, as Traherne observes, (39) each individual is "sole heir"

of the world-system, though enjoying his heritage only in the Divine Event.

S. What a long world-track lies ahead of the individual who, emerging from the understrata of unstable centres, persists! And the adventures! No romance penned by man has sounded depths such as these. But let that pass; I am offering a few, more reflections on this riddle of the past.

No doubt the past—or rather pasts—will not be conserved eternally as it was originally “made”. Do you suppose that all your shaves and ablutions enter into the Divine Event? Do you hold that the noisome aspects of life are caught up in a context of divine beauty and somehow glorified? You don’t—I see Leslie laughing. Events then have no claim on eternity; they must lend themselves to the divine artistry or disappear. And yet much of the world-system is to endure. Shall we be able to consider this matter to profit next year?

I incline to accept literally the saying that “all the world’s a stage” and to believe that, when the play is over, the protests, which it draws from a Buddha or Schopenhauer, lose their sting. The stage-show is ended and the theatre left for the greater reality wherein we become fully *awake*. The play? Divine Imagining plays all the parts; all the players are Its phases and disaster beyond remedy is impossible. All parts have their compensations and all alike, taken by themselves, are unsatisfactory and at long last intolerable. The Player, calling the company together after the last act, reveals fully what the play means. And it may well be that it possesses a value and in its main features is conserved.

D. With the passing of the separate players the play, however grim some of its acts, wears the charm of a complex work of art.

L. Well, we shall judge anon whether the Professor’s view expresses his genial character or his knowledge. Meanwhile, having enjoyed these suggestions about the past, I am anxious to hear something about the future. Does it come to us as partially made reality which we modify? Does the play pre-exist to the players, while allowing freely for their “gag”? We talk popularly of “coming events”; and there are cases of verified prediction which give one pause.

W. A widening of your time-span—a momentary sharing of

the direct intuition of a god—would reveal much. But it is safe to say that “the future, *in so far, at any rate, as the work of indefinitely many sentient, superhuman, human, and sub-human, is concerned*, is reality which is not made and is not yet being made”.(40) And, being an ignorant man, I must leave the matter so. The future, if in any sense it comes to us, is so partially and tentatively “made” that many present events said to embody it could have been refused birth. My knowledge, super-normally obtained, that event x “is to happen” might prompt my imagining and contriving that something else shall happen! Thus the aspect of “making” contrasts with the stubborn “made” of the past.

Ignore theory which assumes an unplastic, fully shaped, future coming towards us with the inevitableness of Fate. Freedom and chance must be allowed for. A glance at the face of reality will show what parts these play in thrusting unforseeable innovations on the world. The story of world-genesis will illustrate admirably what I mean. Yes—at Mürren.

Let me now say something more about space or rather the spatial. The spatial is merely a *manner* of existence of diversity, of differences of content, *e.g.* of colours, not of course an independent “thing”, in which other things are enclosed.

It was held by Mill, on the lines of his account of the dawn of spatial perception *in us*, that space or coexistence is developed out of temporal simultaneity,(41) by the fusion of series of muscular sensations with it. This theory will not find favour to-day, but the fact that it can be mooted suggests that time and space, in respect of coexistence, cannot lie far apart. In the last dialogue I shall be dealing, not with Mill’s problem, that of the dawn of space-perception *in us*, but with the origin of the spatial *in the world-system at large*; in Nature as well as in the mind of man. And the transition will be discussed as one of the more notable achievements of creative evolution, of what we have called the imaginal dynamic.

It is clear that Mill, who was an idealist, did not find it hard to believe that the spatial can be developed and exist even *in minds* or (shall we say less loosely?) finite centres of conspiring. But some writers have been dominated by the crude dualism of Descartes which contrasts “Extension” or the spatial with

all contents such as finite centres of consciring can comprise. Others compromise with prejudice by claiming that at any rate something they call "Extensity" appears within us. "Extensity" is merely a name for the spatial in its nascent forms as it shows before certain interpretative processes, yielding definite positions, distances and directions, have done their work.

The spatial is present verifiably and obviously in the contents present to our consciring. It shows in us just as it does in Divine Imagining, though assuredly at first in a very rudimentary form.

Spatial contents are just as much modes of psychical reality as the more pervasive contents we call temporal; and as such may enter our experience as directly as succession or simultaneity. Why seek to "derive" our space-experience from something else? Since the spatial exists in Nature as upheld in Divine Imagining, the brain and nervous system are also spatial and may convey space-determinations straight from Nature into the soul. But what is conveyed is not in a sufficiently developed form; hence the so-called "Extensity" has to be interpreted. The rather complicated psychology of space-perception explains how this interpretation is effected.

S. Mill himself was floored by Hamilton's citation from d'Alembert urging that the having of sensations brings awareness of extension and that colour-space can show independently of touch and muscular associations.(42) Imagine three patches of colour together; their relations to one another *are* space, whatever amount of interpretation, co-ordination of these contents with other contents, may be needed.

A. No ingenuity can avail against that statement. But when West speaks of spatial contents being conveyed "straight from Nature into the soul", I take it that he is willing to explain the "how" next year. (West nodded.) James, I may remind you, points out that there are three possible theories respecting the dawn of the spatial *for us*. (a) There is no genuine spatial feature in sense-content. (b) The spatial order is given immediately. (c) The spatial order is produced out of the resources of the mind, whereby sense-content, not originally spatial, becomes arranged in this manner.(43) Supposition (c) is that favoured by Kant, but, while providing the "form of intuition", this philosopher forgot to explain how the sense-content gets ordered

in it! Why is the yellow here and the blue there? He overlooked the supreme riddle of the details.

D. Why bother about all this when the clue is in our hands? If the spatial exists in Nature-imagination, how simple to suppose that perspectives of it penetrate the brain and pass thence into the soul. •

A. When you have solved the hardly minor problem of the relations of body and soul. Still I allow freely that supposition (b) is the right one and that what is "given immediately" must connect somehow with the actual spatial ordering of Nature. Nay, I will go further and urge that, not only sense-contents, but other contents of our minds are spatial and that consequently the prejudice against introducing "extension" into the human mind has become absurd.

W. A digression here would be worth while, Anderton. It is bound to make my task easier. My point is this. If space is a manner of existence characterising Nature—a phase of Divine Imagination—and Nature pours content into our souls, these souls must contain much of the spatial "given immediately". They are above it in part, but they stand in it like Titans in the deep sea.

A. (reading from notes). In respect of sense-content Mach speaks with authority: "every sensation is in part spatial in character; a distinct locality, determined by the element irritated, being its invariable accompaniment. Since generally a plurality of elements enters into play, *voluminousness* would also have to be ascribed to sensations. . . . This conception is, in fact, almost universally accepted for optical, tactual and organic sensations. Many years ago I myself characterised the relationship of tones of different pitch as spatial or rather as analogous to spatial; and I believe that the casual remark of Hering, that deep tones occupy a greater volume than high tones, is quite apposite. The highest audible notes of Koenig's rods give as a fact the impression of a needle-thrust, while deep tones appear to fill the entire head. The possibility of localising sources of sound, although not absolute, points to a relation between sensations of sound and space. . . . And, although the parallel between binocular vision and binaural audition, which Steinhauser assumes, may possibly not extend very far, there

exists, nevertheless, a certain analogy between them; and the fact remains that the localising of sources of sound is effected preferentially by the agency of high tones of small volume and more sharply distinguished locality".(44) Similar statements are made by Hering and James. But it must be understood that the "immediately given" spatial appears more obviously in certain sorts of sense-contents than in others.(45) While given clearly, as d'Alembert observed, in the case of simultaneous colours which limit one another, it may escape the notice of all but a few acute observers in the cases, *e.g.*, of tastes and smells.

W. Space, *i.e.* spatial relations, seems to be connected with conflict; and my later account of its origin will accent this truth. Cosmically regarded, space is an invention or "solution" which, by reducing conflict, adds to the number of compossibles, of existents that can be together in the same world. May I remind you that Plotinus wrote of certain "forms" which *exclude* one another and so appear in different places? The suggestion must give us pause. Note too that, when there is no conflict between sense-contents or none of marked intensity, the spatial is less prominent. Two colours cannot be presented simultaneously except as also coexistent—space renders them compossible—but "several partial tones may form one complex whole, within which they, as partial tones, are distinguishable though spatially undifferentiated".(46) The *easily interpenetrating* tastes and flavours mentioned by James(45) constitute a space of merely "undivided largeness". On the other hand, all complexes of sense-contents, however poor in respect of internal spatiality, have as wholes their places and dates within the world-system, being of one tissue with natural happenings which penetrate us.(47)

D. So space too attests the inventiveness of the imaginal dynamic?

W. Perhaps—when certitude is beyond us, we moot hypothesis. But, Anderton, please continue.

A. The spatial appears in other contents than these sense-contents of which I have spoken. But observe that I say contents or *conscita*. Consciring is above space and time, though acting at, and through, stretches of them. A vague recognition

of this truth lies behind the wish to regard mind as "unextended". The error made by Descartes is exposed at once when *contents* are observed.

For it is a truth of inspection that the remembered Matterhorn is extended; and the good visualiser in fact picks out this object from the field of fancy just as the climber does from the field of sense. The Titan of whom Keats writes:

And in her wide imagination stood
Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes,
By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles,

is contemplating a space-world, though a private one which does not clash with the perceived world of men. And, not clashing, this space-world is treated as, for practical purposes, unextended and even by some folk as non-existent! Note that the conflict, of which West has spoken, is less acute in fancy's domain. The parts of the Matterhorn which I remember exclude one another and parts of other objects of fancy with little or no obstinacy; penetration and alteration of the mountain is accomplished wholesale and with ease. Were the perceived Matterhorn to vary in this way at my caprice, I should suspect myself of dreaming awake. And yet even my dream-realms are all space-hung; when I examine (as I have done) the decoration on the wall of a dream-room, I am still exploring a tract of space. When I look in fancy on a picture I am still contemplating lines and colours—and all colours bounding one another form space—as in my perceptual life.

S. Math urges, you say, that all sense-contents are spatial in part, and you add that, however defective is the internal space of some of these, all have positions and dates in cosmic space-time. Well and good. But psychology holds that the flow of sense-contents is a stage in the building of our minds. I must see landscapes with my eyes before I can think of one; I must hear sounds before I can compose a sonata, and so on. What wonder then that the space-features of perception recur throughout the mind? Can you imagine clearly a square which is not spatial? Can you picture a chess-board, the pieces on which are not movable as you wish? Is blindfold chess independent of space? Is not the Kt on KB3 in act to leap on to

KR4 or KKT5? Is not the rich musical fancy of Mozart packed with all the spatial features that Mach detects in sensations of sound?

W. Of course, and philosophy has only to accept the fact, accommodating it as it can. But go warily. In the higher reaches of our souls even the contents are above space, though certainly not above time. We can frame concepts of consciring, of Divine Imagining, of non-spatial relations of many sorts which seem to have no essential connexion with space. The soul, retiring into itself, may leave space behind.

D. And the emotions?

W. The feelings concerned are the "robes of consciring", (48) but in other respects the emotions involve ordinary content. Emotions appear therefore along with spatial features (voluminousness, etc.) which these contents comprise. The feelings are adjectival, be it remembered, colouring experience, not constituting a special domain of their own.

D. Does the soul include the physical body? If so it has a very obvious spatial accompaniment.

W. Ah! there you are, always on the trail of the soul. I am not following your lead, but I will say this. The physical body is a temporary fragment of the soul. And the soul has not merely one body. A body of course is spatial in that it has place, size, shape, distance and direction in respect of other bodies. No . . . next year.

S. One thing is clear—the space-time-content of our world-system must be of amazing complexity, a perpetual miracle more especially as it is re-created from instant to instant. I am thinking above all of two astounding features; this system must comprise all the discordant times and distinct spaces attributed by Relativity to finite "observers"; and it must contain yon Matterhorn, for instance, as a whole of indefinitely many perspectives. We on this balcony use a sort of standard image, culled from our selected point of view, when we talk of "the" Matterhorn, but try to conceive the full object with all its aspects and penetrations, as it exists in, and for, Divine Imagining. I grow dizzy and am oppressed by the pitiful emptiness of my soul.

L. You don't subject space to any kind of geometry?

W. Concrete space is a manner of compresence, of appearing

together, of contents. There is no independent space-thing with attributes of its own. The fashion to-day is first to deny that space is an "entity" or "thing"; and later to treat it, when convenient, as after all a "thing" which behaves differently in different places. It was well said many years ago by an acute critic of physics, J. B. Stallo in *Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics*, that the space of abstract thinkers in this field eludes all observation and experiment. It is formed by dropping, not only all properties of objects other than extension, but "also all the determinations of figure by which they are distinguished". The upshot is a concept of something without internal structure. If you are floating a special theory, you may wish to credit it with a structure to match, but to do so you have to draw on unverifiable fancy. Space, the abstract, is not observable.

L. Does nothing remain of the old belief in absolute space and motion?

W. A substitute for the classical abstract space might be sought in the total concrete finite space of the world-system as upheld in Divine Imagining, but who is to say whether the size and shape of this concrete finite space are stable or not? The world-system, in so far as it is spatial, may resemble now a sphere, now an amoeba, etc., as the coexistent contents shift. If this concrete space is stable in respect of size and shape, you have a substitute for the old absolute space. But its internal complexity is bewildering. And of what use would it be to the mathematicians?

The problems of position and motion could be reconsidered in view of this spatial whole. There are implied real relations of the objects concerned to the residual order.

S. Different parts of concrete space do act differently. But this is due to the different powers of the natural agents that co-exist, not to properties inherent in parts of a "space-thing" involved.

W. Quite so. And let us add that the coexistent agents are related by Divine Imagining. It is true, accordingly, as More, the Cambridge Platonist, held, that there is something divine in space and that continuity here, as throughout the universe, attests the spiritual. You will recall our reference to continuity when Divine Imagining was being discussed. There is a need of adding that metaphysical statement to everything of worth that

physicists, mathematicians and psychologists can say about space. For such workers take note of certain characteristics of the divine art, without always detecting that it is divine.

Space, as we shall see, is perhaps evolved in the fulfilling of purpose.

Silence fell on us. Gazing at the space-hung marvels above and below us, I seemed to conspire dimly in their continuity the divine presence of which More has written. The others also were grave, Leslie sobered and impressed and, as I thought, a trifle uneasy, for his convictions had been sapped by our dialogues and he was expected to be Devil's advocate in the talk about Evil which would take place that night.

"Tea at last!" called out West, and the cares of the soul were forgotten awhile in the cult of the body.

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

- (1) Chapter XVI. p. 393.
- (2) Wallace, *Logic of Hegel*, p. 141.
- (3) Chapter XVI. p. 402.
- (4) Chapter XI. pp. 255-62.
- (5) Chapter XVI. pp. 390-1.
- (6) Hegel, *Phenomenology* (Baillie), I. p. 78.
- (7) Cf. Chapter X. p. 220, on reflective and irreflective conspiring.
- (8) Consider the case of a species of Infusorium, the Didinium, a minute organism with a "buccal orifice" which uses nettle-like filaments as missiles for shooting at its prey.
 "If, while swiftly turning in the water, the Didinium happens into the neighbourhood of an animalculum, say a Paramecium, which it is going to capture, it begins by casting at it a quantity of bacillary corpuscles which constitute its pharyngeal armature. The Paramecium immediately stops swimming and shows no other sign of vitality than feebly to beat the water with its vibratile cilia; on every side of it the darts lie scattered that were used to strike it. Its enemy then approaches and quickly thrusts forth from its mouth an organ shaped like a tongue; relatively long and resembling a transparent cylindrical rod; the free extended extremity of this rod it fastens upon some part of the Paramecium's body." Ingestion of the latter in the funnel-like buccal cavity follows.—Binet, *Psychic Life of Micro-organisms* (Open Court Pub. Coy.), p. 54.
- (9) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 200-1.
- (10) *Logic*, vol. I. p. 273.
- (11) *Introduction to Philosophy*, Eng. Trans., p. 299.
- (12) Chapter XI. p. 245.
- (13) Whitehead in *Universal Algebra*.
- (14) "Psychology in its relations to Philosophy and Science."—*Mind*, Oct. 1926. "To certain algebraic expressions, having a merely numerical or quantita-

tive meaning, without any correspondence to geometric or physical reality, are given in the Einstein construction . . . geometrical and physical denominations . . . such a mode of proceeding being justified, no doubt, by the aid it bestows on the development of the relative analytical calculus. But this proceeding is only harmless if one never loses sight of the artificial nature of such denominations, which excludes the relative algebraic forms from having any such correspondence to that geometrical and physical reality as the denominations themselves would induce us to believe. The result is that no explanation whatever can be had when, instead, we attribute to them any kind of geometric and physical reality, as Einstein himself and many of his most ardent followers seem inclined to do."

(15) *Domain of Natural Science*, p. 318.

(16) "The Meaning of Matter and the Laws of Nature according to the Theory of Relativity."—*Mind*, April 1920.

(17) "Mass produces a curvature of space and in this case the curvature would be so great that space would close up round the star, leaving us outside—that is to say, *nowhere*."—*Stars and Atoms*, p. 83. The instrumental concept again! For "mass", cf. Chapter II. pp. 36-8.

(18) Chapter II. p. 39.

(19) We can characterise gravity much as did Hegel. "Nature wearing the form of 'out-of-itselfness' or 'self-externality', Gravity is an initial overriding of this form, a step towards 'self-internality', to the 'being-within-self' of Nature; evidence of the truth . . . that Nature is not only *many* but also *continuous*; a multiplicity in unity as the actions of its existents, however remote from one another in space attest."—*World as Imagination*, p. 516.

(20) As far back as the first century Ashvaghosha, who gave written form to the essential teachings of Mahāyāna Buddhism, urged.

"Be it clearly understood that space is nothing but a mode of particularisation and that it has no real existence of its own. Where there is a perception of space, there is side by side a perception of a variety of things, in contradistinction to which space is spoken of as if it existed independently."—*Tibetan Book of the Dead*, Evans-Wentz, p. 228 (note).

(21) *Manual of Psychology*, pp. 464-5.

(22) Chapter X. p. 217.

(23) *Ibid.* p. 224.

(24) Chapter XV. p. 359.

(25) *Formal Logic*, chapter xxi. § 7. (1) Everlasting, *i.e.* enduring throughout all time. (2) Changeless. (3) Timeless, that which cannot be an event or related to events, like geometrical "truths" which are parts of a system abstracted from the time-flow. (4) Applicable at any time and to any events. (5) May refer to the fixed dating of temporal events, like Waterloo. Once and never again, the exact opposite of No. (1).

(26) *The World as an Organic Whole*, Eng. Trans., p. 83.

(27) Chapter VIII. p. 171.

(28) " . . . we may conclude with certainty that there is a conception of duration where there is no succession of ideas in the mind."—Reid, *Intellectual Powers*, Essay III. chapter v.

(29) *Creative Evolution*, Eng. Trans., pp. 382-3.

(30) *World as Imagination*, p. 242. Cf. also *Divine Imagining*, p. 108.

(31) "Idealism and the Reality of Time."—*Mind*, Oct. 1913.

(32) *Creative Evolution*, Eng. Trans., pp. 358-9.

(33) Russell, *Analysis of Matter*, pp. 377 *et seq.*

(34) *The Mind and its place in Nature*, p. 252.

(35) *Matter and Memory*, Eng. Trans., p. 74. In *Creative Evolution*, Eng. Trans., p. 6., he urges that "it is with our entire past, including the original bent of the soul, that we desire, will and act."

(36) West means (to simplify explanation) that, if the past contains two patches of colour, red and green, they must act on our "present" without ceasing to be red and green in virtue of a reaction. The past is not conserved otherwise.

On the other hand, the past will always be acquiring new relations which may alter the way in which we regard it. Red and green (a) as patches on a palette and (b) as constituents of a picture illustrate what is meant.

(37) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 150-1.

(38) Chapter X. p. 220.

(39) Chapter I. p. 10.

(40) *Divine Imagining*, p. 150.

(41) Thus, discussing tactual space when examining the philosophy of Sir W. Hamilton, he writes that "an intervening series of muscular sensations before the one object can be reached from the other, is the only peculiarity which according to this theory, distinguishes simultaneity in space from the simultaneity which may exist between a taste and colour, or a taste and a smell." In those days "local signs" and joint sensations had not won important places in the discussion.

(42) The reader is invited to make the experiment of perceiving or fancying a whole of three colours which, of course, bound one another. Such an arrangement is spatial.

(43) *Principles of Psychology*, II. p. 271.

(44) *Space and Geometry* (Open Court Coy.), pp. 13-5.

(45) "A sensitive surface which has to be excited in all its parts at once can yield nothing but a sense of undivided largeness. This appears to be the case with the olfactory, and to all intents and purposes, with the gustatory surfaces. Of many tastes and flavours, even simultaneously presented, each affects the totality of its respective organ, each appears with the whole vastness given by that organ and appears interpenetrated by the rest."—*Principles of Psychology*, II. p. 169.

(46) Ward, *Psychological Principles*, p. 127.

(47) West is endorsing the statement made in *Divine Imagining*, pp. 201-2.

(48) Chapter XI. pp. 255-62.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE RIDDLE OF EVIL

Reality seemed to Shelley to suffer from an organic disease of which it must be miraculously cured before he could consent to it.—CLUTTON BROCK, *Shelley*, p. 181.

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth did'st make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:

For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

FITZGERALD'S *Omar Khayyám*.

"IMPATIENT for the fray?" asked Delane mischievously, but Leslie, though fumbling with a big bundle of notes, seemed by no means in bellicose mood. "Your first and second line trenches", he added, "are taken, so bring up all the available reserves."

We were lounging together under the stars after dinner. The topic was Evil. Leslie was thought to hold still that the evil in the world is incompatible with metaphysics based on Divine Imagining, that is to say with belief in God as interpreted in the imaginalist thinking of West. But we had reckoned without allowing for the influence of the dialogues on a mind open to truth.

L. You want to see Irus box with Ulysses—darling of the gods—revelling in the blows he is to get without pain to yourselves. Many thanks, but I must be sure first that I have a god or two on my side; I don't want to get my jaw broken for nothing. Listen, now, you blood-thirsty ruffians, while I confess that I am going to treat Ulysses with respect. I don't see any gods among my seconds, while he may have help on the sly from Pallas Athene.

My revolt against life has been an honest one, motivated by sympathy with what seemed to me the futile martyrdom of conscious life. As a boy I was taught to regard Nature as the handiwork and manifestation of God; and as a young man at the

'varsity I was assured by Hegelian dons that philosophy supported the contention of the creeds and that God, whom they called Reason, does "externalise Himself" in Nature. Accordingly I looked closely at Nature and also at the history of animals and men, hoping that I might be able to study therein the character of the "externalised" Power. I found, however, as did Mill, that "the course of natural phenomena being replete with everything which, when committed by human beings, is most worthy of abhorrence, anyone who endeavoured in his actions to imitate the natural course of things would be universally seen and acknowledged to be the wickedest of men". Disaster! I turned to the history of Man; it seemed a Calvary without compensation in heaven, for most modern philosophers promise us nothing beyond the grave. Did not Hegel write that history is "the slaughter-bench at which the happiness of peoples, the wisdom of states and the virtue of individuals have been victimised"? (1) Why carry on then at all? I read next Schopenhauer's works and, while not convinced by his metaphysics, saw that his indictment of life had received no answer. Later, again, I became one of those idealists who derive all phenomena from the Unconscious. And for ten years I have been, as you know, the poet of pessimism, seeking to foment the revolt which will free Man in a remote future from his chains. *Que tout crève!*

I came here as a pessimist but have been forced slowly to reconsider my position. I was unable to make reply to West's philosophy of the All-conscious; to his contention that the Imagining, whence spring the worlds, conspires with full reflectivity. (2) I believe that he is right and by this of course hangs very much. The time-flow, as our host pointed out, must realise purpose. But why is this time-flow so full of evils? I have yet to obtain a full answer but I can begin to surmise what form it will take. It will stress incidentally that chance-aspect of reality of which West spoke at Champex and once before. (3) Imagining in a world-system comprising indefinitely many finite centres of conspiring may "run amok".

He paused, leaving us astonished. *Apologia pro vita sua* offered frankly and freely. In like fashion the snow-slope, mined subtly and long without visible effect, gives birth suddenly to the avalanche. I heard Delane mutter softly "Bravo!" but the

Professor and I were silent. This late comer to our ranks might mistake a too warm greeting for the shout of triumph.

W. I welcome your support most heartily. You are now specially interested, I take it, in evils of the baser sorts; evils which seem to flout far-ranging purpose. For much of evil, regarded from a teleological point of view, is inevitable; indispensable to the conflict-aspect of the imaginal dynamic. Mephistopheles, as Goethe depicts him, is the agent of God. On lower levels the pains of the dynamic—"robbs" of the impeded consoling concerned—prompt better to fruitful action than pleasures. Man, as *Pithecanthropus alalus* or barbarian, unflogged by adversity, makes no progress; the too-favoured animal degenerates often rapidly.

Wherefore a mate I give him, nothing loth
Who spurs and shapes and must create, though Devil.(4)

Further, it is obvious that the evolution of rich emotional mentality in us individuals would have been impossible but for the factor of pain.

D. And the universe is enriched thereby; through experience of pain Man acquires for God what God, apart from creative evolution, could not possess.

S. Say rather that God acquires thus in and through Man and other sentients a novelty which, as unimpeded activity, He does not possess. God adds to reality by creative innovation. Every novel individual is unique and the promise and potentiality of beauty.

A. The fragment of God sunk in creative evolution remains, whatever be its adventures, the fragment still. It belongs to the romance which Divine Imagining allows to develop within Itself.

D. Could not Deity imagine all this without launching world-systems?

W. Deity is not an egoistic "person". And the imagining of the systems is the process of their emergence as well. The imaginal act is one with the fact. But tell me, Leslie, what part do you propose to play in this dialogue? If we five agree too well, we shall need the intervention of Mephistopheles to liven us. Are you quite lost to the opposition?

L. Evil, no doubt, is indispensable and much temporary evil

mediates good. The world-adventure is not a child's story; it must take strange forms and, to an extent, as is the case with our fancy, be unrestrained. So far I am with you. But there are many evils which I cannot account for; which seem to belong rather to the universe of Schopenhauer than to yours. I am, therefore, for the while on the side of the critics and am going to tell your universe what I think of it. This universe is really frowning at itself through me; my reaction to it is just one of the novelties in which it flowers. But, for the sake of the dialogue and my enlightenment, I am taking myself most seriously. . . . As to procedure, I have not penned the kind of indictment you are familiar with. I shall be putting a series of questions, each intended to have a sting. And I look to you others to aid and abet me in embarrassing West. As he says—and we will bear his remark in mind—conflict is a phase of the imaginal dynamic, even when a dialogue takes place. Well let the conflict be animated; don't fail to cite facts, however dark, that clash with his philosophy.

W. Rally to his banner awhile. Speak out and camouflage nothing. Fine garments don't cure sores. If we have grasped the main truth about the universe, we must expect to find it useful in solving our problems. If the alleged truth is useless, seek a metaphysics of better promise.

D. Do your worst, Leslie, and we will carry off your remains.

L. Shall we say that reality on our level is suffering from an organic disease, as Shelley thought? But why should the disease have been possible? Some philosophers record it uncomplainingly. I understand that Hegel regards the disease in this world-system as the work of God. His standard of divine accomplishment must be droll.

A. His words are: "What was intended by eternal wisdom is actually accomplished in the domain of existent, active Spirit; as well as in that of mere Nature",⁽⁵⁾ but he is indulging in an outlook on history which ignores details.

D. All's right even with this part of the world, if you ignore the details. The Great War is impressive, if you frame it in a philosophy of history and forget the human beings who were tortured by it. Darwin on the struggle for existence is attractive, until you know practically what the details are like. The facts? Sir Samuel Baker told us that the struggle between African wild

animals is a "system of terrorism from the beginning to the end". Roosevelt, the American President, who was a traveller and no sentimentalist, wrote of the Brazilian wilderness, and what did he say? "In these forests the multitude of insects that bite, sting, devour and prey on other creatures, often with accompaniments of atrocious suffering, passes belief. The very pathetic myth of 'beneficent Nature' could not deceive even the least wise being if he once saw for himself the iron cruelty of life in the tropics." Hegel's God seems rather a Moloch than a Power worth devotion; "wise", if you like, but after the manner of devils. Certainly Leslie can stress this kind of problem to profit.

L. The list of abominations in Nature and the history of individuals is a very long one, but I may draw attention to three of them which have impressed me specially. One of these is mentioned by Mill: the fact that "throughout Asia and formerly in most European countries in which the labouring classes were not in bondage, there is, or was, no restrainer of population but death". Think out well what this means. Again, have you realised what crude surgery was in the old days when religions sprouted like fungi and anaesthetics (of much greater value, which all "revelations" overlook) remained unknown? Read accounts of that foul lazar-house, the Hôtel-Dieu of Paris in the days of Ambroise Paré. A third source of bewilderment is the history of popular religions, but of this we have spoken before.⁽⁶⁾ If "eternal wisdom" is active therein, as Hegel averred, whence the astonishingly black deeds and follies imputable to them? Most have obstructed, not aided, progress.

A. Schopenhauer's pessimism can be criticised by the psychologist and metaphysician. It is not true, as he taught, that pain only is positive and that evil belongs to reality as part of its essence. But the force of his appeal lay in this. He emphasised the vast amount of pain which seems useless, and he makes his readers think that, here and now, on this terrene level at any rate, pain predominates. Psychology has something to say at this juncture. The gamut of pain, observes Wundt, is richer than that of pleasure. Further, acute pleasures, the lure of which cheats so many, come and go rapidly,

These violent delights have violent ends.

while acute pains may wear down victims with the obstinacy of wolves. Massive pleasures, again, rarely reach the intensity of so many massive pains.(7)

S. The qualification "here and now" is important, since the domain in question is probably a mere fragment of reality.

L. If Hegel's Reason is active in finite mind, why the hosts of lunatics and feeble-minded? There are over nine and a half millions of mentally "subnormal", "deficient" and insane persons in England and Wales alone (8) who obstruct and burden the fit. I for one would welcome a plague or benevolent autocracy suppressing them all. But why are they there—how is it that such cancers occur?

D. Ah! you can be ruthless at need—I say at need. Even you would not allow the unfit to block the path of progress. Bear that in mind when the ways of Divine Imagining seem hard.

W. I am to be spokesman for Divine Imagining. So be it. Unfortunately my principal has not instructed me as to how I am to answer you. I must do the best I can. I fear, also, that even a vote of no confidence on your part might not move him. He has been eternally at his tasks and is regarded by some as an expert.

I note that you find much to complain of and am sure that this running fire of criticisms might last indefinitely. Let us get to essentials. Leslie, you will recall how Schopenhauer solves the problem of the badness of the world?

L. The 'fundamental evil' is the sundering of the blind WILL into discrete individuals or, as you say, finite sentient, whence division, conflict and pain only to cease on cessation of the will-to-live and return to the unconscious.

W. His world-principle seems as stupid as a runaway tram which goes to pieces and becomes conscious only in some of the pieces. Some of these battered pieces want to become the tram again and some prefer to remain what they are. But, if the ayes have it and the pieces re-become the tram, there is still no way of securing safety. The tram may run away again. It is its own wattman, unaware of what it does; and it cannot learn.

L. The tram belongs to philosophical fiction—agreed. Assuredly Divine Imagining, which is aware fully of what it creates and how it creates, is the fontal reality. What I am concerned

about is this. Why does our world-system, issuing as it does from God, come to seethe with evil? Does it escape in some way from central control? And, if so, how?

W. It escapes in part—*how* we shall discuss at Mürren. God allows and must allow the world-system a free swing. The heart of the explanation can be reached at once. Evil—moral evil, frustration of higher purposes by lower, “bodily” and “mental” pain, ugliness, error—belongs only to the storm and stress of the additive time-process. It marks the conflict and thwarting which occur during the passage of a world-system from the Metaphysical Fall to the consummation which, making use of a phrase of Tennyson’s, I call the Divine Event.

There is truth in Schopenhauer’s contention respecting the origin of evil. Though there is no “blind” world-principle manifest in the phenomenal order, a multiplicity of relatively independent, warring finite agents is concerned. Why did the originally stable world-archetype fall apart into that welter of change, division and conflict which is the presupposition of evil and all its pain? Let me read you a passage which answers the question:

“It fell apart *because of the origin of finite sentient themselves; sentient into which a great conscious appulse divided itself*. . . . The victimiser and the victims are the same reality in its transformative or [additively] creative life. This is a tremendous truth. The evils, to which sentient are heirs, are the price paid for their appearance on the field of [additive] creation with its indefinite possibilities of growth. Exactly. But the truth lies even beyond this in the direction stated above. The appulse has divided itself among the sentient; is *itself* in the adventures of the great, but also terrible, romance. And subordinate explanations of evil must all take account of this commanding fact. A creative episode is an experiment, and you cannot expect experiments in an *imaginal* world to be without surprises.”(9)

D. Thus the sentient is not the victim of an alien power which posits it arbitrarily and enslaves it to Fate. Every sentient is a rill of the creative conscurring itself; the source actually passes into, suffers and rejoices as, the rill. The headwaters run in these very rills, but for which evolution, the

additively creative time-flow, could not even begin. That which suffers and stirs the sympathy of Mill is that which has plunged into the adventure.

W. Quite so, Delane; of course the rills are not at that level of reflective consciring (10) at which the fact is disclosed. Quite intelligent men live without a suspieion of what they are. Lower sentiments fall away into those depths where consciring is wholly irreflective. The rills are only passing slowly out of the gloom of subterranean caverns into twilight.

S. If these rills or centres of consciring continue to be like their source, they are minor creators. They must, it would seem, introduce novel and disturbing contents into the time-flow. And this consideration carries us back to the discussion of causation and chance which took place at Champex. (11) Chance-events arrest our attention. All such events belong, we saw, to the causal dynamic; and they may be both unpredictable and bad. They arise independently of central coftrol. In this way we can understand how the worst features in the world denounced by Mill and Leslie came to pass. But about the origin of the many different finite centres involved. . . .

W. I cannot deal with that now—one topic at a time; something will be said in the last dialogue. As to chance-events and what they entail, I see that the Professor has studied *World as Imagination* to profit. Let me read you another passage from that work:

“It is not imagining in the form of the undivided World-Idea [Archetype] which is responsible for the appalling details of Nature ‘red in tooth and claw’. Organic evolution is largely the field of an imagining which has *run amok*. We have to recur to the conception of local initiatives, and we shall at once perceive why. The initial conflict has divided the World-Idea against itself, though its continuity is far from being wholly lost. What ensues? Its members, reciprocally interacting, show in these interactions the imaginal initiative of their source. And this initiative is bent to subserve local uses in the struggle for existence. *Anything*, however grim, in the way of a ‘variation’ may appear, provided it can find physical support and further the organism’s life. Parasite, tiger, butcher-bird, mamba, python, spider, scorpion, are evolved—these local creative initiatives

stop at nothing. Organic Nature in these fell modes is like a nightmare which takes command of a dreamer unable to control his dreaming. The deftly-built insect, which destroys a superior form with tortures, is not the work of God who may be charged gratuitously with crime. It is created [evolved] by local initiatives, whose experiments Natural Selection favours or casts to the heap.”(12)

And again:

“The story of creation is not that of a magical production of perfection out of the void. *It is one of the slow overcoming of the ‘fundamental evil’ of the Metaphysical Fall*; an evil which is to be altered and altered as far on the way to perfection as the conditions allow. On these lines we can understand why Nature may be at once unsatisfactory, and yet the best possible Nature of its sort. Given the ‘fundamental evil’, nothing better, perhaps, could have been accomplished than what actually has been done. Do you ask why the ‘fundamental evil’ itself occurred? . . . The very ‘evil’, implied by the genesis of a plurality of sentients, will become a ‘good’ in the Divine Event consummating the world-process. There is no way, save through initial conflicts, to perfection. If this be so, it remains for the creative process to *turn the conflicts themselves* to the best possible account. And this, so far as my poor judgment avails me, is what comes to pass.

“Thus the overcoming of the ‘fundamental evil’ is also the creative evolution of a world-system. But the number of ‘loose’ agents with local initiatives is indefinitely great; and the overruling of them, in order to the best possible total creative achievement, is the titanic task. The system, working as a more or less broken whole, is conditioned inevitably by the happenings which take place in the detail of its members, just as I, despite all my high purposes, am conditioned by what goes on among the minor sentients of my ignorant body. What wonder that little or nothing in the world of experience seems good enough to last, and that it is seldom actual achievement in Nature but rather *possibilities* suggested by such achievement, which make appeal to the idealistic philosopher and the mystic. Splendid in aspects as is Nature, in others it is squalid, horrible and mean. It is not yet a perfect poem of the Cosmic Imagina-

tion. It retains still, at any rate on this physical level of reality, the character of a bacchantic god. But its suggestions carry us far, and we believe on good grounds that the future will surpass even our wildest dreams, and that things, in fine, are moving slowly towards a Divine Event.”(13)

Thus we need not turn to the hypothesis, in other respects absurd, of an unconscious spiritual world-principle nor to that of a personal creator of sadic temperament, as is done often by popular faiths. Other dismal views of thinkers in despair lose their appeal. The grim and ugly events in the phenomenal order, which drove Mill to believe in a limited God and Leslie to a creed dyed with pessimism, are accounted for quite simply. They sprout in that jungle of imagining which bursts forth when a multiplicity of agents—of finite centres of consciring—becomes relatively independent at the Metaphysical Fall. They are part of those chance-events, causal “solutions” of narrow purposiveness, which may or may not conflict with cosmic harmony. We have later to consider how the agents arose and how they sowed the jungle of which I spoke.

L. (evidently much impressed). By heaven, West, you have it—the local initiatives involve the “running amok”. For, after all, the finite agents resemble their source; they too are able to create additively, if only on a small scale. And, further, their purposive outlooks are very limited. They create for petty ends. What can you expect from the consciring, barely reflective(14), allied with organisms like electrons, molecules, cells, insects, mambas, sawfish, and those of human stocks? How much of reality is it aware of reflectively? *

D. Yet, if there is to be a world-system with finite agents animating it on all levels, the risks incidental to the riot of imagining *must* be taken. Everything turns on the question—is it well to launch a world-system at all? And West, looking forward to the Divine Event, says emphatically: yes.

A. I am sure that a great hope is desirable, if only in the interest of morality which requires a certain bridling of instincts. We want to know that this bridling is worth while. “C’est l’avenir seul”, observes d’Hauteville, “qui a été le grand objet de Dieu dans la création, et c’est pour cet avenir seul que le présent existe.” But the future—the Divine Event—must

be such that there are no permanent victims, no martyred lives that vanish utterly.

W. Neither the headwaters nor the rills can vanish; creativity is of their essence. But as to the histories of special rills, well, we are not raising such problems yet.

L. Blake called Nature 'the "disorganised immortal" and your view as to how disorganisation takes place is instructive. One can't have, or even wish, the process otherwise. For, if finite centres are posited, they will innovate with narrow outlooks; and chance-events, good and bad, become inevitable. What is imagined into being may reach the monstrous, as so often in the evolution of species and the aberrations of human vice. The viper which blinds very painfully by spitting would hardly do credit even to a human inventor, unless of the class that provides generals with flame-throwers and gas.

S. Some so-called "fortuitous" variations or mutations "selected" in organic Nature recall nightmares. But these overlie an order essentially sound.

W. I said before and I repeat that much, even of evil, is, indispensable and indeed essential to the history of the world-system; for the moment we have been considering the evils which serve no wide purpose and are called, accordingly, by many "irrational". If the world-system is worth while—and only the future can convince the obstinate world-hater that it is—Mephistopheles must have work to do. Obstinate recurring evil is necessary for the attainment of certain forms of good and, if you take a long view, you will call it golden. The imaginal dynamic requires it; our emotional life draws sustenance from it; moral good subsists through the struggle which it implies. I discussed moral good (which of course is only a kind of good) before, and I suggested that it is a feature of the additively creative time-process, an aspect of harmonising innovation that culminates in the Divine Event. The Divine Event itself is above the moral. But the moral is of enormous significance during creative evolution. Well—it presupposes evil.

L. The "Hound of Heaven" barks and bites in every quarter; hence the cry "mad dog". One wants to shoot it.

W. Its hide is tough and its teeth sharp—be prudent. Still it embodies purpose. Zeus seemed to treat Io abominably, and yet

out of the ordeal came perfect joy, not to be won in any other way. The Hound is the servant of Divine Imagining and the end is perfect joy.

L. The Hound is tolerable, once that we take account of cosmic purpose. But a pack of yapping wild dogs follows us as well. Consider the story of the evolution of England from the coming of those devilish "sea-wolves" or Danes onward. It is full of necessary evil, but also of the useless evils that Nature and man thrust on us. William the Conqueror was in the world-plan, but he was also a man who tore out prisoners' eyes and cut off their hands and feet.

W. Poor man.

L. Poor man!

W. Remember Delane's story (15) and Plato's Ardiaeus the Great. . . . But to return to our main theme, evil was required for the making of England. On the whole the result has been good. Unhappily, keen suffering is not beneficial in the cases of all great events in history. The results of Turanian irruption (Mongols and Turks) were almost wholly bad for European civilisation. The fancies of mere men were embodied to no profit. I mention this to hint that each case must be judged on its merits. The "running amok" of imagining in the planet's history is on the great scale.

A. Many millions of Indians perished miserably during the settlement of the men of Spain in Central and South America.

L. A demonstration of the humanising effect of Roman Catholicism was required. So the land of the Inquisition sent forth its heroes.

W. Violations and restorations of equilibrium take place ceaselessly throughout the world-system. Wheels within wheels. But a restoration has its price, and of this too we shall be talking next year. . . . Yes, Professor.

S. You speak of the "freedom" of individuals such as men and supermen and allot the "chance-happening" to inferior levels of consiring? . . . Ah! you say that the chance-happening intrudes on the freedom of man and must always be reckoned with. I agree. Anyhow, in the domains of freedom and chance alike, there sprouts much that baffles theology and makes the pessimist think that the heart of things is unsound. Thus the

ways of some uselessly noxious bacilli, of the *Stegomyia* or yellow fever gnat, of the *Anopheles* or malaria mosquito mark outbreaks of anarchy. The "pleasure of malevolence," referred to in Bain's *Dissertations*, is another monstrous growth and is countered today only by sympathy, the latter being absent often as in the cases of war and the barbarities of the worst vivisectioners.(16) The struggle for existence has allowed this diabolic passion to thrive; and it can be conserved as habit when self-gratification alone is sought. It would be easy to cite black examples of the "running-amok", but let it suffice to refer to the excesses, ugliness and aberrations of the sexual instinct, partly to be credited to human freedom, partly also to the urge from the depths for which man is not responsible. The instinct functions too soon, is too strong for the purpose served and lasts much too long. And, contemplated from an aesthetic point of view, it leaves us disappointed. Lucifer in Byron's *Cain* describes the sex-relation as a "sweet degradation, a most enervating and filthy cheat", and Shelley's "life's great cheat" will be remembered. Out of what a sea of squalor we have to steer to port!

A. In the *Dialogues of the Buddha* men, regarded from the standpoint of the gods, are said to be "stinking, disgusting, repulsive and counted as such".(17) And, though not a misanthrope, I can appreciate what is meant. Supermen must look on us much as we do on maggots. On this level of imagining that has "run amok", we are in the mire of miscreations, though most men have not the dimmest suspicion of the truth.

D. Touching the "running amok" and miscreation by local initiative, the caterpillar devoured by ichneumon flies and in general the struggle in the insect world tell their tale to anyone with ears to hear. On a higher level the cat, using a live mouse in teaching a kitten, and the cuckoo, with deftly-shaped back, ejecting its nestmates which perish painfully, are eloquent. The cuckoo instinct is not only monstrous, but defective at that. It has been created—evolved, as a Spencerian would say—faultily, and, further, it is not always conserved.(18)

L. The "mutation", so characteristic of the cuckoo, was not, I assume, created by the individual birds, but by the imaginal—the KIND—of which they are members. The shaped back could not have originated bit by bit through "fortuitous" variations,

as popular biology teaches. The variations would have been useless at first and for long and could not therefore have been favoured by Natural Selection. So we come to this. The imaginal or Kind originated the shaped back. This weapon is imagined into being solely in the interest of the Kind. It has the marks of the chance-event: a "causal solution", on low levels of consciring, the unpredictable which may or may not occur, and occurring serves primarily very limited purpose. You have the "anarchic" imagining mentioned by the Professor.

W. Yes: the consciring behind the "mutation" works from the imaginal or Kind and it does so in relative independence of any higher power in the universe. Thus even the minor gods may not have intervened, as readers of Plato and Hume might suggest. A further statement is now timely. It may be that a *struggle for manifestation* obtains between certain imaginals—a struggle, I say—and, bearing this in mind, you will be able to solve many outstanding riddles at your leisure.

S. And among them, perhaps, the riddle of over-population to which Leslie referred just now? What creative agencies lie behind this evil? The thinning of the hordes by starvation, disease and so forth is an ugly process. Who or what is responsible for these victims born to woe?

W. A certain pressure of population favours progress; it keeps men from being idle and permits their direction by the powers that guide the world. But the pressure, you urge rightly, is often mischievous. Why do the hordes burden the soil? "Multiplication" in this domain is "vexation" and may herald setbacks in civilisation. Scores of millions have perished uselessly by famines in India alone. That is the contention. I cannot consider fully the adverb "uselessly" now. But the proximate source of the pressure can be indicated.

The urge of imaginals and sub-imaginals—of kinds and sub-kinds—is behind this form of the struggle for manifestation. And the repression of excessive numbers means that certain imaginals are limited and checked by other imaginals whose joint manifestations constitute the "environment". When the "divinity of measure" is violated and any constituent of the world—from CO₂ to men—appears in excess, conditions supervene, tending to repress it. Otherwise there would be nothing

to prevent codfish from filling the Atlantic or negroes from occupying all the continents. What you name "the means of subsistence", "climate", human and animal "rivals" and so forth all alike exemplify groups of imaginings which, by limiting one another and other imaginings, secure the proportions most favorable to the world-plan. The seemingly banal pressure of populations against the "means of subsistence", as noted by Malthus and others, is the outward and visible sign of a balancing process effected through struggle. I close by remarking that the problem of birth presents many other interesting features, not relevant to our talk to-day.

D. The evils awaiting over-population can be avoided by the control of births; and it is probable that in the future a benevolent despotism, a fascist aristocracy of intellect and character, will limit the numbers of communities, securing also the elimination of the unfit. Drastic methods may be necessary. But centuries will elapse before our rulers know their business and become fully sane.

L. The intrusion of the chance-event into human freedom, of which West spoke, is often sinister. Good citizens are obsessed by ideas of murder and lust which they detest and "cerebral trouble" is assigned as the "cause". The brain, itself psychical content, thrusts the events on them. Healthy folk are troubled as well. An honest man, writes Dr. Stanley Hall, will recognise in his soul "the germs and possibilities of about every crime, vice, insanity, superstition and folly in conduct ever heard of". (19) In this case the local initiatives come in part from lower psychical agents allied with the organism. At the worst the human centre is at the mercy of psychical appulses overwhelming it from the depths. Life is certainly a formidable adventure.

W. The conflict in the world-system has issued in imperfection in the body and hence in that part of us sentient related to it as well. There are flaws in the organisms of us all, and they may penetrate and affect adversely our entire life.

L. All is imperfect here and now; as Anderton told us, the gamut of pleasure is less rich than that of pain. We are living on a level not designed, it would seem, to be very pleasant. Those who chase pleasures are apt to find little worth the hunting. *Tout lasse*. Schopenhauer had to take refuge in art; my vote

is cast for the consolations of sport and adventure. But I have a growing interest, I must confess, in philosophy.

W. All indications suggest that the physical level is only a means to an end; regarded as an end in itself it is a cheat. That is why all writers, who want man to dream only of progress on this planet, waste their time. The game is not worth the candle.

D. West, do you believe in compensations—if souls persist—for the arbitrarily painful lives of men?

W. It is a triumph to emerge as an individual in the world-process. Use that term "compensation" warily. You cannot, *e.g.*—as, I believe, Schopenhauer said—"compensate" anyone for an experience of mortal fear; and a legalistic scheme of claims will not survive criticism. There is an equilibration-process which will interest us one day, but do not confound it with "justice". The problem you refer to has to be stated correctly before it is solved.

L. The human organism, though its parts are marvellously complex and co-ordinated, is defective. Even the best eye—and there are innumerable bad ones—is not perfect. Astonishing flaws of construction are noted. "Millions of otherwise healthy mothers and children have been killed, because of the shortening of the front to back diameter of the pelvis".(20) Conflict here issues in the faulty and absurd. What has failed to achieve the best? The old theology, with its "Maker", imputed incompetence to God.

W. Divine Imagining underlies everything from an electron to the nebula in Andromeda, the world-system and world-systems not in relation with this one at all. But that is not to say It acts as a particular agent or group of agents on a particular organism.

Schopenhauer's IDEAS are said not to be able always to dominate the lower space-time content which they modify. The imaginals are in like case; potent only against powers inferior to their own. They may confront obstinate local conservation and adverse local innovation issuing in chance-events, *e.g.* the badly-shaped pelvis beyond control. The sub-imaginal, *the sub-Kind working through the soul belonging to it*,(21) may prove too weak a factor in the causal "solution" and then factors on the side of the physical rule. Heredity from this side always

counts for much. This conservation, repeating a pattern through events, is often "irrational", *i.e.* it thwarts or frustrates purpose of value. The conservation of the bodily pattern in cases of inherited insanity is perhaps the worst sort of chance-event we are acquainted with. We must regret this hideous flaw in the process of evolution, but we can at least understand why it was possible.

L. If there are gods, they *could* modify the nascent, plastic organism at need?

W. Why not? And as to gods, even academic philosophy is encouraging. Bradley concedes that "we can set no bounds to the existence and powers of sentient beings"; and McTaggart was quite ready to believe in gods. But, before you believe in an alleged particular case of their action, examine very strictly the evidence. The fancies of men, who want consolation or something to worship, invent lavishly. Consider the bizarre fictions of India or Rome.

S. If the souls now being evolved in the world-system persist and grow slowly in wisdom and power, godship is, one may say, a stage of their progress. Gods come into existence with that inevitableness which marks the origin of species on earth. And gods cannot be merely contemplative. After all, they are of one tissue with the universal fabric of reality—not parted from us by an abyss. How do I define a god? Any superhuman being sufficiently wise and powerful is a god; if also evil, a devil. His ways, however, may require much finding out, but, if active in our quarter of the universe, he will hardly be indifferent to the fate of mankind. Indeed the evolution of humanity may promise to further, or menace, his interests. If, as Plato thought, gods play their parts in the evolutionary processes affecting us, the philosophy of Nature and the philosophy of history will, one day, have to be revised very carefully.

D. What if such gods experiment? The story of the dinosaurs, pterodactyls and the horse, for instance, is suggestive. And, if gods have counted for much in biological evolution, why not also in the history of States? This possibility, which cannot be ignored, may become a matter of knowledge to our remote descendants.

W. We shall recur to this topic. Of course, if souls are being

evolved in many quarters of the world-system—the comparatively rare collocations we call planetary systems are not the only regions available—and if they also persist and become powerful, they act. They, or rather a few of them, may well try experiments, as Delane suggests. Even on quite a low level experimenting may go on in an *imaginal* world: ‘Just as an intact organism from Amoeba to Elephant tries experiments, so it may be that the implicit organism of the germ-cell tries experiments which we call variation’, write Geddes and Thomson.(22)

D. And gods also could utilise the cell, without any one of us being able to point to their work.

A. Most biologists would explain any variation, however remarkable, as caused at the place where it appears. That bewitching “germ-plasm” seems to harbour so much! Yet while a six-fingered body lends itself to this sort of explanation, the psychical character of the individual allied with it may prove a puzzle. The advent of a great genius, who leaves the ruts of routine and alters the history of States or culture, is not easily accounted for. Who can discover the novel powers of Napoleon or Goethe in initiatives originated solely by “germ-plasm”, psychical (though on the low level of natural happenings) as this is.

D. The attempt would be difficult, not to say ridiculous. You mention Napoleon, a name that stirs my soul. H. G. Wells thinks he was only an able rascal; others, of whom I am one, adore his memory. This man was perhaps used by the gods as long as he served their purposes and he certainly made the story of his times picturesque. Leslie, as a poet, will surely agree.

L. There is the cost in lives to consider—the fields of Wagram and Eylau, for instance. But, if individuals play parts in a cosmic romance, they are bound to find or make certain scenes in the drama-comedy grim. And, after all, far more people die badly and painfully in their arm-chairs and beds than in the rain of bullets and its sequel. Cancer calls its millions to the *danse macabre*; and there are invitations even more unpleasant still. Yes; Napoleon was picturesque and that is why we do him reverence. A problem, however, is suggested by mention of this genius. It is alleged that the gods may modify history. They may have furthered, *e.g.*, the careers of Alexander the Great, of

Buddha, Plato, Aristotle, Jesus, Napoleon and Charlemagne. Quite an attractive speculation! But who was responsible for the crowds of mindless and vicious rulers, statesmen, ecclesiastics, etc., who have sat in the seats of the mighty? Were these men thrust on their victims by wise superhumans who work for the best?

W. The Professor said well that there may exist gods—and devils, though these latter cannot resemble the rude rebels of *Paradise Lost*. They stand for the higher forms of the imagining which has “run amok”. And the pieces on the chess-board of the world are not shifted merely by god or devil; they are also shifting themselves and thus make the game an exceedingly hard one to play. How is a single perfectly coherent plan to be carried through? Shall I suggest also that the gods, like men, have much to learn and that the experimenting, of which Delane spoke, takes place precisely because of defect of knowledge. In an imaginal world-process the unexpected defeats the best forecasts. Do you agree, Leslie?

L. Yes: and I must say that you seem to have given room for all possibilities of evil and yet not to have marred the radiance of your fundamental world-principle, Divine Imagining. Your views do really cover the ground. My opposition, which has served its purpose, has ceased. I am satisfied.

S. What ultimate guarantee have we that evil is to vanish completely and that, at long last, all will be well?

W. Not one furnished by a moral Power whose interests may not be ours and who favours us by grace as we throw crumbs to birds. The ultimate guarantee is that individuals or “finite sentients” are a portion of Divine Imagining Itself; a portion sunk in the additively creative time-process. Divine Imagining is prolonged into our adventures. It is the creativity in and behind all the discrete minor creative centres; and It creates additively until the disharmonies, vitiating these phases of Its life, come to an end. What is the consummation toward which It moves? What is the best that you could wish for our particular world-system? Surely that it should pass into the most glorious Divine Event *imaginable*. Well: in an imaginal universe this is precisely what will occur. But the “imaginable”, remember, is not the poor and pitiful *ideal* which might be constructed by us

men. It is *reality* itself as it is reached at last by the Imagining which is divine.

For some while no one spoke. Then Delane and I, rising from our long chairs, whispered our good-will to Leslie, thanking him for his fairness and frankness. He had fought to a finish; and showed no hesitation in admitting defeat. He looked now grave and preoccupied; and I surmised, I think accurately, what was troubling him. He had come to the parting of the ways. His work in literature had been based on error; and he was confronting the hard truth that it was his task now to right the mischief which his poetry had wrought.

W. We have had a very pleasant chat, to which everyone has contributed thoughts of value. Anderton, what account do you give of the progress which has been made?

A. All has gone well. The problem of moral evil, of course, was not likely to embarrass us. Moral evil is a feature of souls in the making, at once inevitable and indispensable in a world of imaginal variety.

Moral good, you pointed out, (23) is a phase of the harmonising process requisite to the coming of the Divine Event, but a phase only. It presupposes a struggle with moral evil, and, with the lapse of such evil, passes into the supermoral. In this moral domain it is well not to allow purposes of high value to be frustrated by lower, but an *obligation* to act thus is not always admitted, and, when experienced, may be of social origin or derived from religious or philosophical sources. We need not waste time on the by-ways of ethics. In so far as regards the greater values, find out what, for a long view, seems most worth doing and do it. In a world-system of relatively free imagining rules dictated by conservative teachers fall naturally under suspicion. We have to decide for ourselves and take our risks.

D. Which may be very formidable. This is the check on the free man's dream—so many men, so many codes of morals.

A. There is plenty of room to kick, but avoid the pricks.

Moral evil then is in no sense a mystery, but incidental to conflict in an imaginal world-system. It is a feature of that larger struggle that permeates reality in the making.

The evil of error is equally inevitable, seeing that the direct experience of finite individuals is so limited. Truth is compact, as

the phrase goes, of "ideas"; is of and about reality, not the reality itself. It is verified when "ideas"—or rather imaginal fields with selectively noticed aspects—are found to agree with reality. Error on the level of Divine Imagining is impossible: all is reality shining in its own light. But the substitute-fact, truth, is menaced always by error which is revealed as an aberration due to finite fancy. This aberration, when not entailing practical trouble, is sometimes enjoyed. The twaddle of many popular faiths is relished greatly.

Imagining has run amok in constructing the substitute-fact.

The evil of ugliness belongs also to the conflicts of the additive process. It is inevitable owing to the war of agents. There result penetrations and syntheses of imaginings of all sorts, many of which mar our world.

L. Do many of us realise on what a drab and dreary level of reality we crawl? Even that object so admired by the Greeks, the human body, has both physiological flaws and unlovely aspects; its history is in part repulsive. But what can you expect from an organism built round a digestive tube and with reproductive functions such as ours? I think of those old teachings which represent this body as a tomb; a prison for those who take the way of the earth-pilgrim. It is possible that we are intruders here and are paying dearly for the adventure. You may answer that there are compensations. There are not enough of them for me. Even human art, which, owing to the reign of ugliness, has to be highly selective, shutting its eyes to so very much, is disappointing, save perhaps in the domain of music.

D. The pessimist is going to become the mystic. The cult of beauty lures him on in a world-system which he now knows to be fundamentally sound. Well: why not? As Plato says, the really beautiful is not for us here and now. Human art also is a make-shift.

A. We can't go into that at this hour. Passing therefore to those phases of evil lumped together under the head of brute "mental" and "physical" pain, I should regard many as useful and the rest as belonging to the realm of imagining which has "run amok". The wild beast may find pain a good sentinel warning it what to avoid, but, when suffering from caries of the teeth or the persecutions of insects, it is harried by the riot of a merely

bacchantic world. I close by endorsing Leslie's view that Imaginism provides complete room for all the phases of evil without marring in any way the radiance of Divine Imagining.

S. And I am with you, but, hallo!, drops of rain—we ought to be getting down to the hotel.

"Many thanks, West", said Leslie as they parted; "after all there are possibilities of explanation of which current pessimism never dreams." And he passed out with a bright smile into the garden.

W. *Allegro un poco agitato*. But what a welcome ally!

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

- (1) *Philosophy of History*, Sibree's Trans., p. 22.
- (2) Chapter X. p. 217.
- (3) Chapter VII. p. 156.
- (4) *Faust*, A. G. Latham's Trans.
- (5) *Philosophy of History*, Sibree's Trans., p. 16.
- (6) Chapter VII. pp. 144-5.
- (7) Grant Allen, *Physiological Aesthetics*, p. 107.
- (8) See *British Medical Journal*, 4th May 1929, p. 818.
- (9) *World as Imagination*, p. 587.
- (10) Chapter X. pp. 220 *et seq.*
- (11) Chapter XVI. pp. 403-10.
- (12) *World as Imagination*, pp. 588-9.
- (13) *World as Imagination*, pp. 591-2.
- (14) Chapter X. p. 220.
- (15) Chapter III. "The trappers of souls."
- (16) "With nothing more abnormal than dulness of sympathy, which is so abundantly exemplified in the history of mankind, the starvation of any number of unoffending creatures [as during a blockade!] would be extremely enjoyable. The sight of physical torture is as bad as starvation, if not worse, and that has given ecstasy to millions." Bain, *Dissertations*, p. 97. He has cited a case of boys roasting a live dog with enjoyment. Cruelty is quite a passion with many boys.
- (17) *Dialogues of the Buddha*, Trans. by T. W. and C. A. F. Rhys Davids, Part 2, p. 355.
- (18) Delane's information is drawn from Darwin's *Origin of Species*, 6th edition, p. 213. "This bird [*Molothrus bonariensis*], so far as is known, invariably lays its eggs in the nests of strangers; but it is remarkable that several together sometimes commence to build an irregular untidy nest of their own, placed in singularly ill-adapted situations, as on the leaves of a large thistle. They never, however, so far as Mr. Hudson has ascertained, complete a nest for themselves; they often lay so many eggs—from fifteen to twenty—in the same foster-nest that few, or none, can possibly be hatched. They have, moreover, the extraordinary habit of picking holes in the eggs whether of their own species or their foster-parents, which they find in appropriated nests. They drop also many eggs on the bare ground, which are thus wasted."

(19) *Adolescence*, vol. ii. p. 68.

(20) R. A. Proctor on "Upright Man" in *Universe of Suns*, pp. 349-50.

(21) The effects of this working are not all hard to detect. Professor McKendrick, writing of human foetal growth, observes: "Tissue after tissue and organ after organ are formed, not in a definite order as regards time, but contemporaneously, as if some kind of directive agency were at work. There are even examples of something like fore-knowledge in the building up of the foetus". This direction is of the agencies, furnished from the side of the physical, which may be too strong to control. A two-headed baby is a salient case in point. But normally strength of conservation of physical pattern is patent in a thousand quarters and facilitates directive nisus.

(22) Geddes and Thomson on *Sex*, p. 94.

(23) Chapter XI. p. 269.

CHAPTER XIX

ABOVE MÜRREN

"Divine Imagining conserves actively the static harmony of the . . . world-system: conscires it, shall we say?, as *ἐνέργεια ἀκίνητος*. Though the system thus conserved is harmonious, it comprises a manifold; the many related imaginals and their many immanent differences. Note well that it is a system of content only. Let us now liken it to a beautiful poem, whose parts some gifted mortal imagines as present simultaneously, much as Mozart used to hear musical compositions in their undivided completeness. Let us suppose, further, that the poem comprises numerous characters. . . . These characters are present to the poet, but they are not for that more than imagined contents; they are things of which he is conscious, but which are not conscious of him. However clearly he is aware of an undine, it does not follow that the undine, imaginatively created, is aware of her creator. She remains, in this sense, content: present only to his consciring. All the characters in this poem remain, of course, docile creatures of the poet, wholly under his control. The poem, moreover, though it comprises successions endures as a whole, just as it was imagined at first. Even so endures the poem . . . within Divine Imagining. Its different aspects are contents subordinate to their whole: are not more or less independent *agents* which may be mutually opposed. Divine Imagining enjoys a splendour which is utterly under Its control. Creative time-succession, with its multiple agents or sentients, is unborn.

"The Duchesse d'Abrantès said of Napoleon's minions, 'after the return from Elba, 'Ces hommes n'étaient pas les siens, ils étaient eux-mêmes'. With the birth of the sentients Divine Imagining surrenders in part Its control. The sentients are not wholly Its, but also *eux-mêmes*. And on this depend strange developments.—*Divine Imagining*, pp. 188-9, on the archetypal world-system which pre-existed to creative evolution.

"To-day there is a wide measure of agreement, which on the physical side of science approaches almost to unanimity, that the stream of knowledge is heading towards a non-mechanical reality; the universe begins to look more like a great thought than like a great machine."—Sir J. JEANS, *The Mysterious Universe*, p. 148.

THE giants of the Bernese Oberland, snow-crowned and clear-cut against a cloudless sky! Lazing on the warm grass of an alp some



A GREAT SNOW AVALANCHE ON THE JUNGFRAU

thousand feet or more above Mürren, we were looking across the valley of Lauterbrunnen, that deep and narrow trench cut by rain, torrent and frost at work through millions of years. I was stirred by the thought that these rock-masses, now shouldering pinewoods and glaciers, had been once, and during a comparatively recent stage of earth's history, parts of an ocean floor. Miracle follows miracle within Divine Imagining; reality, which is no mere reshuffling of stale elements, is being created additively in every quarter as we gaze. At the base of the slope on the shelf of Mürren I could descry man's tiny nests of wood and stone. To our right the chamois-haunted scarp of the Black Monch steepened into sheer precipice; in the background rose Eiger, Monch, the crest of the Jungfrau and the curving barrier of peak, pass and glacier that connects the Maiden with the splintered Gspaltenhorn. Low down, on our left, I saw Wengen below the grass-slopes and woods of the Männlichen. Nothing seemed to stir; and yet this quiet existed, I knew, only for superficial perceptions such as mine. Even behind the serenely still blue of the sky were striving quadrillions of quadrillions of agents, centres of conspiring, conservative and additively creative, whose magic prolongs the divine into so-called inorganic Nature. Nature, Blake's "disorganised immortal", corrupted too often in the welter of Becoming, seemed to retain in these Alps somewhat of the glamour of archetypal beauty. And thanks to philosophy, which supplements our petty perceptions with thought, I was, at last, able to enjoy what I saw entirely after the manner of Traherne; a privilege of which I have written before. (1) I was now an imaginist, and could greet joyously the world-content, which, penetrating my very soul, became a part of me.

Descending by the mountain railway from Zermatt, we had left Viège in the two cars, Leslie and I in the two-seater leading. The run past Brigue, Oberwald and above the ever-narrowing bed of the Rhône to Gletsch, the climbing of the Grimsel Pass and the long descent to Meiringen brought us to the lake of Brienz. We reached Interlaken at five in the afternoon, and half an hour later Lauterbrunnen, where the cars were left in a garage, and we rose by the funicular to the Grutsch Alp. After a quiet evening at Mürren we had sallied forth for the last philosophical

discussion of the season. Lying against a hummock behind me, West and Delane were talking in subdued tones, probably about their prospects in the adventure awaiting them. We three others had been silent, mingling our thoughts with the scenery and basking contentedly in the sun.

"Blake's 'disorganised immortal' reminds me of its archetypal past", said I, at last, to Leslie.

L. "Majestic, though in ruin", like Lucifer. And to-day we are to hear how this ruin, this corruption of Being by Becoming, was brought to pass.

S. And what interests me particularly is this: the linking up of the world-archetype or primitively "organised immortal" with the actual physical world and the drama of finite conscious lives as critical and often embittered observers have to describe them.

L. Yes: the transition from Blake's great utterance:

For when Urizen shrunk away
From eternal, he sat on a rock
Barren; a rock which he himself
From redounding fancies had petrified—

to the experiences of Peter Bell, and you physicists, seems certainly far to seek. "Redounding fancies" are welcome to the metaphysics of West. But the men with rods, weights and clocks will find, perhaps, this passage from Blake's dreams sloppy and irrelevant.

A. But then these men are concerned with measuring and manipulating, not with revealing the metaphysics of what is measured and manipulated. And, furthering the ends of practice, they may invent mythology unashamed, if convenience prompts. Even Einstein invents, as we saw, freely.

S. When the fancies have been "petrified" or stabilised into "approximate uniformities"—Blake's meaning is not far to seek—their quantitative aspects can be measured, if your interest lies this way. And methods of measuring take the line of least resistance . . . there is nothing which need perplex us as regards the procedure of the physicists, or other men of science. They confront a *fait accompli*—the world—and they must deal with it to our profit as best they can. But I have yet to learn how

the fact with which they deal was "accomplished" at all. I have to ask: how did God's imagination, embodied in the archetypal world-system, pass into the empirical space-time complex of division and change.

D. (edging in between Leslie and the Professor). It does not follow that even an imagiⁿist is bound to answer that question. He may be as utterly ignorant as I am and prefer to say so. Any system of philosophy conceived by man must be agnostic when the experience, presupposed by special solutions, fails it. I am not saying that West cannot satisfy critics such as the Professor; I am asserting that he is justified in being an imagiⁿist, even if he declines to deal with every cosmic problem off-hand. We are not posing as omniscient merely because we hold that the world-principle is Divine Imagining.

S. Oh! I allow that there is a difference between believing in Divine Imagining and asserting that we know all that has gone on or is going on within It. I am not unreasonable . . . a good guess or hypothesis is enough for me in so far as concerns the matter under discussion. I can verify statements made by a geographer, but I cannot hope to have experience of the remote event of which West is to speak. On the other hand, this particular world-system of ours, we saw, had a beginning. It is possible, accordingly, that we may be able to understand in a vague and general way how this beginning took place. I do not suppose for a moment that West is committing himself to details, which, from the nature of the case, are not within the range of discussion. Perhaps our mystic has something to say even now; perhaps he will welcome the caution which must needs sober the votary of science. I am an imagiⁿist by conviction, but, like Delane, do not expect to solve all cosmic problems on sight. And, like my fellow scientists, I hesitate before taking seriously certain dreams even of a West. Private fancy is a poor mirror of the Imagining that rules the world. It may deceive, and it always ignores so much.

L. Why this unqualified distrust of dreams? The dreams of a Blake may be classed with guesses and hypotheses such as you verify—or reject—in science. But there may be other dreams; those of high mystics who dream truly. Why cannot some of these mystics reach the actual past; that "made reality" which

we discussed in considering time? Perhaps West has come across such men.

W. (strolling forward and seating himself beside Leslie). I cannot consent to speak as one having authority. I shall be offering you suggestions as usual; you will consider or reject them as you think fit.

Delane is right in saying that the imaginist is not omniscient and that there may exist cosmic problems which he will fail to solve. If our discussion to-day proves sterile, what is the inference? Not that Imaginism is untenable but that we have a great deal more to learn about it. Must we deny that Divine Imagining is sovereign of the world just because we cannot understand how that world began to be? Delane, I see, is laughing; he recalls, perhaps, that our ancestors, not so many thousands of years ago, were cavemen; he won't dethrone Divine Imagining merely because we are rather ignorant. He regards what I have to say as an experiment.

D. Yes; but a lot depends on the man who makes the experiment.

W. Let me now take note of an important remark made by the Professor to the effect that an account of the origin of our world-system must necessarily be vague; must not attempt to be other than general.

A. Nevertheless you will be dealing with a particular: a particular world-system, that in which men, electrons, the sun and planets, the nebula in Andromeda, Procyon, Sirius and the other stars play their parts.

W. Of course . . . of course. But that is understood. I believe in an infinite plurality of world-systems, but can discuss the genesis of only the one of which I have experience.

A. And you will have to ignore, I suppose, many great aspects even of this particular world-system of ours. That which appears to us, here and now, may be far less important than that which does not appear. A well-known astronomer has called the field of physical objects of external perception, actual or possible, "the universe". But this way lies error. For (a) the reality of any level of a world-system always comprises much more than such perceptually known or knowable objects. And (b) perceptual objects in a world-system are indefinitely more numerous than

the physical ones with which work-a-day perception, aided by the devices of science, acquaints us. (c) A total world-system itself is only one of indefinitely many such systems: a mere island in the ocean of the infinite. The universe properly so called is present only to Divine Imagining. It is well to use terms accurately and consistently.

W. Quite so. Yes. I have to ignore very much at the present stage of this inquiry; I shall be content if I can help you a little to conceive the passage from one particular archetypal world-system to that *fragment* of this much-altered system, knowledge about which is being organised as science.

L. Give us a general account of how Blake's "redounding fancies" came to be "petrified" or stabilised into the reign of so-called law. No one wants a history of creative evolution . . . we leave that to the astro-physicists, chemists, geologists, biologists and others. Condensations in nebulae, the formation of stars, planets and satellites, of chemical, plant and animal species, the stream of human history and so on . . . all that provides work for specialists. Furnish us with the frame and canvas on which these men can paint all that they are going to discover.

D. And save us from wandering like lost souls in the vast stretches of space-time. How long has the earth existed, Professor?

S. According to calculations about two thousand million years . . . hardly less than this anyhow.

D. And our solar system?

S. Oh! get beyond this little system and consider the length of life of the stars which, according to Jeans, is "something of the order of 5 to 10 million million years". The number of stars has been compared by this expert with the total number of specks of dust in London,(2) so that a full history of creation can be no more an ideal of science than of philosophy. All of us have to take refuge in generalities, but the generalities of philosophy concern the world-system as a whole, not artificially separated aspects of it like astronomy, biology and the adventures of man. I ought to say that they concern the infinitely many world-systems which West discussed as established on Divine Imagining, but we, humble mortals, who cannot enjoy the larger view,

must stress modestly this particular world-system which we call "ours".

D. Don't trouble to labour the point; I follow you.

L. Just give us a send-off, Anderton, and let West take the floor.

A. As you will. Well, I have really nothing to add of value to you and Delane. Preliminaries have been dealt with. We are to ignore for the while—making indeed a virtue of necessity—the infinitely many world-systems, about which West spoke in a former dialogue. This plurality of world-systems expresses the variety native to Divine Imagining; we have to allow for it but we are to stress awhile only the particular world-system whose "starry heavens" stirred Kant. The sage of Königsberg would have been moved even more profoundly to-day. We know that our present home—earth—is a speck in the galactic sub-system which, comprising hundreds of millions of stars, is itself just a travelling cluster among millions of like clusters, almost lost in the depths of space. Yet we have to recall that these vast "starry heavens", part, it has been urged, of an expanding whole credited by some (here speculative astronomy replaces verifiable thought) with a radius of two thousand million light-years, are *not* the "universe". They belong to the *physical body only* of our *particular* world-system, whose unperceived levels may be more important than that stratum which we human fumblers perceive. And now it seems to me that the way is cleared for West, who will be regaling us shortly with his "pemmican". This substance will be hard to bite; it may be even harder to digest, but I am sure that the remote effects of the diet will be satisfactory.

W. I trust so: many thanks, Anderton. Yes: the way is clear. A word as to procedure. I propose to talk as if I were a lecturer thrusting his views on others during an uninterrupted hearing. I shall not stop to invite comments. If, however, any of you wish to intervene, have your say freely. You assent. . . . Excellent. I plunge forthwith into the metaphysics required. Don't, however, look for sheer novelty. I shall be re-testing many hypotheses which we have mooted already and which we are inclined, perhaps, to regard as sound. I shall have to blend the old with the new. I shall return unashamedly to the topics of

consciring, the imaginals, causation, chance, cosmic rhythms, equilibration, evil, space-time, etc., etc., which we have discussed separately and which we are to consider yet again in connexion with the genesis and standing of the concrete empirical world—the world with the starry heavens, the amazing variety of organisms and the quadrillions of finite agents, meditation on whose present and future used to fill Leslie with dismay. I have not only to provide metaphysics for the philosopher, who may be indifferent as to whether truth is fair or foul, but to suggest to the plain man that all will be well when, in Tennyson's phrase, God has made the pile complete. Obviously all is not well now, but what are some millions of years in the history of a world-system? They comprise nothing with which destruction and innovation could not deal. The most radiant imagining possible for man is banal beside the imagining that is divine. Let no one, however embittered by the ills of life, lose hope.

And now for the plunge.

I have to remind you at the outset of what I said long ago respecting the fundamental urge manifest in all processes of creative evolution. A process, such as that of our own particular world-system, is purposive realisation of an imaginal field—a field present to Divine Imagining and the finite agents, gods, ourselves, the minor sentients, etc., who continue, often distorting them, the activities of this Power.

A. I recall your words; in fact I took them down at the time. Let me read from my notes: "Radical creativity has enforced belief in radiant consciring. Such consciring, being 'unimpeded activity', has as aspect of itself Joy or Bliss. But joyful consciring, both sustaining and innovating on the cosmic scale, suggests purpose; hence we are free now to interpret in philosophy the many signs of purpose which the world-system contains. The world-system, as purposive, is creative realisation of an imaginal field. And what is the outstanding feature of this purposiveness? Not just the 'play of love with itself', not the construction of titanic systems of mere content, wherein Divine Imagining conscires things which are not conscious of themselves. More is required than characters which, like those in *Hamlet*, exist not for themselves but only for the artist. The

supreme artistic triumph of evolution is the making of conscious individuals who, passing at long last into the divine life, are to swell and diversify joy.”(3)

L. I found my Waterloo before that evening, as you know. Radical creativity implies radiant conspiring, implies that God is a reality, not merely a sonorous philosophical terra. But, if we admit that this Power conspires, as West puts it, with full reflectivity, with full awareness of all aspects of Itself and of Its deeds, then surely we have to accept purpose whether to maintain or to alter. And certainly a world-system, unable to include the making and perfecting of conscious individuals, would be a very minor achievement of divine art. . . . Yes; I am on the side of those who accept purpose and I must allow that supreme art requires the evolution of individuals and apparently their perfection and conservation as well. And we can put trust in a Power for which to imagine is to create. At long last all problems of the meliorist must be solved—at a price.

A. More royalist now, Leslie, than the king! But in the case of human art we preserve only masterpieces and cast our failures to the heap. Must all individuals be perfectible, or do the human, and like, plants exist only for the growing of some few choice blossoms? Does God care for the individual as such? According to Whitehead in *Process and Reality*, God is “unmoved by love for this particular or that particular”—intensity is the goal. “In the foundations of His being, God is indifferent alike to preservation and to novelty. He cares not whether an immediate occasion be old or new, so far as concerns derivation from its ancestry. His aim for it is depth of satisfaction as an intermediate step towards the fulfilment of His own being—God’s purpose in the creative advance is the evocation of intensities. The evocation of societies is purely subsidiary to this absolute end.”

D. No—no. Intensities could be reached through the pigs at their troughs, or even in the sensory lives of electrons and the stir of Brownian movements.

L. Surely this is Hegel’s Moloch-God over again: the divine tyrant who, preying on finite agents, enjoys “applied logic”. Intensities at any cost to particular agents who come and go, serving the “fulfilment of His own being”! Who would not be

a pessimist in such a universe? But we have rejected this kind of God.

• Anderton spoke of the failures of human art and suggests that God may pick and choose, suppressing individuals of no promise. But let us now accept whole-heartedly the hypothesis of Divine Imagining. God does not stumble through failures to success or would He be nameable *Divine* Imagining at all? All failures seem to imply that one or many finite agents have marred cosmic harmony and "run amok", as West, I suspect, will be telling us anon. The divine artistry always succeeds despite the long creative process that may be required. And each individual, being unique, is the possibility of a unique perfection which is adorable, and, as such, inevitably conserved. Its suppression would entail a sheer loss to the universe—would be equivalent indeed to the partial suicide of God.

D. The new broom sweeps well.

W. It comes, as I urged before, to this: the most perfect creations of content rank below the possibilities of conscious lives. And the divine artist, despite the alleged difficulties thrust upon Him, never bungles or shuns His task. The human individual, as Leslie rightly insists, can put trust in the divine artistry, which is to perfect and conserve it as an aspect of the supreme good. Consider how securely rooted is this individual. God is immanent as well as transcendent; is involved in the fate of every individual in every world-system which shows in the universe. There is no God but God, as the pious Moslem avers. There is Dionysus and there are the adventures of Dionysus. Dionysus is Divine Imagining in so far as It is immanent, sunk, in creative evolution. All finite centres declare the reality of this God who appears dividedly in each world-line of sentience that threads space-time. At the close of an adventure the God is an eye which consists of eyes and whose vision becomes quite clear only in the Divine Event. To suppress any eye would mar, in part, the vision thus sought.

God does not narrow His being by suppressing individuals, even among Blake's "screaming shapes", who "reptilise" on inferior world-levels to-day. There is no suicide in the ordering of macrocosmic life.

There was a silence broken by the Professor.

S. No: God does not, I must presume, indulge in suicide. But what of the "titanic systems of mere content" to which Anderson referred just now? Is it so certain that the physical part of our world-system was evolved in order to be the theatre of conscious life? Astronomers might well put awkward questions.

L. You are thinking of Jeans who says that planets like ours, revolving round a sun, are very rare, and that no other type of astronomical body can be said to be favourable to life?

S. He says more than that—he says that life is the "end of a chain of by-products"; nebula and star have "nothing to do with life except making it impossible". Finite life in this world-system is almost an accident.

A. I know—I know. But the objects perceived by the astronomer belong only to a fragment of this world-system. And Jeans has just the biologists' organisms in view. More to the point is Bradley's saying: "except in relation to our ignorance we cannot call the least portion of Nature inorganic". The lowest organisms, symbolised by familiar concepts of science (the "nuclears" and "attraction-complexes" of the book *Divine Imagining*, the "primates" of Whitehead), are certainly not mere aggregates of content. They *act*, and in this way notify to us that they *conscire*, whether reflectively or irreflectively (4) I need not discuss. So that the Professor's spear is blunt. This difficulty was met during our discussion of the levels of *consciring*. All we have to do is to suppose that there may be organisms of many sorts besides those which figure in text-books of biology.

S. I have mentioned the view of certain men of science. If they are wrong, the situation is easily dealt with. We shall have to widen the scope of biology.

D. It seems absurd to limit the name "organism" to bodies built of transformed protoplasm. There must be organisms in all quarters, in the texture of steel as in the core of van Maanen's star. Even electron and proton can no longer be discussed as tiny marbles; they adjust themselves too well to events, become elusive if you try to simplify overmuch, as naïve "realists" are inclined to do.

W. Why not organisms everywhere? But we are wandering from our main topic. Enough has been said for the while about

life. I shall be urging shortly that, during the birth of this world-system, organisms arose in every quarter, the finite centres of consciring, allied with them, serving to continue—and often distort—the work of God. So-called inorganic Nature is supported by these minor powers.

§. And the “energy” concerned in the birth of this system? You don’t consider with Bergson, writing in *Creative Evolution*, that the natural order sprang from “detension” of cosmic “consciousness”; from a “diminution of positive reality” which reminds us of defective will, as when a student, who is reading, relaxes his attention and loses grip of the words? For we are told that from “negative direction of relaxation” arise spatial extension and the ordered complexity of detail, so dear to mathematicians, found therein.

W. You know already what I think of “energy”; it is a convenient instrumental concept used by man calculating. “Energy” conceived as something which flows as a concrete stream about space is “useful as a picture but leads to absurdities”, observes Jeans.(5) What works in the natural order, conserving and creating additively, is—CONSCIRING. What you ask, therefore, amounts to this: is there a diminution, a relaxation, of consciring whereby the natural order of creative evolution comes to pass? I answer unhesitatingly: there is no “diminution” of positive reality, no “detension” of cosmic “consciousness” involved. There is a quickening, an increase, of the consciring concerned. Subsequent to this quickening arises the natural order in a manner of extreme interest. I will now prepare you for another surprise. “Organisation of energy”, as a famous astronomer puts it, is at first perfect; it is sapped later by the advent of chance and freedom, by what Eddington, alluding specially to physics, has termed the “random element”. A strict causal determinism is foreign to Imaginism as it is to modern physics. Metaphysically speaking, we are to confront the early stages of world-imagining that “runs amok”: the phrase used in the book *Divine Imagining* and applied there, not only to events in physics, but also to very much in the higher stages of Nature and also in the stream of human and animal history. It will be seen that physics is dealing with an aspect of a wide truth endorsed by metaphysics.

S. You stir me. Physicists are welcoming the notion of a "single entity" which is regarded as becoming matter and energy in turn: matter and energy being interchangeable.(5) This entity, when acting on the cosmic scale, has to be invested with amazing powers and West, of course, describes in it the agnostic's wary approach towards the active aspect of Divine Imaging—conspiring. Well, I, too, have learnt my lesson from the dialogues; idealistic solutions of such great problems are inevitable. And now the entry of chance or the "random element" is to be accounted for. Very interesting. . . . Incidentally, and somewhat irrelevantly, at what point do you link up your explanation of the Descent into creative evolution with the science describing the genesis of the physical world-system?

W. How far back do the astronomers carry their inferences?

S. Some postulate the *primaeval* nebula in which the star-fraught "condensations", galactic and extra-galactic, are to take place. They will be delighted, I am sure, if you will 'be good enough to relieve them of further responsibility.

W. How considerate! And yet how discreet! For this tenuous gaseous nebula, of which we have all heard, does not bring us to the beginnings of evolution. It is a spatial reality, already differentiated, I gather, into electrons and protons. It belongs clearly to a relatively late stage of the world-system when additive time-succession is in full swing and particulars, such as interest physics, abound. Now, obviously, I am not stepping in to talk science where astronomers fear to tread. I am prepared, however, to discuss the metaphysical conditions which made the *primaeval* nebula possible. My explanations may not be easy to follow, but you have your remedy—question me at your liking. I continue.

L. Just a moment. Tell us, Professor, what your science says about the nebula, which is what Tyndall would have called the "promise and potentiality" of the starry heavens and all that therein is. Never mind the details. How far, *e.g.*, does your best supported nebular theory square with the belief in a finite world-system — one among innumerable others — to which West is committed?

S. Of course, as Anderton said, the nebula is only the fore-runner of the physical part of our own particular world-system.

It can account for nothing more; and I fancy that even in this limited domain "promise and potentiality" is not a phrase which will satisfy West. In the history of creative evolution the new does not arise merely from the old. But let that pass. Does science bear out the view that the physical system is finite? The best authorities think that the system, considered in a spatial regard, is at once finite and unbounded. Its radius, as you know, has been calculated, but estimates based on alleged "curvature of space" are highly speculative. Spatiality (which for West is not an original feature of the system) is not an entity. And, even if it were, to impose on it a special geometry would be arbitrary. The metaphysical case for spatial and other finiteness has been already stated by West and no doubt we shall hear of it again. As regards time, the weight of the total physical system increases as we travel back in thought; and we cannot suppose that this weight becomes infinite in an infinite past. It is the opinion of Jeans that "the present weights of the stars are incompatible with their having existed for more than some 5 or 10 million million years".(6) But the "atoms", of which these stars are compact, may have pre-existed to stars in nebulae "for at least a comparable, and possibly for a much longer time".(7) Thus the *primaeval* nebula itself turns thought towards a beginning; still to a *special* beginning, that is to say to a minor incident in the universe. Note also the statement of Eddington as well: "there is no doubt that the scheme of physics as it has stood for the last three-quarters of a century postulates a date at which either the entities of the universe were created in a state of high organisation, or pre-existing entities were endowed with that organisation which they have been squandering ever since. Moreover this organisation is admittedly the antithesis of chance. It is something which could not occur fortuitously."(8) This line of thought makes the beginning not infinitely remote.

L. Ah! you stress the alleged "running down" of the physical system; its passage towards a heat-coma in a welter of un-serviceable or unavailable "energy", as your symbolism puts it. A sort of torpid conservation is the doom of the system, so far as its physical aspect is concerned. And this "running down" cannot have been going on through more than some millions of millions of years. Yes: I follow.

S. The doom is that indicated by the second law of thermodynamics; and the gods themselves cannot avert it. "Entropy", as we say in that symbolism which you dislike, is always on the increase. The system is passing into that thermodynamic equilibrium which resembles death.

D. The end? Yet a *caput mortuum* remains.

W. The current symbolism might allow the tangible "masses" of the system, or rather the remains of them not changed into "radiation", to exist undisturbed for aeons. But a ripper wisdom urges that this part of the system will have almost reached the state of non-additive, harmonious conservation; the state heralding its complete dissolution and indrawal into higher levels of Divine Imagining. The physical is only a phase of part of that primitive world-system which we discussed as being transformed during the Metaphysical Fall: *i.e.* the descent of the system into the field of creative evolution.(9) It serves its purpose. It will vanish from its present level of existence, and its special space-time, of course, will vanish with the contents related in these ways. This will be literally the end of the physical world, whose grosser tangible objects, however, are vanishing even now into "radiation"; a name which refers us to periodic qualitative processes, not to the mechanically conceived "vibrations" of materialist thought. In changing into these processes on a vast scale the sun reduces its "mass", which disappears from a low level of Nature to become something in a higher domain. Anyhow it is leaving the Nature of tangible "masses" for good. It is being affected by the first stage of the indrawal.

S. (a book in his hands). The upper limit to the age of the physical world is set by Jeans at some 200 million million years. Beyond this his retrospect includes "a definite event or series of events, or continuous process, of creation".(10) If we desire a naturalistic account of creation, "we may imagine radiant energy of any wave-length less than 1.3×10^{-13} cms. being poured into empty space; this is energy of higher "availability" than any known in the present universe, and the running down of such energy might well create a universe similar to our own".(11) This radiation might be said to "crystallise" into electrons and protons, and finally form atoms.

L. But there is no pre-existing space which could lodge any-

thing and we don't want naturalistic accounts in terms of scientific symbols. What is the energy referred to? A name for conscurring or *conscience-énergie* fraught with a certain content. Such conscurring conserves and creates additively what it imagines; there is nothing mechanical in the business. Beware of the abstract, urges West. How are you to squeeze the variety of the actual so-called inorganic world out of dry concepts?

W. Leslie is not slow in following the thread to the needle. . . . Well: time is flying. Now that our poet has had from the Professor what he asked for, I shall supply the philosophical account of world-genesis which Imaginism suggests.

Jeans himself allows that the "universe" may be a "thought" in the divine mind in which case "all discussion of material creation" is futile. Imaginists merely note this futility and pass on. The genesis of our particular world-system—I am not now dealing with the "universe"—is a process which opens in an IMAGINAL FIELD within Divine Imagining. I do not say "in a thought", since thoughts are about reality and the imaginal field is not about another reality but is reality itself. It comprises also *much more* than the contents which men have ascribed to thought. Hence you could not speak of it as the indifference of thought and reality, in the search for a solution more acceptable to idealists of some old schools. All this has been said before and I repeat it to be quite sure that my suggestions shall fall on minds fully prepared.

What in essence is the "archetypal world-system" to which we have referred so often? Just the initial form of this imaginal field. What is the "beginning of the world" popularly so called? Just the descent of this archetypal world into the domain of *additively* creative evolution. A changeless whole as conserved originally within God, it has now to suffer changes innumerable. It will also be the home of finite sentients of all grades, of centres of conscurring below what we call individuals as well as of centres above them. It will be the domain of division, conflict, suffering, of disorganisation, of imagining "running amok", of seemingly interminable follies, abominations, riot and waste. Hence the relevance of the term "descent". And yet, somehow, purpose runs through it all. What is being done? At a cost, which only the future can justify to us, creative realisation of the imaginal field

is being effected. In the teeth of struggle, accepting the "random element" in physical Nature as well as in the history of men, animals and their like, divine patience continues to shape and reshape. And the end? The passage, after millions of millions of years, of the altered and perfected imaginal field into the harmonious Divine Event.

D. And after?

W. In a universe of Imagining there are rests, but the ebb is followed by the flow. Who shall sound fully the possibilities of a future in which a thousand million million years will pass as a tale that is told? If you seek to know more, put questions to someone who can reply.

But the question of a beginning, not of an impossible ending, is concerning us now. A unitary imaginal field within Divine Imagining is to be shown passing into this present empirical world-system of division and change. Divine Will is embodied in this process. The Metaphysical Fall is inevitable—the "descent" whereby God's work of art(12) is transformed into the distressful spatial habitation in which we dwell. It is right to add that "descent" is an indispensable condition of the "ascent" that is to follow; an ascent during which the imaginal field will be transformed into something far more lovely than was its initial state: a field lit by fully reflective conspiring, a field which exists *for itself* and is, therefore, spiritual through and through, not existing merely as content for God.

He paused a while and continued, looking across the valley at the great mountains:

W. The belief of astronomer and physicist in a finite world-system must be accepted with a reservation. The system began. It was created, however, out of certain imaginings(13) which never began, and it will endure, in some form or other, eternally. The *metaphysical* case for belief in finite systems was stated in our earlier dialogues. Indefinitely, perhaps infinitely, many finite systems are required to declare the glory of Divine Imagining. These systems, incompatible with one another, have to exist initially, at any rate, apart. Insulated thus, they render possible that variety which crowns creative imagining on the cosmic scale. Within our own particular system variety is furthered much in the same way. Incompatibles appear, but they have

to be separated by spatial and temporal intervals. Space-time provides manners in which plurality can come fully into its own.

• A digression this but not a vain one. I pass to the main topic. We saw that what was called the archetype of one of these systems—our own—is nothing else than the *initial form of an IMAGINAL FIELD conserved within God*. This field takes on the form of creative evolution. Being, that merely endures, falls at last into Becoming.

L. At last? Might it not have begun to alter at once without being conserved at first as a changeless whole?

W. From flow to ebb, from ebb to flow; from rest-phase to additive creation, seems to be the cosmic rhythm. But, if you like, suppose the archetype to change at once in the direction of the “descent” into creative evolution. It won’t make any difference to the account of how this creative evolution comes to pass.

Leslie nodded but made no reply.

W. Whence the appulse which yields the Becoming? Well, the free activity conserving the harmonious Initial Situation (which is another name for the earlier form of the divine imaginal field or archetype) is not fixed. This activity is divine consciring; and the degrees of its intensity admit of increase. There is no “diminution of positive reality”, as Bergson contends, implied by the birth of the natural order, but just the reverse. Consciring upholds the Initial Situation. More intense consciring creates, as we shall see, disturbances of the equilibrium or harmony of this Initial Situation, and with these is born the appulse which issues in the Metaphysical Fall; in the “descent” of the imaginal field into the storm and stress of the changeful, additively creative time-process discussed in a thousand quarters, and often very vaguely, as “evolution”. The vast *primaeval* nebula of the astronomers is one of the results of this transformation.

Thus the consciring that conserves is also the consciring that disturbs and inserts the novel. The conflicts, the harmonising solutions, the novel penetrations and conflicts, the solutions that follow, form aspects of the causal dynamic which bridges the interval of development lying between the Initial Situation and the very remote Divine Event.

A. You have been discussing the *ἐνέργεια ἀκινήσιας*, in virtue of which the initial imaginal field is conserved or sustained, in

virtue of which it shows as a whole which persists unchanged. Like a sonata of Beethoven, this field may comprise successions, but, regarded as a whole, it does not alter. You have referred to it elsewhere as a divine work of art, so perfect after its kind as to require no change. The "descent" into creative evolution, I gather, is essential to its becoming a work of art of another kind, which is to be not merely *content* existing for God, but ultimately a region of *fully reflective consciring* (14) existing also *for itself*. This being so, you have to account for the origin of the finite centres of consciring allied with this region. It is not enough to deal with the problems of the nebula and subsequent complications of world-contents. These centres of consciring (which comprise, of course, more than the "conscious individuals" of popular thought), the standing of which proved an insoluble riddle for Bradley, swarm in quadrillions allied with every fragment of so-called inorganic Nature. They are the lights that light the bodies of every man, beast and natural agent in this world-system. And I must own that I am at a loss to conceive clearly how they arose first and arise still to-day. We have dreamt dreams about the Divine Society, but how do these primitively insulated centres begin?

W. I am coming to that; you did well to stress the riddle.

D. (referring obviously to the passage at the head of this chapter cited from the book *Divine Imagining*). I glanced recently at the book borrowed by the Professor from your library. The author, whose views closely resemble yours, compares the Initial Situation with a beautiful poem, enduring for God at first unchanged, just as it was imagined, *i.e.* created, at the outset. The poem cannot be bettered, but, after all, it is a poem which exists only for God. (15) It contains indefinitely many "characters" indeed, but these, like the little group of "characters" in *Hamlet*, exist originally only for the maker of the poem. The "characters" are completely under central control; hence the harmony of the work of art remains stable. But with the passage of these "characters" into centres of consciring, the more advanced of which exist *for themselves* and not only for the divine artist, the Initial Situation gives place to the Metaphysical Fall. The "characters" are no longer docile; they have become relatively independent agents and take charge, as it were, of the

poem throughout its extent; they alter it, add to it and can even mar it in part. The reign of chance and evil is inaugurated. This suggestion has stirred me to the quick, for I descry in it the final solution of a thousand problems. The world-system is well launched, moving, as it does, towards the Divine Event; nevertheless, it will be full of the evils which pessimists denounce and which are inseparable from the deeds of relatively free agents, whose very creation implies detachment from deterministic central control.

A. The agents include not only gods and men but also the minor sentient, Whitehead's, "primates", that work in the heart of Nature. A certain dissociation takes place within God's poem—the Initial Situation or imaginal field. And the inevitable disorganisation, due to the clash of the agents, ought to be evident even on the lowest levels of Nature.

S. As in fact it is. Let me cite——

W. Every topic in its place. We have still to consider the original static imaginal field. Reflections on the "descent" are to follow.

L. What about space-time in respect of the Initial Situation? West will reply that spatial features have not been evolved yet. But time features are admittedly in evidence. I find, however, that I have no clear concepts in this domain and should much value a philosophical account of the standing of time. I have learnt much from our last talk about space-time but am in the grip of a new difficulty. I read recently that belief in a "universal cosmic time" is menaced, or even shattered, by relativity, (16) and in this case we do not seem able to believe in a cosmic history such as West takes for granted.

W. Yes, the spatial features of the world-system were not, in my opinion, present in the Initial Situation or divine imaginal field as it existed before the Metaphysical Fall. *Space-time*, i.e. contents related in the manners called spatial-temporal, dawns later in an early stage of the Becoming named creative evolution. The contents of the primitive imaginal field have only temporal aspects. Novel events do not occur—there is no additive positing—but the unchanging whole has contents which are, at any rate, simultaneous, while all of them endure. These temporally related contents are just manners of appearing

within Divine Imagining: the term "relation", as I said elsewhere, refers us to ways in which contents are present together to conscurring, active on some level or other. *

We have often heard that Einstein's greatest achievement has been to extend relativity from space to time. And some writers go so far as to repudiate a universal cosmic or common "public" order of temporal relations, rejecting thus belief in "absolute simultaneity" conceived as objective characteristic of certain world-events as they occur independently of finite "observers". There is no same time for different "observers", save for those who are at rest relatively to one another. The out-reaching to a cosmic history seems menaced; has simultaneity become relative to particular "observers"? But this attitude makes too much of thought which subserves, above all else, exact *measuring* in the regard of these *finite "observers"*. (17) It is to be noted, further, that even within the pale of relativity an excessive subjectivism is suitably controlled; there is, at any rate, the "interval", which may be said to rescue the time-order from complete dependence on the "observer". Even Russell accepts the "interval" as "the reality of which distances and periods of time are confused representations". This objective fact of "interval" marks the recoil to an absolute or universal order of temporal relations felt vaguely to underlie and comprise the realms of discord. It is easy for me as an imaginalist to indicate that which has room for the conflicting distances and times of "observers".

There is no problem presented by the sensible simultaneity of two contents to the conscurring of a single "observer"; *e.g.* the blue of the sky and the sound of my voice appear to you at the same time. This simultaneity is directly conscired reality upon which all further talk about the subject must be based. Nay, there is no problem as to a universal cosmic order of temporal relations, *provided that you postulate the divine conscurring which maintains this order*. "Absolute simultaneity", for instance, is immediate reality for God; and immediate reality likewise is the succession of cosmic events, *e.g.* that portion of them which issues in the Metaphysical Fall. We agreed elsewhere that this kind of time-succession is the form of additive creation and differs from the past, which is "made" reality, as that in which reality is being "made".

But this universal cosmic time-order is complex. It comprises all the discordant periods of time credited to "observers", real and hypothetical. It is not a simple order but a complex of times, declaring in one more domain the amazing multiplicity native to Divine Imagining. Or, as Bosanquet said, "... the thorough-going relativity of space-time *prima facie* indeed disintegrates the universe [world-system] into individual time-systems . . . when the matter is pressed home it becomes evident . . . that a common world is implied", in which unity overrides the conflict. The over-stressed insistence on finite "observers" (or on bodies occupying the positions where "observers" might be) shows that one aspect of the truth gets the most attention. With mention of the cosmic "observer" we could talk of an absolute *concrete* time, but, after all, the relations called temporal are only aspects of what is "observed".

S. I agree and I add this. Complexity is to be looked for in all quarters. Consider the Eiger, which common sense locates merely opposite to us across the valley. Yet every "electron" of that peak is believed to penetrate in some manner all the physical part of our world-system. And the Eiger itself, that vaguely described region of indefinitely many aspects—show me its limits! We are baffled by the complexity of this object whose "local habitation", as shown by the peasant, reveals so little.

A. The solution of the time-riddle shows once more that reality is more complex than we are apt to think it is. But there is no need to "disintegrate" the world-system! I will add a few words. We have already (18) discussed the standing of duration and succession. No need to dwell again on duration. Additive succession, we saw, is the Form of Creation, and expresses in observable fact the intrinsic character of Divine Imagining Itself, so that the "insoluble" problem of some philosophers is completely solved. Of course the additive succession of our world-system is its own, just as the succession in, say, *The Tempest* is proper to the play and not the time through which Shakespeare himself lived. Our world-system began not "in", but "cum", tempore, if we are thinking of this succession proper to itself. In this succession takes place the "making" of new reality; reality as it is "made" moving towards frozen fixity as the past. Bertrand Russell has said: "A truer image of the

world, I think, is obtained by picturing things as entering into the stream of time from an eternal world outside, than from a view which regards time as the devouring tyrant of all that is". (19) "Eternal" here is best interpreted as meaning, not "timeless" but "enduring", while time taken as meaning "succession" devours only from human or rather finite points of view. The reality being made additively passes towards levels that endure—in the sense of lasting an indefinitely long while—though its final perfecting, as West told us, may involve first destruction on the great scale. There is very much which has to be driven from reality. Dross is no longer conscired and vanishes.

My further comments concern simultaneity. Belief in a universal cosmic time presupposes belief in absolute simultaneity; and absolute simultaneity, standing above the conflicting times of "observers", inevitable in the field of relativity, presupposes cosmic or divine consciring. I need not defend that view; I know that it is accepted here. But simultaneity itself requires further thought. According to West, it is the potentiality of co-existence—of the spatial. The spatial, in fact, is to be discussed as evolved creatively out of it, and, as such, one of the earlier products of the imaginal dynamic. Simultaneity has a further strange feature. When I observe a spinning wheel or merely conscire idly my "specious present" I appear to be aware of the simultaneous and successive at once, so that simultaneity and succession are not always exclusive.

S. You will recall that West allowed that there may be successions within the Initial Situation or primitive imaginal field, though not indeed *additive* successions. This field may persist unaltered as a whole.

W. Simultaneity illustrates very notably the grasp of *consciring*. Considered thus, and as including non-additive successions, it might even be called the radical form of time, which is big also with the spatial. I shall shortly be suggesting how the space-features of space-time-content are evolved. Observe that I say "content". No content, no space-time. Metaphysics does not merge space *and* time into space-time. In the first place, the spatial seems not primitive. In the second place, what is primitive, time, implies manners of appearing together of contents; is not an entity which exists in its own right.

L. And yet folk have written as if the merging of space *and* time into the space-time of relativity were a revelation.

- A. I know of no post-Kantian philosopher of eminence who believed in space and time being independent entities. But within science many astronomers and physicists have done so. A change of view was necessary for them; the naïve realists of the marketplace also needed help.

D. Before West comments on the Metaphysical Fall I should like this question answered. What precisely were the constituents of the primitive imaginal field or archetype? I refer to what you call contents or *conscita*. And what of the origin of the centres of consciring which appear later in alliance with portions of the transformed field, *e.g.* with human and animal bodies?

W. The relatable contents of the primitive field were drawn from imaginals. That is the conservation-basis. The selection and modes of combination of these ingredients, however, implied additive creation. Quantity, too, being function of consciring, the "divinity of measure" achieved in the selection and combination in question is to be reckoned with. (20) It is essential to the static harmony and embodies *plan*. There is no quality which has not its definite quantity, excess and defect of which tend to mar the whole into which it enters.

The finite centres of consciring with their affective colouring are rills of the universal consciring. They enter on the scene, not as monads, but as the lights that light certain portions of content—in the manner which I shall indicate briefly. These are the factors which bring about the earliest disturbances in the primitive imaginal field; they are the "characters"—you referred to them just now—which, attaining the level of existence *for themselves* as well as for God, introduce discord into the originally harmonious divine poem. The term Fall has not been chosen amiss.

Qualities, quantities, relations and the imaginals—also the fundamental consciring and its rills—have been dealt with in former talks. It is not possible to place before you the primitive imaginal field save in the miserably inadequate form of a concept. The field is not itself a concept, but a reality possessing a gloriously concrete fullness of being. It comprises known qualities and relations, but very many quite foreign to the

experience of denizens of the physical world: we live and move now in a fragment of a portion of the world-system. I hardly think that I can say more usefully. Of course you will reject the simplifications of reality which serve the purposes of science. Sometimes, for instance, men imagine that a few terms, "radiation", "energy", "protons", "electrons", etc., constitute the stuff forming this reality. They live in a world of symbols which are useful but ignore too much. The factors thus symbolised are merely some of the features of a process in which the divine poem, the meeting-point of innumerable imaginings, suffers division and conflict. Beware, too, of supposing that events which come first in the history of creative evolution can furnish the total explanation of the events which come later. This view, which underlies so much of speculative science, is radically false. The higher imaginings enter into the additive time-process only when the conditions favouring this entrance are complete. They enter, further, occasioning "adjustments" which have not pre-existed on lower levels and embody plan. I repeat: avoid over-simplification most carefully. The Metaphysical Fall has a source, and the first part of its "descent" reveals little as to what feeds it. Above all, don't attempt to construct a world out of tiny marbles and blind "energy", or of "energy", that bloodless instrumental concept, alone. Do you suppose that all patterns, for instance, are to be accounted for in this way? If so, you will find yourselves in wandering mazes lost.

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

(1) Chapter I. p. 10.

(2) "Think of the sun as something less than a single speck of dust in a vast city, of the earth as less than a millionth part of such a speck of dust, and we have perhaps as vivid a picture as the mind can really grasp of the relation of our home in space to the rest of the universe."—Jeans, *The Universe around Us* (2nd edit.), p. 90. "Universe" here means only the physical level of our own particular world-system, the radius of which mathematicians try to measure in terms of light-years.

(3) Chapter XI. p. 287.

(4) Chapter X. pp. 220 *et seq.*

(5) *The Mysterious Universe*, p. 108. See also Chapter XI. pp. 249 *et seq.*, on Consciring and Energy.

(6) *The Universe around Us*, p. 333.

(7) *Ibid.* p. 335.

- (8) *Nature of the Physical World*, p. 84.
- (9) Chapter XIV. p. 317.
- (10) *The Universe around Us*, p. 336.
- (11) *Ibid.* p. 337.
- (12) Chapter XIV. p. 318.
- (13) Chapter XV. pp. 356 *et seq.*
- (14) Chapter X. pp. 218 and 220.
- (15) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 188-9.
- (16) Bertrand Russell, *ABC of Relativity*, p. 50.
- (17) On this measuring, cf. Chapter XVII. pp. 426-8. Read also the telling paper by Prof. A. Lovejoy, "The Dialectical Argument against Absolute Simultaneity", *The Journal of Philosophy*, Nov. 6, 1930.
- (18) Chapter XVII. pp. 439-43.
- (19) *Our Knowledge of the External World*, p. 167.
- (20) "To the Greeks the *divinity of measure*, especially in respect of social morality, was replaced by Nemesis. That conception is founded upon a general theory that all human things, riches, honour and power, as well as joy and pain, have their definite measure, the transgression of which involves ruin and destruction."—Wallace, *Logic of Hegel*, "Doctrine of Being", p. 172.

CHAPTER XX

THE BIRTH OF CREATIVE EVOLUTION IN SPACE-TIME

L. We have heard about the Initial Situation or primitive imaginal field—God's harmonious poem—all that creatures on our level can grasp. The time has come to hear something more about the Metaphysical Fall.

W. I am to seek pastures new—Good.

It was said in the book *Divine Imagining* that "the parts on the stage of life must be played by actual sentient, if variety is to blossom to the full." The divine artist does not create imperfectly, like Shakespeare. His "characters" are not mere content-combinations of which He is conscious, but which are for ever unconscious of themselves; they arise, it is true, in connexion with special contents of His imaginal field, but arising thus they conspire, at first irreflectively(1) and anon reflectively(1) on the way towards existing as truly spiritual agents *for themselves*, with full awareness of what they are and do. Thus began the lowest "primitive natural agents": the remote forerunners of those mentioned by Mill, and figuring in the depths sounded by physics and chemistry. Thus began animal sentient and those individuals who resemble ourselves. Thus began all the other denizens of the worlds, even the gods. These finite centres are glow-points of a world-system, which moves slowly from being a complex of conscita or contents through irreflective towards fully reflective conspiring. It is only in virtue of this advance that the archetype or primitive form of the imaginal field changes into artistry of a new kind worthy of the Power that shapes it. A world-system, devoid of finite centres, would not be a masterpiece of divine art. It would be like a fair dream with which we fill an hour, unable to do more than contemplate, modify and dismiss it.



A WINTER HOME IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND

The divine imaginal field is to become a reality in its own right.

But how do these finite centres arise?—the discrete centres which conflict and so render inevitable the Metaphysical Fall? Let me explain.

Turn in thought for the last time to the Initial Situation or primitive harmonious imaginal field. Illustrating the “divinity of measure”, it is conserved as an unchanging whole by consciring: the active aspect of Divine Imagining. Conservation, we saw long ago, is also creation, though not additive. Now the consciring that conserves or maintains can disturb and alter. It is free. Freedom is no longer foreign to modern thought. You are familiar with the view of certain physicists that there is no strict causal behaviour anywhere, which, being interpreted by us imaginists, means that not even the lowest natural agents are set in a whole that determines all their responses to penetration. It is suspected that “atomicity of action” (action in the current symbolism = energy \times time, “the most fundamental thing in the real world of physics”, writes Eddington) dominates atomic physics and that quanta of action are not, perhaps, governed rigorously by “law”. Quanta of action refer us to discrete jets of consciring, on which, like a ball sustained by a fountain, dances the natural order. In respect of this domain we may speak of Chance. On the highest level of reality, however, freedom properly so-called—the freedom of fully reflective consciring—reigns supreme. Its creative *fiat* decrees the passage of the harmonious imaginal field into the troubled world-system which, as late-comers only, we know.

The primitive imaginal field or archetype comprises a variety of grades of potential agents destined to appear in creative evolution, but all these, like the “characters” in Shakespeare’s *Tempest*, are unconscious and completely under central control. There exist already quadrillions of content-units, which are to become sentients, to conscire on their own account.(2) Psychology may help us to understand what obtains. A “plurality of presentations to which attention is directed—or on which it is concentrated—thereby tends to become a unity, to be more or less definitely ‘synthesised’ or ‘integrated’ as one ‘situation’ or one complex whole of some sort”.(3) The term “attention”

refers us primarily to focal human and animal reflective consciring, which is very selective. Divine consciring sustains the whole of the primitive imaginal field. Still, it is open to us to suppose that distinct acts of consciring, "integrating" plural contents into minor unities, took place within the wider consciring that sustains the field at large. And that is enough for us. Some of the units thus "integrated" within the imaginal field may be merely objects in the earlier history of the natural order; others will be allied with centres of consciring. And thus.

With the *fiat* divine consciring, the sustaining activity, heightens and yet additively creative evolution results! You, who followed closely the talk on Penetration,(4) will be able to understand what happens. Nevertheless, get back a moment to science. Even an "electron" is said to penetrate in some manner, however trifling, all the space-time in which it exists—discontinuously, as some think. Large bodies, of which one "electron" or "proton" is a constituent of little importance, penetrate more potently still. The wireless set of a man is not limited to the position at which practical usage locates it. The soul of the man may have enormous zones of influence; its glow-point of reflective consciring tells us nothing of these. Now penetration is even more complete in the unitary, non-spatial, archetypal field, every aspect of which is subject to central control. The field declares the imagination of the Artist, who has constructed it on lines of perfect harmony according to the "divinity of measure". There being no conflicts, penetration of each aspect by most or all of the other aspects is intimate. This very intimacy of union is used by the *fiat*, just as the innumerable divisions and conflicts that follow are used as well. The Imaginal Dynamic, of which I spoke,(5) is to commence. And Divine Imagining in guiding the world, despite the relatively free swing accorded to it, is to display a profound purposiveness. One is reminded of Hegel's phrase, the "cunning of the IDEA" (Reason). This guidance entails a stream of novelty, and is doubtless the highest form of sport in the universe.

L. The Charioteer has steeds which are unconscious and completely docile, expressing only His life. They become conscious and he has now their initiatives to reckon with. He has to guide their frenzied course somehow to the goal which He

has in view. Yes, in truth there is a sportive side to the world-process.

- . D. The imaginal field, I gather, is mapped out in advance into such regions as are to be seats of finite centres, at least of those centres which dawn during the earlier stages of the world-process. But so far there is *nothing active* save the divine or cosmic consciring. Then there is impending what one might call an abdication of God, whereupon the free imaginings of the centres begin to "run amok". "

W. Ah! Delane leaps intuitively at truth. Still, the background of continuity in the world-system is never lost. The very penetrations, which condition the conflicts and the Imaginal Dynamic sequent on them, tell us this. I continue the story of the Beginning.

The consciring that sustains the primitive imaginal field heightens. The degrees of heightening of the subordinate "integrated" content-units vary. All those mapped out regions which are to be seats of the earlier-dawning centres are conscired with special intensities. What follows? The creation of the finite centres themselves. These regions are no longer merely different aspects of a unitary divine system; they are now occupied, as it were, by minor *agents* who are to exist *for themselves* and, in virtue of this fact, act as if detached from one another and the divine or cosmic consciring of which they are rills. Discrete agents arise in the hitherto unbroken wholeness of the world-system. How shall I make this creative stroke, which leads to the dissociation, or at any rate loosening of the relations, of the world-system, more easily understood? Ah! I have it.

Two of you certainly are familiar with Fechner's doctrine of the "Threshold", as stated in his work *On Life after Death*. He is referring to consciousness, *i.e.* to what I call reflective human consciring, as allied with the physical body. (Here he produced some notes.) "Consciousness is present and awake [reflective consciring is indicated] when and where the activity of the body underlying the activity of the mind . . . exceeds that degree of strength which we call the Threshold." "Consciousness is extinguished whenever the bodily activity, on which it depends, sinks below a certain degree of strength called the Threshold. The more extended this activity, the more it will be weakened

and the more easily it will sink below the Threshold. There is such a Threshold for our consciousness as a whole—the limit between sleeping and waking—and a particular one for every sphere of the mind. Hence, in the waking state, the one or the other idea will rise up or sink in our mind, according as the particular activity on which it depends rises above, or sinks below, its respective threshold." Now, though this view refers us to the alliance of human consciring with a body, it is suggestive in respect of all the finite centres. Even the consciring allied with the first "integrated" content-units or bodies in the divine imaginal field passes over "thresholds". It rises through the irreflective into the reflective (6) stage, which may be a very crudely perceptual one, where the primitive natural agents are concerned.

L. I get you, I think. The divine or cosmic consciring underlies all the finite centres and, in a sense therefore, as you would say, conserves itself therein. But the crossing of "thresholds", with division into these more or less insulated centres, involves an additively creative stroke. One might say that Divine Imagining both continues and denies itself in the process, since It supplies the rills of consciring, while yet the rills seem to flow apart from It and often even in directions adverse to Its plan.

The "threshold" statement is helpful and I can foresee what you are about to add. But I don't like Fechner's view about reflective consciring as dependent merely on body.

W. An unnecessary complication. Of course our minds are conditioned by our physical bodies, but all so-called bodily activity always presupposes consciring on some level or levels, and is allied with that of our souls. The solution of the mind-body riddle is not a simple one. By the way, have you ever asked yourself why the human soul requires a body at all? I am not about to anticipate next year's dialogues; in the meantime, consider among other things the doctrine of the Threshold and you may find the answer. Note that two streams of consciring are concerned. The soul attains reflective consciring by gathering "strength", after penetration of, and union with, the body, thereby passing the Threshold. . . . No more now. No waste of time on side-issues.

Leslie has foreseen what I have to say now but I say it still.

With the heightened divine consciring—"the Breath of God"—dawns creative evolution. For this consciring, which sustains all regions, all minor "integrated" content-units of the imaginal field, quickens vast numbers of these units to glow-point. And with this goes the degree of intensity, the degree of "strength", as Fechner might have said, which secures passage of "thresholds". These already specially "integrated" content-units are sustained, as we saw, by specially intense discrete acts within the wider divine consciring. In connexion with each particular unit a particular "threshold" is crossed; and a particular agent, at first a centre of merely irreflective consciring, begins its career. The divine consciring feeds these centres, the original contents of which are just the contents of the regions they light. I have called these regions accordingly their seats: *e.g.* if there existed only red in the divine imaginal field, and this became the seat of a finite centre of consciring, the content presented to this consciring would be the red. In the actual field, however, any particular content is always penetrated by, and so mingled with, others.

A. Two questions. Is the particularity of the agent determined by the particularity of the content-unit which it lights? Is the insulation of this agent from other agents secured by the limits of the "glow-point", bounded as it is by content not sustained at "threshold" strength?

W. The answers, as they say in the House of Commons, are in the affirmative. Of course, on the level of the lowest natural agents the resemblance of qualitative contents is close. And a higher agent can include all the content of a lower, being differentiated by the residual content which it conscires. This residual content may include much that is present also to other centres. But the total amount will be distinctive.

As regards insulation—which recalls the boy's question, "Why am I myself?" and reminds us of the strange solitude in which all of us provisionally live—consider the familiar fact that several "persons" can be allied with the same human brain. These "persons" are insulated, sometimes only for a short while, by content-connexions falling below "threshold" strength.

D. You don't believe in monads, Leibnitzian, Herbartian and other.

W. The lower natural agents are certainly not eternal monads; they have a beginning and they are unstable. *E.g.* in scientific symbolism the “electron” and “proton” are annihilable, passing, as I speak, into “radiation” in which, as distinct agents, they perish. But higher agents, *e.g.* the human, persist after winning the power to persist. There is a conservation-core which arises through additive creation and grows. Next year!

A. I suppose the content which the natural agent lights can be regarded as its “body”, in the only sense in which “body” could exist in the earlier divine imaginal field.

W. Yes, but in the cases of higher agents what is conscired may be only a fragment of the associated “body”. For instance, I, as a human centre of consciring, am directly allied only with the brain of my physical organism. . . . Well: I must fare onward.

With the birth of the lowest natural agents additive creation begins. Begins also the time-succession proper to this world-system in travail, so that the statement *Mundus factus cum tempore* holds true of this phase of time. At once the harmony or equilibrium of the divine imaginal field is lost: the “divinity of measure” radically disturbed. The contents, present to the different agents or centres of consciring, are specially quickened; henceforth their interpenetration involves in a high degree mutual thwarting. Each content, on being conscired intensely, tends to overflow into content beyond itself, also to assert itself destructively against much of what is invaded. Once merely different, it becomes incompatible, opposed. Each natural agent, having such content, insists on itself *contra mundum*. In this way penetration is now the occasion of conflict; the saying of Heracleitus, πόλεμος πάντων μὲν πατήρ (strife is the father of all things), is to be verified, it would seem, on the cosmic scale.

D. The imaginal field appears to be dissociated into chaos, and yet one descries a plan running through the turmoil.

W. Take note now that conflict is not in itself a principle of fecundity. It is preludial only to harmonising innovation. The thought of the penetrations, conflicts and harmonising solutions of the Imaginal Dynamic will stir you.(7) Innovation, the mark of additive creation, is at this stage the “work of the creative [divine] imagining which responds to the discordant situations with fresh content; the so-called transformations of the world-process.

At once the true "principle of movement" . . . is revealed to us. Given a situation of inner discords, transformation is the resource which serves to reduce the discords, as much as is possible, to harmony. But this reduction, again, produces a new situation which becomes in its turn the seat of inner discords, which tend to increase, whereupon is created a fresh transformation equally provisional. *The world-process is thus forced along the path of imaginal or creative evolution*".(8) At the outset the low-level finite agents are more or less under control, and their very conflicts can be used in world-building. Even in a later stage the wild behaviour of molecules in gas is compatible with the generalisation of approximate uniformities when the behaviour of large masses of gas is discussed. But in much later stages, when the world-system has swung partly free from control, anarchy of the centres is to become formidable. I am thinking of the darker phases of evil and chance.

(West laid aside a book from which he had culled the passage and looked smiling at Leslie and Delane. Perhaps he thought that they were being led into deep water and wished to know whether they could swim. More questions, of course.)

D. What does the Professor think about chance?

S. My metaphysics has been learnt from West, who has shown clearly why chance has to be reckoned with both in Nature and the rest of the world-system. There is no frontier, as I now know, between causation and chance.(9) But what about science? Well: we have heard something already about the verdict of science, and it will be of interest to hear a little more of what physicists have to say. Strange if metaphysics and physics converge towards a common result!

During the course of these talks we have spoken much about the "organised immortal" and the "disorganised immortal" of Blake; that is to say, about the divine imaginal field and this field as relatively dissociated in the disarray of the Metaphysical Fall. According to Imaginism perfect "organisation" obtained during the primitive stage of this field; "disorganisation" shows in the Becoming. Writing from the standpoint of physics and mathematics, Eddington observes: "Travelling backwards into the past we find a world with more and more organisation. If there is no barrier to stop us earlier we must reach a moment

when the energy of the world was wholly organised with none of the random element in it". And this organisation "could not occur fortuitously".(10) Again, "there is less of chance about the physical universe to-day than there will be to-morrow. It is curious that in this very matter-of-fact branch of physics, developed primarily because of its importance for engineers, we can scarcely avoid expressing ourselves in teleological language. We admit that the world contains both chance and design, or, at any rate, chance and the antithesis of chance. This antithesis is emphasised by our method of measurement of entropy; we assign to the organisation or non-chance element a measure which is, so to speak, proportional to the strength of our disbelief in a chance origin for it".(11) In the physical world, said to be subjected to the second "law" of thermodynamics—telling us of drift towards running-down of energy into unavailability; it is hardly a rigid "law", since a process of winding-up may occur in biologists' organisms and elsewhere—entropy on the whole increases. Chance, the "random element", is worsening as I talk. The upshot no doubt will be what West suggested: namely, a sinking of the physical world into heat-coma, into the sterile, conservative lethargy that heralds its end, or rather indrawal, by the route of "radiation" out of this level of the Becoming. There is an "ascent" as well as a "descent", I believe, in the history of the world-system. And, of course, the physical world is only a fragment of that system.

D. You are talking about science, so I hesitate to suggest anything.

W. Say on. Your intuitions always help us.

D. Well: it seems to me that all this low-level "disorganisation" is overruled so as to subserve purpose. There can be little chance in the physical world which is not used for divine ends. Consider this apparently crazy "running down" of so-called "energy". What happens in fact? A clash of the lowest centres of conscurring, which terminates at long last in the conservative state of the heat-coma, obviously a working concept only. The birth of the natural agents has turned the world-system into a more or less loose-jointed whole, which is actuated in part by conflicting minor wills instead of by the divine will alone. Whence the "disorganisation". And yet the kind of "disorganisation",

stressed by the Professor, is used. For the physical world has only a provisional value and, as soon as it has fulfilled its purpose, has to disappear.

S. A timely comment. One could not have a livelier picture of the "disorganised immortal", Nature, than by imagining a gas. A riot of molecules colliding, changing speeds and directions, a chaotic welter of natural agents going, as far as may be, their own ways, confronts us. Yet conservation aspects are present: if one molecule loses speed, another or others gain; and the "total energy", as we say, of movement is constant. The conscurring operative conserves itself and the compensations in content-changes follow. And there is no difficulty in making generalisations as to how volumes of gas, made up of such agents, will behave. The riot of the molecules does not impair the purposive working of the world-system. More is not needed.

It would not be well if the physical structure of the world realised always the ideals which our human art might suggest. Some irregularities in the "disorganised immortal" are even necessary. In the case of the *primaeval* nebula you have condensations which ignored regularity and symmetry, and which, had they occurred otherwise, would not have served the world-system as efficiently as they do.⁽¹²⁾ Chance renders such mischievous regularity and symmetry virtually impossible.

Determinism has had its day. The rigid "law" of causation, which was an assumption at the base of Kant's thinking and respected in discreet fashion even by Mill, is moribund. It is destined to vanish from physics. Kant, who solved wrongly almost every problem he discussed, made this "law" an "axiom". Beware then of "axioms" which a century or two may discredit. In physics the study of the Quantum theory sufficed to menace this "axiom". In metaphysics grasp of the general character of reality makes it obsolete.

A. There is a larger field of indeterminism than is discussed by physics. The outlook on what is called by biologists organic evolution and on the stream of human and animal sentient life must be faced boldly. In the domain of human sentients we speak of freedom rather than chance. It will be noted that, if there is no ground for believing in a deterministic setting of Nature, there remains no *prima facie* case against belief in freedom when

individuals such as ourselves are concerned. Contrariwise the unsophisticated belief in freedom tends now to justify itself. Only a fuller understanding of how freedom shows in us is required.

To return to chance in Nature: given the spontaneity of imagining, and given also the amazing number and variety of finite centres posited in the divine imaginal field, chance-events *have* to be allowed for, as the book *World as Imagination* contends. The outstanding question seems to be: to what extent has God shared the direction of the world with these anarchic centres? According to Schleiermacher, we confront in the world "more of the spontaneous activity of the finite individual essences" than of the "activity of God". Nevertheless, though finite agents are active in every fragment of Nature and their activity manifests there as real chance, God is still expressed in part even in them, and creates also in the background as overruling Power. God has not abdicated but is sharing His throne; and the novel initiatives of the finite agents contribute to His large-scale shaping of novelty. These centres furnish the Artist with much indispensable to His poem. And His skill is shown in the fact that His poetry, whatever the events due to chance and freedom may be, is to attain success.

Let me now put a question to West. We have been considering the rôle of conflict or thwarting in the drama of the "descent" into creative evolution. Shall we hear later something about furtherance as well?

W. Of course, it was needful to stress first the unrest—the violation of the primitive harmony or equilibrium.

S. In stressing this unrest, West has helped science as well as philosophy. He shows that a sort of dissociation takes place in the once unitary world-system, just as in my perception when qualities and events stand out sharply against their sensible background. In neither case, however, is the severance from the implied continuum complete. Thus a modified *dissociation* ousts any cosmology according to which independent and primitively isolated constituents are *associated* to form a world.

A. There are still pluralists who cherish this superstition, which is hardly worth discussing now. Dissociation occurs before association. It is a feature even of the human organism, writes

Doncaster, which divides into cells.(13) And, as you say, it has to be reckoned with in psychology. Let us pass on.

W. Leslie, are you satisfied with what I have said about evil and chance?

L. The dialogues dealing with these questions were in a sense final. Henceforth I am merely observing how your statements are verified in the detail.

S. I want to put a few more questions about the finite centres—not to anticipate next year's dialogues, but to help myself and, perhaps, the others to follow better this account of the Beginning.

W. I am listening.

S. So-called inorganic Nature is the seat of what Royce called a "vast society", that of the lower agents whose origin you have discussed. These are mentoids or psychoids, and conspire for the most part, perhaps, irreflectively. Since the content which they light pre-existed to their lighting there is no question of subjective idealism. The agents may be compared with sparks on a bit of burnt paper. The paper pre-existed to the sparks, though it is modified by them. So far, so good. But what fills the content-units which such agents light? Or, in other words, can any tolerable description be given of the organism, for instance, of an electron?

W. We sample contents of this organism when in perception such contents actually penetrate our souls and are caught in the act. The sense-world, said Schopenhauer, is a "cerebral phantasmagoria" in that the brain (which comprises hosts of electrons) forces it on our notice. The phantasmagoria conveys, withal, more than itself.

An electron's body, then, is that of a psychoid or mentoid, but these revelatory sense-contents forming actual parts of the brain are very far from being all of it. And qualitative contents in Nature may include much that never enters the brain-gate and human experience. Even those contents which do enter are products of condensation, obliterating untold complexity. All we need believe is that the electron's body is made of psychical stuff or, if you prefer, events throughout. This body is changeable. "The electron moves", writes Jeans, "not like a part of a locomotive but like a 'dancer in a cotillon'." The continuity, such

as it is, of its career refers us to the consciring which sustains it in being.

S. We may find out something about the relations between the events, whether these latter are all knowable or not. This is why so much is made of structure in physics; if we prisoners of the Cave can't contemplate the whole of reality, let us enjoy such glimpses of it as reach us.

W. Quite so. Discover and prosper; we shall be glad to hive wisdom. But be careful to find the structure and not to invent it. Interest has been aroused by Schrödinger's wave-mechanics, sub-ether and view of the electron. Theorising of use to mathematicians, but what is its value to philosophy? Eddington calls it well "not a physical theory but a dodge", though a good one. "Dodges" are only for prisoners of the Cave.

A. Theorists often wander from the realm of phenomena, actual or possible, towards what Kant styled the "thing-in-itself". And, when this occurs without clear knowledge of the nature of the adventure, look for confusion.

W. When structure has been discovered, a further task remains. That famous "atomicity of action" (admittedly an absolute quantity even for the relativist) will drive men at last to real, frankly discussed, metaphysics. Quanta of action will suggest the jets of consciring, "the beats of *Psi*"! The electron will no longer belong "to the waiting list" (14) of mysteries. Even if its body has been resolved into periodic process of events, even if it does not pass continuously through space—having a plurality of *embodiments* or physical lives, as one of you once observed—its aspect as centre of consciring will compel attention. This consciring is the ground of the ebb and flow in its alleged discrete bodily being, of the supposed rest-phase and additive phase which repeat, perhaps, on the microcosmic scale the great phases of the world-system or macrocosm itself. But I am an ignorant man and I have said enough.

L. Is the toil of intellect justified? A high mystic would intuit all that these physicists guess at. And what have they for their pains? Formulae that present nothing concrete to the mind and besides cannot be verified completely.

S. Yet they are better than nothing. For they are preparing

us for our greater experiences that lie ahead. They are the appetisers which make us hungry for the banquet.

. *L.* The lowest natural agents, West said, are unstable, they are not monads; they may or may not disappear in the ocean of world-consciring whence they arose. A permanent world-line as an agent—what is called the immortality of the soul—has to be won. Yet I gather that these agents are relatively independent of the world-consciring, “detached” units displaying *their* initiatives, so long as they endure.

W. Assuredly, in the sense that they were posited by creative stroke and assert themselves *per fas aut nefas* against the residual system. They are not merely the world-consciring active in many channels; they are “individuated”, though below the level even of an amoeba. They are not psyches but psychoids, recalling Leibnitz’ concept of “momentary mind” and, endowed with very limited additively creative powers, are subjected effectively to central control. Hence the provinces of astronomy and geology furnish no salient evidence of imagining that has “run amok”.

. *D.* A lower agent then can die permanently and we can’t. Its consciring loses that “degree of strength” which permits it to be a centre, reflective or irreflective. What West said about Thresholds has a bearing on the topic of death, though I speak with diffidence.

Why do we and other finite individuals, though not perhaps the gods, die? Our organisms fail us—is the reply. But why do I lose consciousness awhile before I awake on another level; why under anaesthetics or in dreamless sleep do I cease, so far as I know, to exist? Consciring, we are told, must show a certain “degree of strength” to attain reflectivity. (15) Shall we say that there are an ebb and flow in its working, and that these are illustrated even by sleep, death and waking life?

A. Even during our waking life “attention”, as the psychologists say, occurs in pulses. We tend to be conscious and unconscious in rapidly alternating phases. Or, as West would put it, irreflective and reflective consciring tend to show and go like the ebb and flow of the tide.

W. Delane and Anderton note another domain of rhythmical change. What is repeated or echoed in this minor rhythm of death and life? Nothing less than the manner of origin of the

finite centres or agents! These centres arose in a field of mere content—that which existed not for itself but for God—and they still tend to fade out temporarily toward that level where they began. In the words of a work often cited by me, “. . . the career of a soul, which may require a series of changing organisms, is only at intervals a conscious one. A conservative influence holds sway still. The archaic state of mere content tends to be repeated; and this repetition, however transitory, is death.” (16) “Tends”, because clearly the state of irreflective consciring to which the soul is reduced at death, before it acquires the “strength” needed to cross the next Threshold, is not reduction of it to bare content.

L. Conservation à outrance! It reminds me of a bit of natural history. Carl Hagenbeck tells of young pythons which were fond of returning to their egg-shells after they had been born. (17)

D. Well, that is just what you wanted to do permanently when you were a pessimist and looked forward to ‘universal suicide. But wait till you are a really grown-up python and can enjoy the sun. . . . And now, West, a last suggestion. When my soul seeks alliance with a physical body, it is in act of passing a Threshold of reflective consciring—so it seems to me. And the “degree of strength” necessary is supplied in part by centres of consciring in the brain. Only an alliance of soul *and* physical body is effective.

W. A hit, a hit, but no more now about such issues.

D. And after death the field of focal consciring or “attention” changes to another level of the world-system, perhaps in connexion with another body.

W. Any more questions about the primitive agents?

L. Yes, does a natural agent, such as an electron or atom, sustain itself or is it sustained?

W. Both of these aspects of the truth merit notice. Observe, too, that there is a conservation-limit beyond which, even according to science, “energy” is not lost. Interpret in our fashion these words of Jeans: “It seems astonishing . . . that an atom in such a state [of ‘lowest energy’] should not be able to yield up its energy still further but, so far as our experience goes, it cannot. And this property, little though we understand it, is, in the last resort, responsible for keeping the universe [physical level of our

world-system] in being. If no restriction of this kind intervened, the whole material energy of the universe would disappear in the form of radiation in a few thousand-millionth parts of a second. . . . By prohibiting any emission of radiation except by complete quanta, and by prohibiting any emission at all when there are no quanta available for dissipation, the quantum theory succeeds in keeping the universe in existence as a going concern.”(18)

The purposiveness of *cosmic* conservative conspiring is masked by this symbolism. There are natural agents that vanish, but the rate of their vanishing is such as to subserve evolution.

A. What of higher agents? Were regions of content in the primitive imaginal field allotted also to them?

W. Has not poetry intimated as much, dreaming of embryonic human and other souls “unconscious” in the womb of time?

Concordes animae nunc et dum nocte premuntur.

And are there not all manners of sorts of imaginals with germinal possibilities in Divine Imagining? For Plato, too, human souls before earth-life were already in some sense particular entities, and “descend” into the domain of the physical world to be entombed in gross bodies not, however, wholly devoid of remembrance of the level whence they came.

A. And Plotinus held that every individual among us has his own “ideal form”, “the Idea of the individual”, rooted in “universal mind”. I emerge, as West might say, from a unique imaginal which—wheels within wheels—is a member of some complex sub-imaginal, common to individuals of a group. Bradley of Oxford himself held that “several bodies might be organs to an unknown soul”. Human individuals allied with physical bodies may well belong to a common imaginal, though they retain, perhaps, distinctiveness within it. The complexity, indeed, may be such that sub-imaginals within wider sub-imaginals, and these again within yet wider, exist in a hierarchy.

S. The “Idea” or imaginal of the individual has this distinctive feature—it is not exemplified in instances. It underlies only the individual.

W. Nevertheless, it may be manifested in a plurality of “descents” into the additive time-process. Its instances may be its successive phenomenal lives. •

S. True, if you take those into account. But you will excuse my remarking that such "descents" are not facts beyond question. . . . Another point: you refer to contents of the soul which may pre-exist to birth on this physical level. What will say those men inspired by Locke and Hume who derive all our psychological outfit from experience in connexion with a physical body?

W. I have stressed before the risk attending the use of the term "derive". Nothing in the world-system flows solely out of its antecedents; there is always the magic of additive creation to reckon with. Still a full inventory of the antecedents ought to be forthcoming and even this is not always provided.

Locke and Hume fail to supply this inventory. Spencer, despite his appeal to ancestral organisms, fails likewise. Consider the best thought of philosophers, poets, logicians, and physicists themselves who seem often to avoid what their crude experience offers them.(19) The higher phases of mind do not grow out of the lower: creation, as well as "antecedents" drawn from the soul, are implied. Write a book on the lines of Hume and you are bound to come to grief—you will never explain how you are able to write it! Would a simile now be useful? The soul meets contents thrust on it from below as a cloud from the sky meets the uprushing shaft of the waterspout. Their comprehension must be mentioned in the explanation. Of course, I can't go adequately into this matter now.

If the soul were a *tabula rasa*, before its alliance with a physical body, men would never have become Platos, Aristotles and Newtons. Current empiricist psychology is bankrupt.

A. Shall I hazard a guess? Each soul-imaginal manifests a special phase of the field within Divine Imagining. Such agents differ numerically and in respect of what they comprise and do. They are the starting-points of particular world-lines of creative realisation: their limited imaginal fields are transformed just as is the grand imaginal field of the world-system, adding to, and controlled by, the whole in which they develop. All the higher agents are developed in this way; there are no privileged gods in the universe.

W. A capital guess. But now let us return to our main topic, considering yet another phase of the Imaginal Dynamic.

L. Which enforces a one-way time-process.

W. The physical system "runs down", avers physics, indicating thereby the direction of time. Metaphysics adds that the dynamic does not permit any other direction. Certain penetrations and conflicts are presupposed by the steps of change in additive creation.(20) Given these and not otherwise, a new phenomenon begins and is added to what is *already* there. There is no time save when contents are related, are being related, or have been related in the special way called temporal.

Some say that the direction of time could conceivably be different. Well, a man becoming a babe before his father is born would reverse the direction of time. This is excluded by the manner in which contents occur. The dynamic is not resolvable into a succession of Hume's "loose" contents; it *produces* contents in an order of which the steps have values, contents whose priority is occasion for the additive event that is to follow.

And now to fresh fields. You will recall, I hope gladly, our dialogue on space and time. I shall continue now by dealing with an early and great triumph of the Imaginal Dynamic: the creative evolution of space, or rather the spatial. Before the advent of space distances, directions, dimensions, sizes and shapes, as we understand the terms when perceiving this landscape or measuring parts of it, did not exist. For this reason, if no other, belief in wave-movements as events radically primitive must be abandoned. Movement presupposes space. Thus, prior to the spatial, the periodic processes in natural agents had no aspect comparable with what we study as waves in water and air. The story of the Beginning must be read from the first chapter. Let me now offer you a further relevant suggestion. Time does not *generate* space-time, but time-content is *transformed into* space-time-content. No content to be related, no manners in which it exists.

Space or the spatial is not mere appearance to finite percepts, as Kant supposed. It began in the field in which the astronomical nebula also began; and the bodies, in alliance with which we are conscious, are only tiny parts of that field. It began, as being needed and having a value. And thus.

The dissociation, which was stressed by me in connexion with unrest in the primitive imaginal field, increased. The interpenetrating agents, having different and largely incompatible

contents, grew in Fechnerian "strength" and warred with one another more and more, as cosmic consciring heightened. The conflict, preludial to a harmonising novelty, became intense. You are familiar with the view that a natural agent may pervade in some manner or other all the world. Conceive now such primitive natural agents thrusting discrepant contents on the rest of the system in which they arose and which they now sought to dominate. A Heraclitean strife was inevitable. What escape from the impasse? There intervened a great additively creative stroke which gave room for more harmony. In theological language, God decreed the spatial which classical mechanics hypostasised into the entity—space.

The word "emerge" is often used vaguely. If we care to talk of the "emergence" of space, let us mean that, in acquiring spatial features, the dawning physical world profited by a fresh creative novelty, not that the spatial was always immanent in the world-system and emerged thence out of latency into the sphere of fact. The spatial is a creative modification of simultaneity. "Space", concrete space, is an *invention* by means of which different, not harmonised by being altered, *i.e.* still maintaining contrary characters, are rendered, in Leibnitzian language, "compossible".(21) "Space . . . is not a mere form of finite experience, nor, again, is it an entity which could exist by itself without being a form of anything; it is just a manner (or manners) in which certain different qualitative contents occupy together the field of the world-system. . . . It is a form into which simultaneously existing and conflicting differentials are forced; an imaginal transformation, whereby the simultaneity of *varrning* incompatibles becomes their full-blown externality to one another; their *co-existence* as differentials having different positions. The combination of continuity and 'looseness' in Nature is now fully provided for; of continuity, since the differentials still belong to the same content-field; of 'looseness', since they acquire a comparative independence within it. Movement, for instance, is possible; and many moving objects strike the mind as being almost *imperia in imperio*." I take this last passage from the book *Divine Imagining*.(22)

Space, which has been described as "like a network of distances" (23)—note the derivation of this word—is room, *Raum*,

for spread-out-ness, juxtaposition and movement. Movements of repulsion allow incompatibles to co-exist with less conflict. Great is the gain to cosmic variety. But the parts of Nature thus divided are connected also as members of the common, divine imaginal field. Their penetrations, though on the whole less intimate and violent, persist. Movements of attraction attest that furtherance, as well as thwarting, obtains in this common field. Both attraction and repulsion are essential to natural processes. Of course no "forces" of attraction and repulsion, such as were invented by the old mechanistic school, operate. Physics is a symbolism masking a world more truly interpretable by psychics. The complex forms of movement express acts of conspiring which, robbed with pleasure and pain, supports the entire conflict-harmonisation process in Nature.

L. Dissociation is now well on its way; the "disorganisation of energy" of the physicist has begun, for the natural agents go their own ways and lack a common purpose. Imagining in the centres has started to "run amok". Well, space-time-content, divided into conflicting regions and torn with unrest, is with us. But where does Relativity-theory come in?

W. I won't repeat statements made in our dialogue.(24) Let a few words suffice. Relativists in physics themselves believe in certain "absolute" quantities, *e.g.* action and entropy; they will have to believe also in "absolute" space-time-content which is concrete, a way of appearing of content, not abstract as were the old figments of "absolute" space and time. This concrete and very complex space-time is established on Divine Imagining and is the home of all divided members of our world-system. Scattered, however, about space-time are the *finite* "observers" (on whom or on the bodies representing them stress is always laid) with their different outlooks, different distances and times; and in the interest of exact measuring some form of relativity-theory is imposed. It is the task of science to find the most convenient form, accepting even useful mythology at need. Metaphysically speaking, Relativity-theory is much less important than the quantum theory and concerns us imaginists no longer.

S. Another question. We can't suppose that space determines the finiteness of the physical world-system. If space is not an

agent, but only a manner of existing of contents together within Divine Imagining, the notion of its curvature, said to determine so much, has to lapse. Space has no inherent properties; is just the abstraction, as was said, of co-existence. But I would like to ask West, who on metaphysical grounds believes in a finite physical system, what is the shape of the system.

W. Considering the facts reported about the nebulae, one might guess that it is unsymmetrical. But, whatever the truth; content, related as spatio-temporal, decides. The spatio-temporal is adjective of the content and cannot show without it.

L. What about the vast empty spaces we hear of?

S. Never mind these—they are only “empty” in respect of bodies such as we men call tangible, or of small bodies such that a collection of them makes tangible bodies. An empty space is not even a possible object of perception for man or god, and has no place among contents of a world-system.

D. It seems that spatial content expanded, as it were, from a spaceless point. Is it expanding still?

S. Many say—yes. The “expanding” physical system is often discussed by astronomers; and “scattering” is said to be an “inherent property” of things in de Sitter’s world-system. But this is a statement to be verified not by philosophy but empirical science. The stellar field of co-existence needs, perhaps, to become larger and larger. Risks of the chance-order are lessened. Collisions become fewer.

D. Does not the behaviour of a light-source, radiating rays in all directions from a point, recall to you the original birth of the spatial? Is this too, like death, an echo from the remote past?

S. The source itself has a position in space but still. . . . Yes, I catch your meaning . . . very suggestive.

A. I take it that the re-ordering of contents connects closely with the conflicts in the *primaeval* imaginal field. The *placing* of *a*, *b* and *c* expresses part of the “solution” reached by the *imagino-causal* dynamic; is an aspect of the attempt to re-establish harmony or equilibrium, a consummation never to be achieved fully until the changing world-system has run its course.

W. The details of the placing are surely not arbitrary, so far as central control prevails. They are such as further the har-

monisation-process in which a large-scale end is being attained. Yes, *primaeva* penetrations and the placing, which is so important for the subsequent causal dynamic, are connected.

• And now forward. . . . Space opens the way to dissociation in full measure; to the "loosening" of archaic Nature and the welter of chance that is to show within it. The differentiation of the Initial Field now goes on apace. Be very careful not to narrow your conception of what is taking place. Much more than the physical part of our world-system is being evolved. Strata of reality, not falling within the range of ordinary human perception and of which the mere borderland is interesting spiritism and modern "psychical research", are being constructed. In the system of Divine Imagining are levels higher than the physical of which later we shall assuredly have to take account. This familiar physical level, born out of a great nebula that gave birth to the starry heavens, was evolved probably last of all, and will be the first, perhaps, to dissolve leaving no rack behind. It condenses cloud-like in the azure of space-time. Call it the lowest rung of the ladder of "descent" so often discussed.

— The physical order is a prolongation of the world-system and, having served its purpose, will not be maintained. I have, nevertheless, to restrict your attention now to the manner in which this order came to pass. The *primaeva* nebula of the astronomers is in process of filling *its* space-time. Let us hail creative evolution in this fragment of the world-system before we fare elsewhere.

One of you may express surprise that I describe the evolution of space as having taken place within a field of imagination, cosmic though it is. A strange prejudice—responsible for the use of "extensity" by psychologists who shy at the idea of space or "extension" invading the human mind—sways some still. The spatial surely begins on the Nature-level of the world-system and is not a mere phenomenon in finite mind. But it is continued into the contents of my perception and fancy. All the contents analysed-out as "sensations" are spaced as well as dated in space-time; and a judgment, "this tree is green", concerns contents arranged in space. The houses, mountains and fields of my fancy are spatial, though my physical body, it is true, does not dwell in and on them. A good visualiser sees

colours clearly on the house of fancy; and these colours, bounding one another and thus having co-existent positions, *are* space. The space of my fancy is no doubt at a remove from Nature-space and nears the stage at which co-existence and simultaneity no longer contrast sharply. But to inspect easily suggested illustrations establishes it as a fact.

The marvellous invention of space quickens the advent of novelty. Movement, with the implied changing of directions, distances, velocities and therewith penetrations, is destined to solve, but also to herald new, conflicts. Space or co-existence brings no complete harmony; an agent by change of place lessens the force of certain penetrations hostile to its content but exposes itself to others, which perpetuate unrest and require fresh "solutions" or harmonising events to appear in the causal dynamic. Furthering or favourable penetrations underlie "attraction", and something in the depths akin to the *joie de vivre* seems very marked. The activities concerned, I repeat yet again, are psychical throughout. During this play of repulsions and attractions, agents have their contents altered and complications supervene, serving as occasions for the appearance of additional imaginals and agents in the time-process. The natural agents symbolised as "atoms" and "molecules" originate in attraction-complexes, and on this basis of novelty a huge fabric of evolution is to rest. But the fabric is not to be constructed merely of the contents and agents which appear first on the scene. Early complications serve as occasions (a) for the "descent" of more imaginals into the physical process, (b) for the rise of new agents in connexion with this "descent", and (c) for the creative strokes with which new factors are introduced, compelling:

All new successions to the forms they wear.

The evolution of Kinds presupposes at any rate certain primary imaginals that "descend", though, in this domain as elsewhere, the variety of secondary creations arising within the additive time-process itself will be very great. This variety will include illustrations of ugliness and chance; for finite conspiring, allied at Threshold "strength" with imaginals, innovates independently and often mischievously, flouting human ideals of goodness and beauty. The gods also, as Plato taught, may inter-

vene in creation and may experiment, for instance, on germ-plasm. Accept all evolution as the work of God, *i.e.* Divine Imagining, and you will have Leslie's indictment of reality to answer. What, *e.g.*, decreed that so many repulsive animal species should appear and prosper? They suggest embodiments of evil such as was credited to the mentality of Moloch and the many ugly deities of India.

L. The indictment stands, unless we make allowance for the sharing of minor creators in evolution and for their imagining that is "running amok". But take into consideration the range of chance and freedom and a colossal problem is solved. There is nothing, however odious, in Nature and the history of mankind which does not illustrate this dark aspect of the Metaphysical Fall. The evolution of a hamadryad and the arch-criminality of a Caesar Borgia or "Ardiaeus the Great" exemplify the same thing—imagining that, freed from central control, invents as it lists. Yet, if finite centres are to be evolved, risks must be taken.

D. You don't note any outstanding difficulties such as used to perplex you?

L. I don't: West's net is cast over so wide a tract of troubled sea. But try to suggest one; I may be too confident just as before I was too sure about pessimism.

No one taking up the challenge, West continued:

W. The attraction-complexes moving in concrete space-time and integrated in groups or "societies", as Royce would have said, are the bodies that arise within the "condensations" of the great, primaeval nebula. Dissociation, exemplified in the origin of the "condensations", is to become more and more marked within them, as the making of stars and of subordinate aggregates and organisms comes to pass. More and more imaginals and centres of conscurring allied with them appear in the time-process; approximate regularities, "uniformities of co-existence and succession", increase and multiply. But, as liaison officer, I have now finished my task of conducting you from the divine imaginal field down to the primaeval nebula of the astronomers. I have to refer you for further lore to science; and you will interpret that lore on the lines of the imaginalist metaphysics which you have learnt to prize. My aim was not to continue

with a history of the great nebula and the minor nebulae, but to enable you to confront these with some not unclear appreciation of the significance which is theirs. Your grand men of science will discuss them in the symbolism, shaped in the interest of mathematics, which veils so much. You will try to look behind that symbolism into the real activities for which it stands.

Try—your efforts will not be unrewarded, though complete success is not attainable by those who contemplate Nature from the outside. The qualitative contents of our experience are too meagre to let us hold up a satisfactory mirror to Nature; and, while you may learn something about relations and structure, you will be unable to exchange perception's shadows for the sunlit domain beyond Plato's Cave. Still what we perceive is part of what is in Nature, if only in the Cave! Next year, when we pass to consider the riddle of the human soul, this will be made plain.

You are ambitious. You want, perhaps, to construct an adequate metaphysics of physics and chemistry. Not being a natural agent, you will not sound all the qualitative depths concerned, but you can credit the agent with relations and places in structures, and for the rest you are metaphysicians and can judge its character by what, as penetrating your perceptions, it seems to *do*. You will avoid the false simplifications of science which reduce the agent to a ghost. You will recall that the qualitative richness of Nature is poorly sampled by the meagre sense-contents which steal, as through cracks in a vault, into your tomb-like body. Some of the ancients called this body a tomb—and rightly.

S. It seems to me that we know already a good deal about the lower natural agents. It is something, *e.g.*, to be rid of a bald symbolism for which molecules are held together by "electric forces". We are dealing with organisms; in fact, as Whitehead has written, "Biology is the study of the larger organisms; whereas physics is the study of the smaller organisms"; (25) and biological organisms make use of smaller ones. But we go even further. For we allow for centres of conspiring that light these organisms. We say with Royce that Nature is the home of a vast society of societies; hence that social concepts are significant in discussing Nature's life. Schiller, in *Riddles of the Sphinx*, wrote of

atoms as early "spiritual beings" associated in "social systems". What West has done, is to suggest how such beings were born and how they are related to Nature, their cradle.

D. You don't consider all bodies to be organisms?

S. Of course not. Some, like stones and knives, are groups of organisms, not organisms themselves. There is a level between the primary organisms of physics and the organisms of biology occupied by these groups; wholes only in virtue of the psychical relations of their constituents. This kind of whole seems to resemble the hypothetical "mechanical object" of the materialist. But the resemblance is superficial.

D. In general we can say that Nature is shot through with affectivity, pleasure and pain, owing to the birth of the lower centres of consciring or natural agents?

W. Certainly, and many poets, in taking this for granted, have stressed a truth which science, pre-occupied with measure, overlooks. The external observer cannot measure pleasure and pain.

A. And since free, harmonious movements attend in our experience pleasure, but conflicting, jarring, disorganised movements pain, movements in Nature may indicate something analogous?

W. It seems so; thus one may say that the poet, finding joy in the harmony of the great astronomic movements, may once more be right. Verily, friends, most of us have not yet realised dimly in what manner of world-system we dwell. Nearly every man has eyes only for what he wants to see; hence the worlds of the *savant*, poet, religionist and business slave are things too abstract to have value for the mystic. Yet, alas! practical needs force men to lay waste their powers.

A. We have not pressed you to dwell on physics and chemistry, but some words about biology would be welcome.

W. The task I set myself this season is finished. You hold the clues enabling you to explore science to profit. And we ought to be returning to Mürren well in time to celebrate our last dinner together this year. Still I will add a few words.

Life-wholes, in which the whole and parts exist through one another, arise, as we have seen, even in the pre-nebular imaginal field. They are wholes of content which may become allied with centres of consciring. Idle to restrict the application of the term

"life". Living organisms are not confined to the domain of colloids. The biologists' organism was preceded by very many others, from proton and electron upward in the so-called inorganic world, and there is accordingly no entirely novel step taken in its making. Its features of assimilation, growth, repair, reproduction, etc., are, however, distinctive and mark an advance. And with this advance concurs the inevitable "descent" of additional imaginings into the time-process, now providing the conditions for their manifestation. The famous cell and nucleus of the Metazoa were, doubtless, the result of a long process of evolution, not supervening on the so-called inorganic at a step. Ultra-microscopic minor organisms, the chromatinic corpuscles or "biococci" of Minchin, may have heralded their coming. But, having come, they rendered possible a surprising transformation in the surface-life of our planet. This transformation, like all other steps in the causal dynamic, was brought about not *a tergo*, but by the additively "plastic stress", to use once more a phrase of Shelley's, of the imagining that rules the world.

In rejecting absurd views of creation such as swayed the Middle Ages and Milton—

The grassy clods now calved; now half appeared
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts

(*Paradise Lost*, vii. 463-5)

—we are inclined to treat the whole concept of creation of species with contempt. But our scorn may carry us too far. Haeckel's account of this creation is almost as absurd as Milton's; and so are all naturalistic theories which moot planless variations and struggle, seeking to "derive" species from falsely simplified antecedents of the mechanical kind. Evolution is none the less creative for having been, from a human point of view, long-drawn-out. And in the variations favoured by struggle, by natural selection, is embodied shaping design, the "plastic stress". True, many or most of these variations are of local origin, and many, again, offend human sentiment, aesthetic and moral. There are variations that illustrate the riot of evil and chance. In the welter of creators, of imagining that "runs amok", much occurs, as we say, that ought not to occur. But the trunk lines of variation suggest overruling plan, suggest also the

imaginings of which this plan makes use. And, if on other grounds we believe in plan, we shall hardly fail to descry it in this important sphere.

A. Darwin himself urged that in explanations of variation the "nature of the organism" is of the first importance; the other conditions are "perhaps of not more importance than the nature of the spark" when a mass of combustibles is lighted. (26) But, since the organism is the place of manifestation of imaginings, of possible experiments made by gods, of novelty sprouting among the minor centres and so forth, we are back in the domain of plan or purpose! West will add that each step in the imagino-causal dynamic realises a value—on some level or other.

It is pointed out in *World as Imagination* that the variations issuing in a particular beech which I perceive were not produced, as obviously they were not eliminated, by natural selection. This world-line of variations went on gathering novelty, and merely room for it was secured by natural selection.

W. That is true; and, if you enjoyed a cosmic outlook covering millions of years, you would perceive this world-line of variations altering, like a dream, within the field of world-imagining. You would perceive also the "great globe itself" as Prospero perceived it and as all high mystics perceive it.

L. You get conservation as well as additive creation in the history of biological species?

W. Certainly; the basic imaginings tend to stabilise. As regards additively creative imagining, cases of astounding inventiveness, adaptations and literal solutions of riddles abound. Grant Allen observed that every plant has hundreds of special adaptations. "There is not a tiny hair on the surface of a flower, not a spot or a streak in the blade of a leaf, not a pit or depression on the skin of a seed, that has not its function."

D. What produces these, since natural selection is barren? Nay, you could not rely on natural selection as a means of making hundreds of modes of variation permanent, however they were produced. A plant species has very many members; and one member might survive because it possessed twenty or so of these variations at their best, while its remaining features were of lower than average value. How can natural selection drive all these horses abreast? This line of thought is kinky.

S. Ah! that is a point worth note. Give up adventures, Delane, and help us in science.

W. (opening a note-book). With regard to conservation and additive creation I culled the following passage from Ward. Geoffrey St. Hilaire and Cuvier stressed respectively unity of plan and diversity of types. Lucas synthesises their views. "In creation he finds two co-ordinate laws—a law of 'invention' and a law of 'imitation': the one analogous to imagination or improvisation . . . the other analogous to memory and suggesting repetitions and routine. When we pass from creation to procreation the same two laws, he held, reappear; albeit with a more limited range and with other names. Procreation cannot transgress the bounds fixed by the species [imaginal]; but, within the limits of these, two laws are manifest—that of *heredity*, answering to imitation and perpetuating the species, and that of *inneity*, answering to invention and originating the individual. 'La Nature', he says, 'ressaisit dans la procréation de l'individualité, l'originalité qu'elle perd dans l'espèce . . . mais dans les limites mêmes où elle est circonscrite . . . il semble en vérité que toute sa liberté d'imagination et de composition lui reste'." (27) It is better, however, not to use the word "laws", only tendencies towards pure conservation and additive creation being in view. There is no part of the changing world-system where the one rules to the exclusion of the other.

L. No need to postulate a special "life-force"?

W. "Force" in this context is a sound conveying no information, and is well dropped. The *consciring* implied is a particular phase of the world-consciring and works purposively. The lowliest unicellular organisms, which react as wholes, attest its character. What more wonderful on any organic level than the bell-animalcule (*Vorticella*)? It is not necessary to stress plan as it shows on high animal levels. What more ingenious than the device of the desert plant *Reamuria hirtella*, which secretes salt-crystals in order to trap water, providing thousands of microscopic glands in order to do so? (28) Necessity is the mother of invention, but, since natural selection is barren, what invents? Nothing blind, of course, as the use of the stupid term "life-force" suggests. Somewhat that may not always succeed and may experiment. What says Prof. Arthur Thomson? "Noteworthy is

the degree to which the fortuitous has shrivelled in biology. Variations are often definite and congruent with the past, the random is rare. Variations often look like experiments in self-expression on the part of the implicit organisms, the germ-cells." (29) To treat the development of even a rudimentary eye and ear as work of "force", a concept borrowed uncritically from mechanics, would be absurd.

He closed his note-book with a snap, adding:

W. Any belief serves to save a theory.

S. Richard Owen held much the same views as Lucas about conservation and additive creation in biology, writing of a "principle" which determines repetition of structure and of an adaptive organising "principle" which produces, according to plan, the diversity in organic forms. But the interplay of these "principles" can be stated only in a context such as West supplies.

Examples of this interplay are found in structure and function, the relatively static and adaptive; also in the contrast of male and female as inclining respectively to conserve and to use "energy" lavishly. Females have been called more "anabolic" in comparison with the "intense metabolism" noted in the "katabolic" male. (30)

There is another point of which mention can be made. We have heard much of cosmic rhythms which are continued in minor rhythms everywhere in the world-system. We have dwelt on the rest-phases and the phases of additive creation. Like phases are indicated by de Vries as occurring in the history of species. "All lines of the genealogical tree show alternating mutating and constant species. Some lines may be mutating at the present moment; others may momentarily be constant . . . in a complete and systematic enumeration of the real units of nature, the elementary species and varieties are thus observed to be discontinuous and separated by definite gaps."

D. Steps of change again. The very stars in their courses give evidence for West. As in the great, so in the small—even in the body of the electron these rhythms seem to exist.

A. We have not dwelt to-day on the theme of instinct.

W. Instincts, once formed, are dominantly conservative, illustrate repetition. But their formation may imply amazing

imaginal craft, as every student of the subject knows. And fixity in detail of the working of instinct is a myth: no stoat can kill two rabbits in precisely the same way. Instincts are modified in countless ways in man. Even in the regard of insects, belief in rigid laws of instinctive conduct has had to be altered; there is probably always a novel aspect, however slight, in each particular case of conduct. And now a halt! We glanced at instinct before; and we have to postpone further discussion until we can deal with it in its proper setting next year. I am not plunging into adventures in psychology for the reason that the hour of our farewell dinner is drawing nigh.

D. Did not Fabre, that famous naturalist and observer of the doings of insects, say that the explanation of the marvels of instinct must lie in "*imagination governing matter*", meaning by matter Nature?

W. He did,(31) but I am not going to be lured now into the discussions which you contemplate. In fact, I am just on my way down the slope making for the hotel. You had better do likewise, for the head-waiter and cook are in league to please us.

* * * * *

After dinner Delane and the Professor found a chess-board and were soon lost in the mazes of a Muzio gambit. West, Leslie and I sallied forth into the open, taking the road beside the precipice that commands the Lauterbrunnen pastures, two thousand feet below. With the moonlight yet another great change had varied the "eternal hills", and we greeted them with that understanding which only Imaginism provides. Two of us had just learnt how to descry God through His world. We walked for some time absorbed in our reflections and then Leslie broke the silence.

L. A capital dinner. I see, West, that, though a mystic, you are not an ascetic. You enjoy the good fare that fortune provides.

W. And I am not indifferent, you were going to add, to the champagne. But surely we have done with Indian superstitions just as we have done with Indian metaphysics. Emptiness of the body is no cure for emptiness of the soul; the ascetic, slave of priest-made tradition, is merely a fool. Be free, and again be free! There is a golden maxim: never deny yourself anything unless you, or someone else, are to gain by the alleged loss. Be

free from the dictation of the plain man, the crowd, the priest, the man of science, the philosopher, and even the gods. Act with that initiative which befits a centre in the creative Divine Imagining, using your opportunities well to the blossoming of that harmonious novelty in quest of which the world was launched. Shun altruism when, as so often, it runs into excess. Never cease to improve your own garden, on the plea of having to hoe the plots of others. Your garden is a sacred spot, and no one can adorn it with the flowers of excellence save you.

A. A developed mankind will be delightful anarchists. But what adventures have to be faced first!

L. You will be dealing with ethics and all manner of problems connected with the individual next year?

W. Inevitably. The *cosmic* phase of our researches has run its course; we have found the metaphysical frame and canvas, we are to paint in a few details which are of particular interest to ourselves. But, as men, we shall never paint or even create in thought the complete picture.

L. Oh! I am not ambitious, having in fact too few colours on my palette. But, like Delane, I am intensely interested in the standing and prospects of the individuals, human and animal, who are neighbours of mine on this distressful terrene level. And I suppose that in discussing their past and future we shall be travelling very far.

W. Mention some of the topics which make special appeal to you. And, perhaps, Anderton will have something to say later.

L. I have followed carefully the account of evil and chance as explained by you, and quite satisfactorily, in a cosmic regard. The inevitableness of the dark side of evolution—and that without compromising Divine Imagining—has been made clear to me. Individuals enter the world-process in the teeth of enormous risks. There is a price payable for their very appearance on the scene. But, since the “will-to-live” is so strong, there must be something, not yet fully understood by us, to justify it. And behind the appulse, tolerant, nay the very source of it, stands Divine Imagining.

But the *distribution* of the evils, which finite life is heir to, requires further consideration.

Next I want to hear about the Borderland, fragments of

which have been glimpsed by "psychical research" and the spiritists; I want also to hear as much as possible about the unseen levels which lie beyond this physical level. And in connexion with these I may recall Carpenter's words in *Towards Democracy*: "When the body which thou now hast falls away, another body shall be already prepared beneath". I am not satisfied with the "unseen world" of spiritism, too reminiscent of the animism of the savage, repeating too closely our ugly terrene life and habits; I am asking for knowledge more adequate to the possibilities within Divine Imagining. Lastly, I want something said about a topic which was mentioned this afternoon. Is there, as Plotinus thought, an IDEA (or special imaginal, as you would call it) of the individual West or Anderton? And how is it related to West or Anderton for whom the physical body, as Plotinus supposed further, is the "river of Lethe"? Anderton—your turn.

A. When mentioning the "distribution" of evils, you ought to have asked for a discussion of belief in the plurality of lives. There may be something in it after all; anyhow I don't think that we can afford to ignore it. My list of additional topics would comprise the following: General foundations of the psychology of the future, the relations between the physics of the nervous system and the centre of human consciring, the metaphysics of birth and death, freedom, ethical ideals, intelligence and instinct, the riddle of the Divine Event or Events, and in general all problems of philosophical interest in connexion with the individual. And in a social regard also I shall have much to suggest. Thus . . .

W. (laughing heartily). Perhaps I shall do well to stay permanently where I am going?

L. (boldly). Are you really going to Russia?

W. So Anderton thinks and he is an authority on most subjects. . . . But, my dear poet, have you no eyes for this moon-lit landscape? How dimly and yet how impressively the Eiger glacier shows through its veil of mist!

NOTES BY BASIL ANDERTON

(1) Chapter X for the discussion of the irreflective and reflective, pp. 220 *et seq.*

(2) There is probably a genesis of agents on the great scale within creative evolution itself. Conservation and additive creation have to be borne in mind.

- (3) Ward, *Psychological Principles*, p. 72.
- (4) Chapter XIV. pp. 322-5.
- (5) Chapter XVI. pp. 399-403.
- (6) Chapter X. pp. 200 *et seq.*
- (7) Cf. Chapter XVI. pp. 399-403.
- (8) *World as Imagination*, pp. 463-4.
- (9) Chapter XVI. pp. 403-10.
- (10) *The Nature of the Physical World*, p. 84. It may be added that the imaginal view was arrived at originally in complete independence of physics and mathematics.
- (11) *Ibid.* p. 77.
- (12) Cf. Jeans, *The Universe around Us*, p. 205.
- (13) *Introduction to the Study of Cytology*, p. 3.
- (14) Eddington, *Nature of the Physical World*, p. 290.
- (15) On reflectivity, cf. Chapter X. pp. 220 *et seq.*
- (16) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 192-3.
- (17) *Beasts and Men*, p. 191.
- (18) *The Universe around Us* (2nd edition), p. 135.
- (19) The physicist's "raw materials are aether, electrons, quanta, potentials, Hamiltonian functions, etc., and he is nowadays scrupulously careful to guard these from contamination by conceptions borrowed from the other world"—the familiar one of perception.—Eddington, *The Nature of the Physical World*, Introduction, xv.
- (20) Cf. Chapter XVI. pp. 390-1.
- (21) *World as Imagination*, p. 474.
- (22) *Divine Imagining*, pp. 200-1.
- (23) Eddington, *Nature of the Physical World*, p. 81.
- (24) Chapter XVII. pp. 426 *et seq.* See also Chapter XIX. pp. 501-3.
- (25) *Science and the Modern World*, p. 145.
- (26) *Origin of Species* (6th edition), p. 8.
- (27) *Psychological Principles*, p. 451.
- (28) "The Struggle for Existence and Mutual Aid," by Prof. J. Macleod. —*Hibbert Journal*, Jan. 1918.
- (29) *Contemporary British Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 330.
- (30) Profs. Arthur Thomson and P. Geddes in the *Evolution of Sex*.
- (31) *Bramble Bees and Others*, pp. 352-3; On Instinct, cf. *Divine Imagining*, pp. 245-9.

THE END

